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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

PISTOLS
The Heat Goes On

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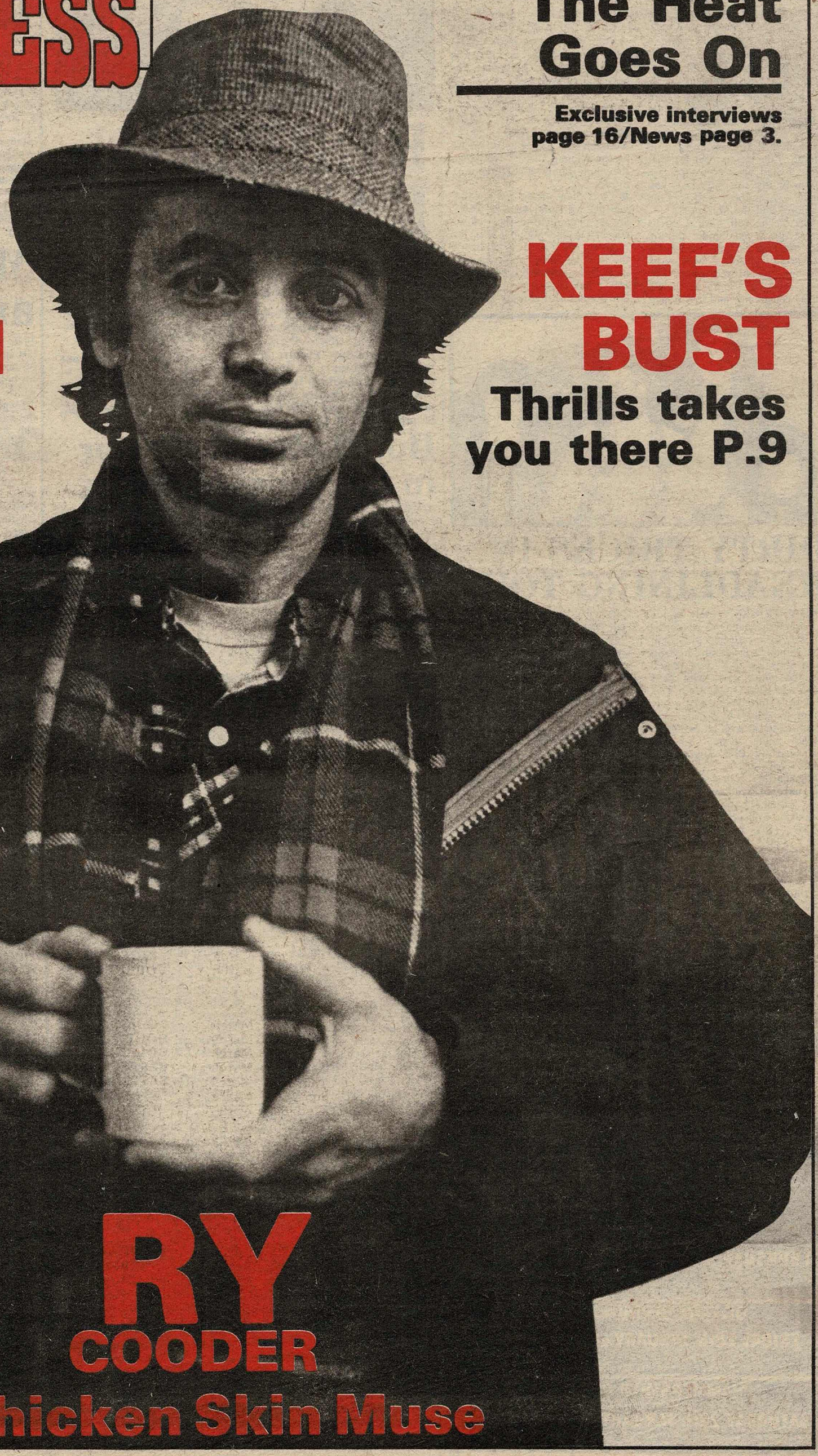
Thrills takes you there P.9



RY COODER
Chicken Skin Muse

New venue for London

AT KINGSWAY ROYALTY

LONDON is to have a new venue for regular rock concerts. It is the Royalty Theatre in Kingsway, which will open at the end of next month under the name of "Sound Circus", devoted entirely to the presentation of live shows. The venue is currently undergoing a six-week conversion programme, including the installation of a special custom-built sound system.

The Royalty — which, until recently, was the home of the long-running "Oh! Calcutta" — has a seated capacity of 1,000. Explained Bob Dick, who is in charge of the venue: "We felt that London had need of a showcase venue of this size falling, as you might say, midway between the Rainbow and the Marquee!"

The decor will have a circus theme, giving an "under the big top" flavour, and the venue will also house a disco — with music and dancing licensed until 2 am. Steve Turner of Capital Radio will act as consultant, and it is hoped eventually to have concerts running there seven days a week. However, Dick stressed that — although rock will be predominant — the "Sound Circus" will cover the whole gamut of contemporary music.

● Lone Star, whose first headlining tour was announced by NME, are to play their major London concert at the Sound Circus on February 26. It is not yet known if this will be the venue's opening date. Lone Star also have another new booking at Croydon Greyhound on February 20.

DIRTY TRICKS IN HEADLINING TOUR

DIRTY TRICKS, widely tipped as one of the bands to watch for in 1977, have returned to Britain after winning considerable acclaim on a six-week U.S. tour which included major dates with Patti Smith and Blue Oyster Cult. This week they started recording a new album, for release by Polydor next month to tie in with an extensive British tour. Dates so far confirmed by Bob England of Good Earth are:

Manchester Eelectric Circus (February 11), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (12 and 13), Harrow Technical College (18), Bristol Granary (19), Liverpool Annabelle's (24), Nottingham Boat Club (26), Accrington Lakeland Lounge (27), Manchester University (March 2), Worcester Bankhouse (3), Scunthorpe Priory Hotel (5), Maesteg Four Seasons (6), Rhondda Leisure Centre (7), Cardiff Top Rank (8), Newport Stowaway Club (9), Swansea Circles (10), Caerphilly Castle Cinema (11), Wigan Casino (12), Edinburgh Tiffany's (14), Falkirk Town Hall (16), Inverness Ice Rink (17) and Wakefield Unity Hall (18).

Climax of the tour is a bill-topping appearance at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, April 3, followed by a concert at St Alban's City Hall on April 9.

Bedford epic —new names

THERE WILL now be nine other keyboards players performing with David Bedford in the stage debut of his work "The Odyssey" at London Royal Albert Hall on January 25. Newly confirmed are Neil Ardley, Dave Stewart (currently with National Health), Dave Lawson (ex-Greenslade), Brian Gascoigne (ex-Stomu Yamashta), Peter Lemer (ex-Baker Gurvitz) and Dave Simmonds. Vangelis and Peter Bardens have dropped out of the original list of keyboards men — but Jon Lord, Mike Ratledge and Steuart Beford bring the total up to nine.

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REBEL IN RAINBOW BENEFIT

STEVE HARLEY and Cockney Rebel are to headline a special one-off charity show at London Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, February 12, in aid of homeless people in Ireland.

Although it is a benefit concert, tickets are being kept at the regular prices of £2.50, £2 and £1.50, and they are available now from the box-office or by postal application to the Rainbow.

It is stressed that everyone concerned in the venture — including lighting and sound crews and backstage personnel — is donating his services free for this charity.

Hot Rods, Generator in big London shows

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS are to headline a major one-off concert at London's newly re-opened Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, February 19. It is their first British date of the year, and their last here until the early summer, as they are committed to recording sessions and tours of Europe and America. Support act is new Island signing Ultravox, and tickets for the concert — which is promoted by Fred Bannister — are now available at £2, £1.50 and £1.

VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR are also set for a big London concert, when they top the bill at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, February 20. Peter Hammill is expected to perform his own set during the show, in order to promote his new solo album "Over My Shoulder", released by Charisma on March 11. It is not yet known if this Generator gig is a one-off, or whether they will subsequently be going on tour.

TOURS: IN BRIEF

Sadistas man badly injured

SADISTA SISTERS were involved in a serious car accident in Germany during the Christmas holiday and, on their return to Britain last week, lead guitarist **Dave Stuart was admitted to** hospital suffering from a collapsed lung. He has since undergone major surgery, and will be unable to leave with the band for their two-month European tour starting this weekend. They return here in March to record a new album, followed by a British tour.

● **CATE BROTHERS** are expected to return to Britain in March, when they will headline a series of concert appearances in both London and the provinces. And there are plans to feature the near-legendary Booker T. & the M.G.'s as guest stars on at least some of the shows.

● **THE McGARRIGLES** have added a second London concert to their British tour itinerary next month. It takes place at the New Victoria Theatre on February 28, and tickets are now on sale priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50. Kate and Anna are already set to headline at this venue on February 19.

● **MEDICINE HEAD** have gigs at Swansea Circles Club (tonight, Thursday), Caerphilly Castle Cinema (Friday), Dudley College of Education (Saturday), Fernborough Leisure Centre (January 20), Birmingham Aston University (21), Jacksdale Grey Topper (22), Bristol Granary (27), Northampton County Ground (29), Derby College of Art (February 4), Aberdeen University (18) and Aberystwyth University (25).

● **THE REAL THING,** currently off the road, will resume live appearances with a string of concerts and major ballroom dates starting in mid-March.

● **ETTA JAMES** is being lined up for a brief British visit in mid-February. Details of her dates and venues are expected in a week or two.

● **BE-BOP DELUXE** have added a second Leeds concert to their British tour, which opens on January 20. They are already set to appear at the Grand Theatre on February 13, and they will now also be playing there the following night (14).

● **MARTHA REEVES** and the Vandellas return to Britain at the end of next month for a cabaret and concert tour. First confirmed booking is a week at Batley Variety Club commencing February 27.

● **THREE DEGREES** and **MILLIE JACKSON** are among other acts being lined up for British tours, either in the late winter or the spring. Details of their visits will be announced as soon as contracts are exchanged.

● **THE DAMNED** are playing two nights at the new-wave Roxy Club in London's Covent Garden on Mondays, January 17 and 31.

● **CLOVER** will be the support act on the upcoming tour by Lynyrd Skynyrd, which opens with a three-day stint at London Rainbow (January 27-29). They last toured here in the autumn as support to Thin Lizzy.

● **KRAZY KAT** are to support John Miles on his extensive British tour, opening in Coventry tonight (Thursday). The band's first album, "China Seas", produced by Chris Thomas, is released by Mountain this weekend. Issued simultaneously is their single "How They Crossed The Pole".

● **THE STRANGLERS** will support Climax Blues Band in their previously-reported concert at London Rainbow Theatre on January 30. Stranglers also have gigs in their own right at Maidenhead Skindles (this Sunday) and Croydon Red Deer (January 20), and they are currently working on their debut album.

● **U.F.O.** return to the concert platform at the end of this month, their first two confirmed gigs being at Cambridge Corn Exchange (January 27) and Aylesbury Friars (29).

RECORDING NEWS

Ferry, Roxy label switch

E.G. MANAGEMENT have switched the record outlet of all the artists under their control from Island to Polydor, in a new licensing deal, starting this month. It means that all releases by Roxy Music, and solo recordings by the band's various members, will henceforth be available on Polydor. First releases to appear under the new agreement will be a Bryan Ferry album and single, and solo albums from both Phil Manzanera and Eno — plus a new LP by Nasty Pop titled "Mistaken I.D." due out in late January.

The new deal also involves the back catalogues of the various E.G. artists. From now on, Roxy Music's six albums and Bryan Ferry's previous three LPs will be available on the Polydor label — as well as King Crimson's "In The Court Of The Crimson King" and their subsequent nine albums. Also affected by the switch are previous albums by Manzanera, Eno and Andy Mackay, and the best-selling soundtrack LP "Rock Follies."

Marley 'national anthem' released

THE FIRST new recording by Bob Marley and the Wailers since last spring, the single "Smile Jamaica," is released here by Island on January 21. A recent Marley composition, it has been adopted in his home country as an unofficial national anthem. It was this song which prompted Jamaican prime minister Michael Manley to arrange a free concert in Kingston last month, featuring Marley and the band. Two days before the event, Marley was the victim of a gun attack, but he recovered in time to proceed with the show.

Other new Island singles include "Travellin' Light" extracted from J.J. Cale's album "Troubador (out this weekend), and "Tightrope" by Leon Russell and "Dangerous Rhythm" by Ultravox (both issued January 21). And two albums from the back catalogue of Michael Nesmith are also due out this month — they are "And The Hits Just Keep On Coming" (never previously released in Britain) and "Pretty Much Your Standard Ranch Stash."

On the company's mid-price label Help is the album "Illusion" by the original Renaissance, who made their recording debut with Island in 1969 — and "Live At The L.A. Troubador" by Fairport Convention, when the band's line-up inlcuded Richard Thompson and Simon Nicol.

● **Mr. Big's** new single "Romeo" is released by EMI this weekend. It is taken from their forthcoming album "Photographic Smile", due out next month.

● This weekend sees the reissue by the GM label of a **Ronnie Lane** maxi-single featuring three tracks — "How Come", "The Poacher" and "Tell Everyone". The first 10,000 copies are being marketed in full-colour bags.

● **Hummingbird** are now in Los Angeles where they are recording their third A&M album for summer release. They are currently featuring new guitarist Robert Ahwai (ex-Linda Lewis and Gonzalez), who has replaced Bernie Holland in the line-up.

● **Justin Hayward's** new solo album "Songwriter", details of which were reported last week, will be issued on February 11 by Deram — and not on the Moody Blues' own label, Threshold.

● **Mike Oldfield's** follow-up to his hit single "Portsmouth" will be his version of the "William Tell Overture", released by Virgin on January 28. Out on the same day and label are **Kevin Coyne's** live double album "In Living Black And White" and the **Gong** LP "Gazeuse!" Following on February 4 are the **I Roy** album "Musical Shark Attack" and **Supercharge** single "Get Up And Dance".

● **Brian Auger's** Oblivion Express have been signed by Warner Brothers, and their debut album for the label "Happiness Heartaches" is being released this month.

● New five-piece outfit **Bandit,** whose formation was recently reported by NME, have been signed by Arista who release their debut album "Bandit" on January 21. It was produced by Thin Lizzy producer John Alcock.

● The Charisma label issues a new **Hawkwind** single on February 11, titled "Back On The Streets". It is a previously unreleased song, which was highly acclaimed on their recent British tour. Later this month, the band start work on a new album, for release later in the year.

● **Leo Sayer's** second single from his "Endless Flight" album is rushed out by Chrysalis this weekend, titled "When I Need You".

● **Gentle Giant** have a live double album issued by Chrysalis tomorrow (Friday), recorded during the band's European tour last September. Titled "Live (Playing The Fool)", it contains 12 of their best-known numbers.

BOWIE'S LP OUT

DAVID BOWIE'S eagerly-awaited new album, now officially titled "Low," is being rushed out by RCA this weekend. The set, which is said to take Bowie in a totally new direction, comprises 11 tracks. Two of the tracks are non-vocal with Bowie playing a variety of instruments, while others feature him in "wordless vocals"! Eno is among backing musicians, and Iggy Pop is on vocals on one track. The album was recorded in France and Berlin, and produced by Bowie and Tony Visconti.

Chicago, Tull, Cooder extra

CHICAGO have been confirmed for additional performances at all three of the venues which constitute their British mini-tour later this month. Their visit was originally scheduled to open at Birmingham Odeon on January 23, but they will now also be appearing there the previous night (22). And as a result of enormous ticket demand, they are playing extra gigs at London Hammersmith Odeon on January 26 (as well as 25) and Manchester Free Trade Hall on January 29 (as well as 28). Tickets are now on sale at all venues — in London they are priced £3.50, £2.50 and £2, and in the provinces they are £3, £2.50 and £2.

JETHRO TULL are to play a third night at London Hammersmith Odeon during their major British tour, which opens in Aberdeen on February 1. There has been such an enormous ticket demand for their first two Hammersmith gigs, on February 11 and 12, that Tull have now slotted in an additional performance the following night — February 13. Seats are priced at £3, £2.50 and £2.

RY COODER is to play a second London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, January 30. Promoters Straight Music say that his gig at this venue the previous night is now almost sold out, and they have accordingly persuaded him to play an extra show. Tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. Cooder's provincial gigs are at Manchester Free Trade Hall (27), Birmingham Odeon (28) and Oxford Polytechnic (February 2).

Hinkley's Heroes all star line-up on tour

ALL-STAR occasional band Hinkley's Heroes have been spending the last ten days rehearsing, in preparation for a new British tour opening this weekend. First gigs to be confirmed are Uxbridge Brunel University (tomorrow, Friday), Leicester University (Saturday), Sheffield Top Rank (Sunday), London Camden Dingwalls (January 20), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (22) and Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (February 4). Current line-up of the band is Tim Hinkley and Mike Patto (keyboards), Henry McCullough and Bernie Holland (guitars), Mitch Mitchell and John Halsey (drums), Boz Burrell (bass), Mel Collins (sax) and Poli Palmer (vibes).

Greenslade re-form for February dates

DAVE GREENSLADE is again forming a band under the name of Greenslade, and on this occasion they will be undertaking a ten-day British tour in February. He played a one-off London concert in the autumn, and said at the time that he proposed re-forming Greenslade periodically for live appearances.

The band's line-up has still to be announced, but it is expected to show some changes since that autumn gig, although it is known that Tony Reeves will definitely be included.

Meanwhile, Dave — who was responsible for the musical score of the BBC-1 series "Gangsters" last year — has been invited to write and perform the music for a second series under the same title. He is also working on the music for a 50-minute BBC-TV play, which will be part of the upcoming "Sea Tales" series.

Suzi Quatro touring again

SUZI QUATRO is to undertake her first British tour for two years, starting next month. It will be confined mainly to the college circuit, opening at Sheffield University on February 12. Her full itinerary is expected to be announced next week. Meanwhile, Suzi's new album "Aggrophobia", her first to be produced by Mickie Most, is released by Rak on January 21 — followed on February 4 by a single titled "Tear Me Apart".

Span to take a long break

STEELEYE SPAN have gone **into hibernation for six months.** As the result of five years of non-stop touring and recording, they have decided to take an extensive break for the first half of this year. They will reunite in June, when they start rehearsing a "new and very different" stage presentation. This is in preparation for a year-long world tour, opening in the Far East and Australia in July — and subsequently including tours of Britain, America and Europe.

U-BOAT SURFACE

WOODY WOODMANSEY'S U-Boat set out on their second British tour this weekend. Since their first tour was curtailed due to Woody being injured, the band have finalised a record deal with Bronze, and have been working in the studios on original material. Initial outcome is their self-penned single "Star Machine", for release by Bronze on January 21. Confirmed tour dates are:

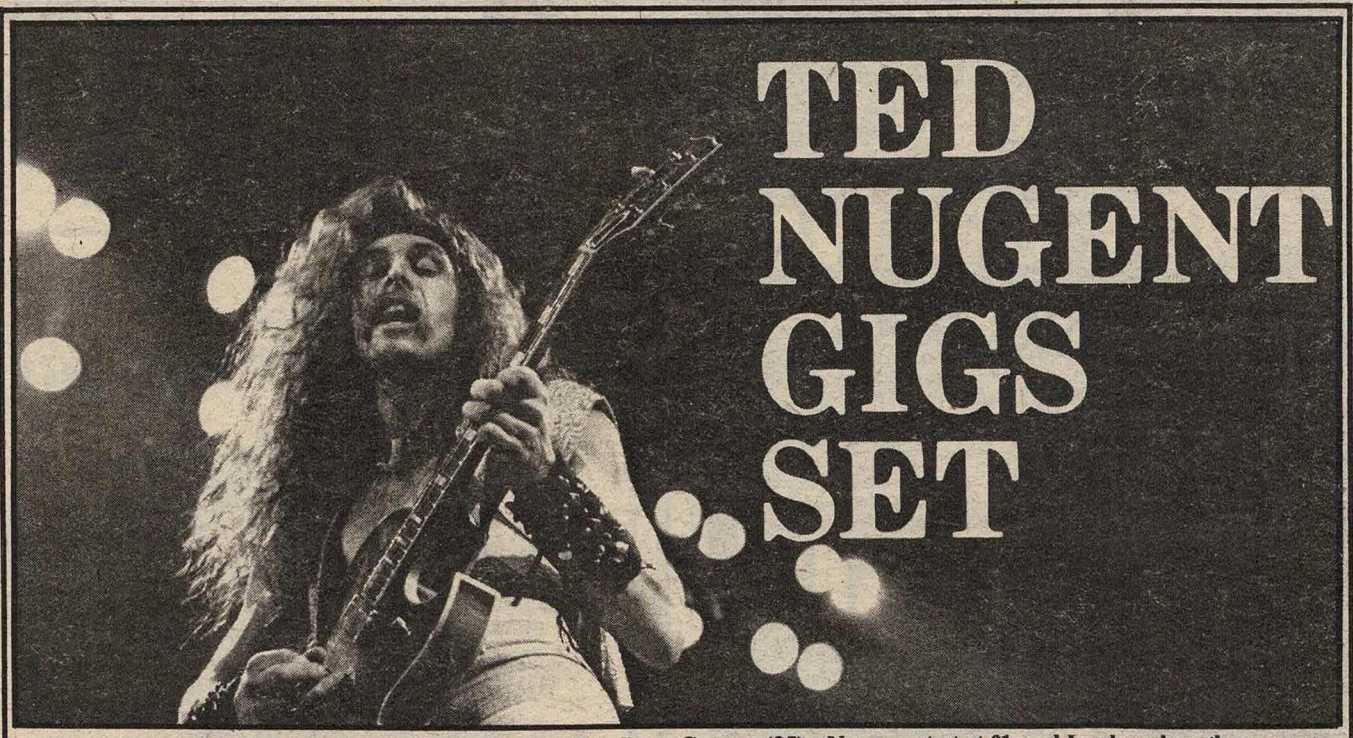
Bristol Polytechnic (this Saturday, Bath University (January 21), Slough College of Education (22), Chichester Bishop Otter College (28), Manchester UMIST (29), Aberdeen University (February 4), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (5), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (6), Doncaster Outlook (7), Middlesbrough Polytechnic (10), London Stratford North-East Polytechnic (11), Birmingham Barbarella's (12), London Marquee Club (14) and Burton 76 Club (18).

'Little Feat split' report

AN UNCONFIRMED report, which reached NME at presstime, suggested that Little Feat have broken up — and that Lowell George will be forming his own backing band, with a view to following a solo career. However, WEA Records in London were unable to say if the report has any validity. Commented a spokesman: "We have heard nothing about it, and we certainly hope it's not true. We are expecting Little Feat to tour Britain later in the year."

Eagles dates 'not certain'

PROMOTER Harvey Goldsmith flew to America on Sunday, insisting that no British dates have yet been confirmed for the Eagles. Despite speculative dates reported in various sections of the Press, the band have not yet specified the period of their visit. Said Goldsmith at London Airport: "I hope they will be playing a string of Wembley shows in the spring, and I am now going to the States to sort it out: I expect to have some definite news on my return."



TED NUGENT GIGS SET

FOLLOWING THE success of his debut visit last summer, heavy metal guitarist Ted Nugent returns to Britain at the end of next month for a concert tour. So far eight major dates have been confirmed, including two at London Hammersmith Odeon, and there is a likelihood of a ninth gig being added.

The tour opens at Manchester Free Trade Hall on February 23, then plays Glasgow Apollow Centre (25), Newcastle City Hall (26), Liverpool Empire (28), Cardiff Capitol (March 3), Birmingham Odeon (4) and London Hammersmith Odeon (5 and 6). Promoters are Straight Music.

Tickets for all venues go on sale tomorrow (Friday) at box-offices and through the usual agencies. Prices range from £1.50 to £2.50 — except at Glasgow and Liverpool where they start at £1, and London where they go up to £3.

Nugent will be accompanied by his regular backing band comprising Derek St Hughes (guitar and vocals), Rob Grange (bass) and English drummer Cliff Davies. Support act on all dates will be the State Line Band, featuring ex-Highway singer John Elstar.

After the British gigs, Nugent and the band travel on to Europe where they play dates in Germany, Scandinavia, France and Belgium for two weeks.

What they said last week . . .

Pistols: 'We may break contract'

JANUARY 12 is the crunch date [illegible] EMI execut[illegible] were [illegible] considered

BUT EMI JUMPED THE GUN!

THE SEX PISTOLS are this week fighting hard to retain their contract with EMI Records, following the company's decision last Thursday to fire the band — a decision prompted partly by the Pistols' widely-publicised, alleged behaviour at London Airport en route to Holland, and partly by NME's news story last week.

Malcolm McLaren, the Pistols manager, indicated to NME that he was prepared to sever the group's contract with EMI if they were unable to offer a guarantee of support, and it seems that EMI decided to "jump the gun" on the Pistols issue.

EMI's statement about the ending of the band's contract said the decision was by mutual agreement — which McLaren hotly disputes. As reported last week, a meeting had been arranged for Wednesday of this week (after the group's return from Holland) between McLaren, the Pistols and EMI executives to determine the band's future. McLaren is furious because he claims this arrangement was ignored, and the Pistols were fired while he and they were out of the country.

He maintains that the Pistols are still under contract to EMI who, for their part, insist that the termination was agreed by telephone last Thursday. But due to McLaren's demand that EMI should re-consider their decision, a meeting between the two parties was hastily arranged for Tuesday of this week, and was taking place as NME closed for press.

McLaren's concern is that other companies, who had previously expressed interest in the Pistols, would now be reluctant to sign them — particularly as several other major labels have pressing and distribution deals with EMI. But the latter problem was partially clarified by EMI on Monday, when a spokesman told NME: "I see no reason why, if EMI split with the Pistols, the band should not sign with a company whose records are distributed by us. Our concern is one of promotion."

The original EMI statement has said that it felt "unable to promote the group's records internationally, in view of the adverse publicity which has been generated over the past two months, although recent Press reports of the behaviour of the Sex Pistols appear to have been exaggerated."

Meanwhile, although the Pistols are finding it difficult — if not impossible — to obtain work in the U.K., Europe is clamouring to see them. There has already been a feedback from their Dutch dates last week, and they have now been booked for tours of Belgium (February 1—5), Holland (6—10) and Scandinavia (11—20) with the Heartbreakers. NME understands that subsequently they may be joining an ambitious European package tour, also involving two or three big-name American acts.

Commented their Dutch promoter: "I was tremendously impressed by their shows last week. Certainly they caused no trouble and created no problems for me."

● *Turn to pages 16 and 17 for interview with McLaren and the Pistols*

Why Climax will tour without a new single

CLIMAX BLUES BAND have added another two dates to their winter tour, opening at the end of next week — they are at Sheffield University (January 25) and Durham University (27). But at the same time, they have vetoed the projected release of their single "Together And Free", planned by BTM for January 21 to coincide with the tour.

Explained lead guitarist and vocalist Peter Haycock: "We have a lot of new material in the pipeline, and we thought it preferable to await this, rather than releasing an album track". The band have cancelled an American tour in February, so they can go into the studios sooner than expected, and they now expect to have a new single and album ready for March.

Meanwhile, their concert at London Rainbow Theatre in January 30 is to be recorded, with a view to the subsequent release of a live album.

Rod's shows: more tickets

AN EXTRA supply of tickets for Rod Stewart's two concerts at London Olympia this Friday and Saturday (14-15) was unexpectedly made available this week. These are for seats in boxes which, for his pre-Christmas gigs at Olympia, were sold at high prices complete with refreshments. However, for these two extra dates, it has now been decided to dispose of these seats at regular prices — £4, £5 and £6.50. They are available to personal applicants at the box-office from 11am to 3pm today (Thursday) and tomorrow. Olympia's phone number is 01-931 3980.

Al Jarreau's London show

AL JARREAU — who has just been voted Jazz Vocalist of the Year in the annual poll held by U.S. magazine "Record World" — plays his first major London concert when he headlines at the Victoria Palace on Sunday, February 13, as the climax of an extensive European tour. He will be bringing his own backing band, but a support act has still to be announced. Promoter is Barry Dickins of MAM, and tickets are now on sale priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

EXTRA ZAPPA

FRANK ZAPPA has postponed his Japanese tour, which was to have followed his brief British visit, and will now be playing five more dates in this country.

His only two confirmed gigs so far are at London Hammersmith Odeon on February 9 and 10, both of which are sold out — but he will now also be appearing at the same venue on February 16 and 17.

Additionally, Zappa plays Stafford New Bingley Hall (February 12) and Glasgow Apollo Centre (13). The fifth extra date will be in either Edinburgh or Manchester, and details will be announced next week.

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending — 12th January, 1972

Last Week	This Week	
1	1	I'D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING. New Seekers (Polydor)
8	2	SOLEY SOLEY. Middle Of The Road (RCA)
3	3	THEME FROM "SHAFT". Isaac Hayes (Stax)
9	4	SLEEPY SHORES. Johnny Pearson (Penny Farthing)
4	5	SOMETHING TELLS ME. Cilla Black (Parlophone)
12	6	I JUST CAN'T HELP BELIEVING. Elvis Presley (RCA)
6	7	SOFTLY WHISPERING I LOVE YOU. Congregation (Columbia)
2	8	ERNIE. Benny Hill (Columbia)
5	9	NO MATTER HOW I TRY. Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
6	10	JEEPSTER. T. Rex (Fly)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending — 14th January, 1967

Last Week	This Week	
1	1	GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME. Tom Jones (Decca)
29	2	I'M A BELIEVER. Monkees (RCA)
2	3	MORNINGTOWN RIDE. Seekers (Columbia)
6	4	HAPPY JACK. Who (Reaction)
4	5	SUNSHINE SUPERMAN. Donovan (Pye)
3	6	SAVE ME. Dave, Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
7	7	ANY WAY THAT YOU WANT ME. Troggs (Page One)
9	8	IN THE COUNTRY. Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5	9	WHAT WOULD I BE. Val Doonican (Decca)
10	10	YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON. Supremes (Tamla Motown)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending — 12th January, 1962

Last Week	This Week	
1	1	THE YOUNG ONES. Cliff Richard (Columbia)
1	2	STRANGER ON THE SHORE. Acker Bilk (Columbia)
4	3	LET THERE BE DRUMS. Sandy Nelson (London)
8	4	I'D NEVER FIND ANOTHER YOU. Billy Fury (Decca)
9	5	MULTIPLICATION. Bobby Darin (Decca)
2	6	MOON RIVER. Danny Williams (HMV)
15	7	LET'S TWIST AGAIN. Chubby Checker (Columbia)
7	8	HAPPY BIRTHDAY SWEET SIXTEEN. Neil Sedaka (RCA)
5	9	JOHNNY WILL. Pat Boone (London)
6	10	MIDNIGHT IN MOSCOW. Kenny Ball (Pye)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS C·H·A·R·T·S

SINGLES

Week ending January 15, 1977

This Week	Last Week		Weeks Charts	Highest Position
1	(4)	**DON'T GIVE UP ON US** David Soul (Private Stock)	3	1
2	(2)	**UNDER THE MOON OF LOVE** Showaddywaddy (Bell)	9	1
3	(3)	**MONEY MONEY MONEY**.. Abba (Epic)	7	2
4	(1)	**WHEN A CHILD IS BORN** Johnny Mathis (CBS)	7	1
5	(15)	**I WISH**..... Stevie Wonder (Motown)	3	5
6	(5)	**PORTSMOUTH** .. Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	6	5
7	(6)	**DOCTOR LOVE**..... Tina Charles (CBS)	5	6
8	(18)	**DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA** Julie Covington (MCA)	3	8
9	(7)	**LIVING NEXT DOOR TO ALICE** Smokie (Rak)	5	7
10	(11)	**THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE** 10c.c. (Mercury)	4	10
11	(8)	**GRANDMA'S PARTY (E.P.)** Paul Nicholas (RSO)	5	8
12	(10)	**LIVIN' THING** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	8	3
13	(12)	**WILD SIDE OF LIFE** Status Quo (Vertigo)	4	12
14	(9)	**SOMEBODY TO LOVE**.....Queen (EMI)	7	2
15	(20)	**SIDE SHOW**..... Barry Biggs (Dynamic)	3	15
16	(13)	**LOVE ME**..... Yvonne Elliman (RSO)	9	4
17	(21)	**CAR WASH**.....Rose Royce (MCA)	2	17
18	(23)	**LITTLE DOES SHE KNOW** Kursaal Flyers (CBS)	7	15
19	(28)	**DADDY COOL**.....Boney M. (Atlantic)	2	19
20	(19)	**HAITIAN DIVORCE**.... Steely Dan (ABC)	4	19
21	(27)	**YOU'RE MORE THAN A NUMBER** Drifters (Arista)	2	21
22	(22)	**HERE'S TO LOVE**...John Christie (EMI)	2	22
23	(16)	**FAIRY TALE**..... Dana (GTO)	7	16
24	(30)	**IF YOU LEAVE ME NOW** Chicago (CBS)	13	1
25	(25)	**STOP ME (IF YOU'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE)**.....Billy Ocean (GTO)	7	9
26	(14)	**LEAN ON ME**.....Mud (Private Stock)	6	9
27	(—)	**WINTER MELODY** Donna Summer (GTO)	1	27
28	(—)	**FLIP**..... Jesse Green (EMI)	1	28
29	(17)	**BIONIC SANTA** ..... Chris Hill (Philips)	5	7
30	(—)	**ISN'T SHE LOVELY** David Parton (Pye)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

NEW KID IN TOWN — Eagles (Asylum); SUSPICION — Elvis Presley (RCA); DON'T BELIEVE A WORD — Thin Lizzy (Vertigo); EVERYMAN MUST HAVE A DREAM — Liverpool Express (Warner Bros); KEEP IT COMIN' LOVE . KC & The Sunshine Band (Jayboy).

ALBUMS

Week ending January 15, 1977

This Week	Last Week		Weeks Charts	Highest Position
1	(1)	**ARRIVAL**..... Abba (Epic)	8	1
2	(5)	**A DAY AT THE RACES**.....Queen (EMI)	4	2
3	(11)	**DAVID SOUL**..... (Private Stock)	6	3
4	(8)	**ABBA GREATEST HITS** ..... (Epic)	41	1
5	(2)	**SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE** Stevie Wonder (EMI)	13	1
6	(12)	**HOTEL CALIFORNIA** Eagles (Asylum)	3	6
7	(4)	**SHOWADDYWADDY GREATEST HITS** (Arista)	4	4
8	(10)	**A NEW WORLD RECORD** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	6	8
9	(3)	**20 GOLDEN GREATS** Glen Campbell (Capitol)	9	1
10	(—)	**RED RIVER VALLEY** Slim Whitman (United Artists)	1	10
11	(6)	**100 GOLDEN GREATS** Max Bygraves (Ronco)	10	4
12	(9)	**THE GREATEST HITS** Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons (K-Tel)	9	4
13	(21)	**WINGS OVER AMERICA** .....(EMI)	2	13
14	(7)	**DISCO ROCKET**.....(K-Tel)	6	7
15	(16)	**THOUGHTS OF LOVE** Shirley Bassey (United Artists)	5	15
16	(15)	**HOT CHOCOLATE GREATEST HITS**..... (Rak)	8	8
17	(18)	**GREATEST HITS** Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)	3	17
18	(14)	**BLUE MOVES**..... Elton John (Rocket)	11	4
19	(30)	**BOXED**..... Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	2	19
20	(—)	**I ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU** Johnny Mathis (CBS)	1	20
21	(13)	**22 GOLDEN GREATS** Bert Weedon (Warwick)	10	3
22	(24)	**BEST OF STYLISTICS VOL II** .....(Avco)	17	3
23	(17)	**THE WHO STORY** ..... (Polydor)	14	1
24	(—)	**WIND AND WUTHERING** Genesis (Charisma)	1	24
25	(19)	**SOME MORE OF ME POEMS AND SONGS**.....Pam Ayres (Galaxy)	3	19
26	(23)	**FOREVER AND EVER** Demis Roussos (Philips)	28	2
27	(—)	**EVITA**..... Various Artists (MCA)	1	27
28	(28)	**44 SUPERSTARS** .....(K-Tel)	3	26
29	(—)	**LINDA RONSTADT GREATEST HITS** (Asylum)	1	29
30	(22)	**THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME** Led Zeppelin (Swansong)	11	5

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

LIVE AT PALLADIUM — Carpenters (A&M); HEJIRA — Joni Mitchell (Asylum); BEST OF LENA MARTELL (Pye); LOVE ON THE AIRWAYS — Gallagher & Lyle (A&M); FESTIVAL — Santana (CBS).

U.S. SINGLES

Week Ending January 15, 1977

This Week	Last Week	
1	(3)	**CAR WASH** ..... Rose Royce
2	(1)	**YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR** Marilyn McCoo & Billy Davis
3	(4)	**I WISH** ..... Stevie Wonder
4	(2)	**YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE DANCING** Leo Saver
5	(5)	**AFTER THE LOVIN'** .... Englebert Humperdinck
6	(7)	**DAZZ** ..... Brick
7	(9)	**HOT LINE** ..... Sylvers
8	(14)	**TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS** Mary McGregor
9	(11)	**SOMEBODY TO LOVE** ..... Queen
10	(12)	**WALK THIS WAY**..... Aerosmith
11	(6)	**TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT**..... Rod Stewart
12	(16)	**BLINDED BY THE LIGHT** ..... Manfred Mann
13	(18)	**NEW KID IN TOWN** ..... Eagles
14	(15)	**JEANS ON** ..... David Dundas
15	(17)	**ENJOY YOURSELF**..... Jacksons
16	(19)	**I LIKE DREAMING**..... Kenny Nolan
17	(8)	**SORRY SEEMS TO BE THE HARDEST WORD** ..... Elton John
18	(21)	**LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE**..... Bread
19	(10)	**LOVE ME**..... Yvonne Elliman
20	(26)	**WEEKEND IN NEW ENGLAND** .. Barry Manilow
21	(29)	**NIGHT MOVES** ..... Bob Seger
22	(27)	**SATURDAY NIGHT** ..... Earth, Wind & Fire
23	(24)	**WHISPERING/CHERCHEZ LA FEMME/C'EST SI BON** .....Dr Buzzard's Original Savannah
24	(—)	**FLY LIKE AN EAGLE** ..... Steve Miller Band
25	(13)	**LIVIN' THING** ..... ELO
26	(20)	**STAND TALL** ..... Burton Cummings
27	(22)	**RUBBER BAND MAN** ..... Spinners
28	(23)	**LOVE SO RIGHT** ..... Bee Gees
29	(28)	**THIS SONG**..... George Harrison
30	(—)	**DANCING QUEEN**..... Abba

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

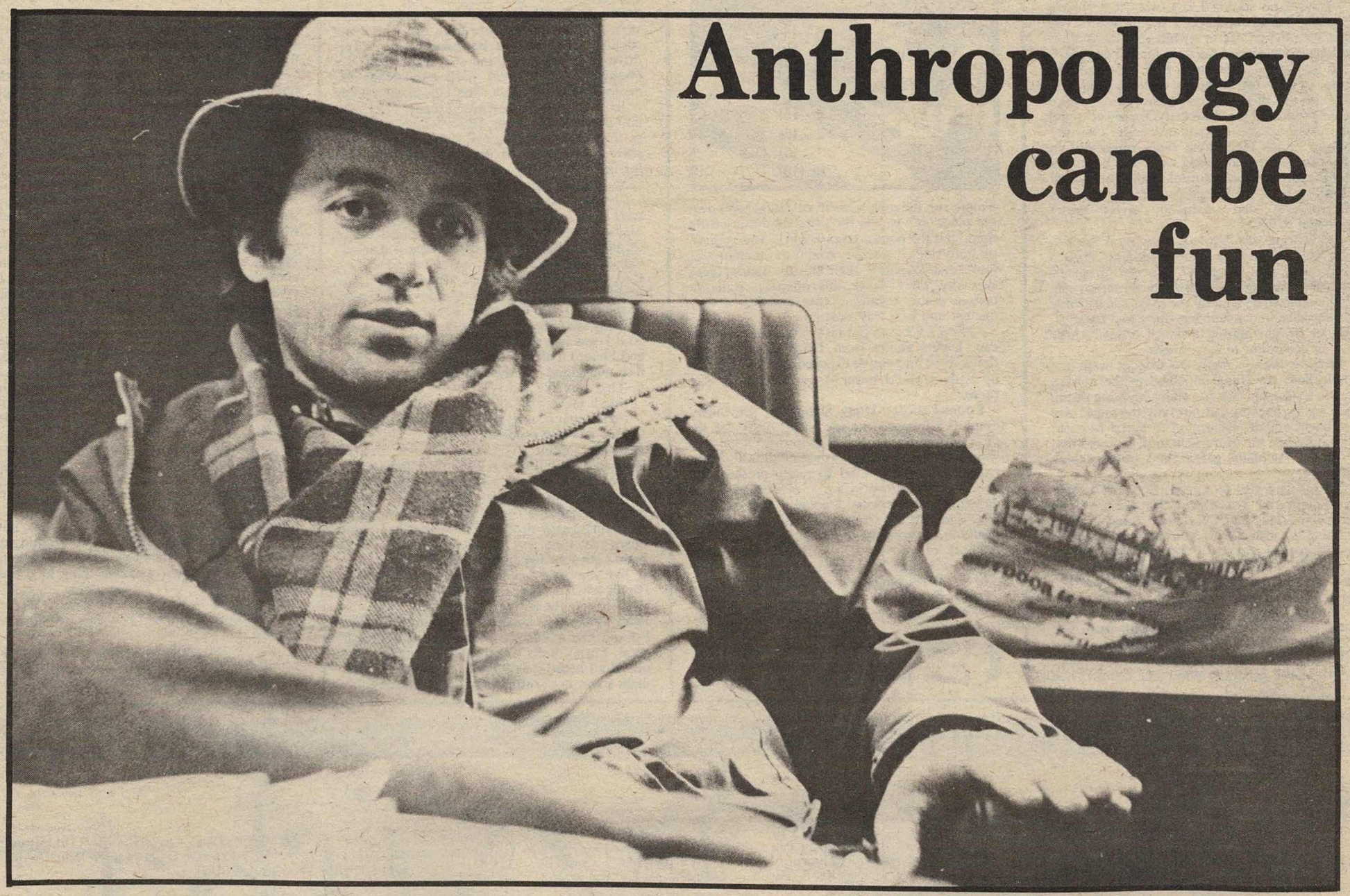
Week Ending January 15, 1977

This Week	Last Week	
1	(1)	**HOTEL CALIFORNIA** ..... Eagles
2	(3)	**WINGS OVER AMERICA**..... Wings
3	(2)	**SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE**..... Stevie Wonder
4	(4)	**FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE**..... Peter Frampton
5	(5)	**BOSTON**
6	(8)	**GREATEST HITS**..... Linda Ronstadt
7	(7)	**BEST OF THE DOOBIES**..... Doobie Brothers
8	(6)	**A NIGHT ON THE TOWN** ..... Rod Stewart
9	(9)	**THE PRETENDER**..... Jackson Browne
10	(11)	**FLY LIKE AN EAGLE**..... Steve Miller Band
11	(10)	**ROCK AND ROLL OVER**..... Kiss
12	(12)	**HEJIRA**..... Joni Mitchell
13	(13)	**A NEW WORLD RECORD** Electric Light Orchestra
14	(14)	**GREATEST HITS**..... James Taylor
15	(15)	**THIRTY THREE AND ⅓**..... George Harrison
16	(17)	**THEIR GREATEST HITS** ..... Eagles
17	(16)	**BLUE MOVES**..... Elton John
18	(21)	**CAR WASH** ..... Original Soundtrack
19	(19)	**SONG OF JOY**..... Captain & Tennille
20	(18)	**CHICAGO X**
21	(—)	**A STAR IS BORN** Barbra Streisand & Kris Kristofferson
22	(23)	**CHILDREN OF THE WORLD**..... Bee Gees
23	(25)	**YEAR OF THE CAT**..... Al Stewart
24	(20)	**SPIRIT** ..... Earth, Wind & Fire
25	(22)	**THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME** Led Zeppelin
26	(28)	**DREAMBOAT ANNIE** ..... Heart
27	(24)	**ONE MORE FROM THE ROAD**. Lynyrd Skynyrd
28	(26)	**SILK DEGREES** ..... Boz Scaggs
29	(27)	**FLEETWOOD MAC**
30	(30)	**SPIRIT** ..... John Denver

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

Now here's a gent who knows which side his bread's buttered, as he tells us how the critics' praise is just about all that keeps him in business. Well gosh, and golly gee . . . but for once we're truly humbled, because this man, this man, is veritably A Talent Of Some Proportion — with a Credibility Count that touches the star of Betelgeuse and beyond. All STEVE CLARKE can do in his presence is listen, and probe, and maintain respectful hush. PENNIE SMITH took the pic. Ladeez and gennelmen we give you . . .

Ry Cooder: Anthropology can be fun



RY COODER sits there, one enormous leg hauled up over the other, laconically and yet intently eating his lunch. At regular intervals he pulls the cork on a bottle of Harvey's Bristol Cream and empties some sherry into a glass that looks minute in the grip of his huge fist.

Cooder looks like an oil rigger; the sloppiness of his dress can't destroy the man's essential solidity. If the tapered jeans, lumberjack shirt and high suede boots that cover those long Cooder feet are hip, then it's purely coincidental. Cooder wears his clothes with complete ease.

In fact his whole manner is easy, his expression placid. His face is handsome in an outdoor way and the ample chinline indicates that Cooder likes his drink . . . there, he's uncorking that sherry bottle again.

DOES THE name Ry Cooder mean much to you?

Probably not, since Cooder is the epitome of the proverbial cult figure, and the only place he's ever had a hit record in is Holland. We all know those stoned-out Dutch hippies go a bundle on country-rock acts like Poco and Emmylou Harris, but Ry Cooder is a long way away from all that, even if he does come from Los Angeles. In fact Cooder's head is a long way from any other rock artist full stop.

Recording techniques aside, listening to a Ry Cooder album is often like experiencing pre-rock'n'roll music. When Cooder does a song from the last 30 years or so he interprets it in such a way it ceases to belong solely to its time. For instance his version of the Ben E. King standard, "Stand By Me", on his fifth and very recent album, "Chicken Skin Music". It's an R&B song, right? But does Cooder do it that way? Does he hell. Cooder does it as a bolero (Mexican waltz time) replete with a Tex-Mex accordion player and a couple of gospel singers.

A song from the same era is The Valentinos' "It's All Over Now" which Cooder performs in reggae time. He does it with total conviction too, adding something that is undeniably his own.

In fact Ry Cooder does everything with conviction and an intrinsic understanding of seemingly every form of ethnic American music he cares to put his mind to.

RY COODER is a musical anthropologist, yet his approach lacks any of the dry, academic nature that description suggests. While he explores America's musical heritage with a historian's love of detail, it is not history for history's sake. When Cooder sings an old song, like the Civil War number "Rally Round The Flag" (from the third Cooder album, "Boomer's Story"), he lives it.

Many of the songs he sings come from relatively obscure sources, like the West Virginia mountain fiddler and songwriter Blind Alfred Reed.

Says Cooder, "He was just a genius for the common's man viewpoint. He was a great poet really."

Cooder included Reed's "How Can A Poor Man Stand Such Times And Live Alone", a Thirties' Depression song, on his debut album back in 1970. On "Chicken Skin Music" there's another of the man's songs, the beautifully compassionate "Always Lift Him Up".

Invariably, the songs he sings are working people's songs. Songs like Leadbelly's anti-Washington song, "The Bourgeois Blues", or "Tamp 'Em Up Solid", a song about working on the railroad.

And that's not the half of it, because Ry Cooder, as anyone who's heard him will testify, is a brilliant musician. *Rolling Stone* praised him as "the finest, most precise bottleneck guitar player alive today, as well as reviver of the lost art of blues mandolin" when his first album was released.

Since then Cooder's musical vision has strayed from, although never lost sight of, the blues. Fundamentally Cooder is a blues player, and listening to his peerless command of bottleneck and finger-picking, it's as if Clapton, Beck or Page never existed, not to mention Duane Allman, often regarded as rock's leading exponent of "slide guitar".

But then Cooder differentiates between bottleneck and slide. Even if the same means are employed, the end result is poles apart.

Opines Cooder, "The records that I learnt bottleneck from have a quality that is not present in any of these rock guys' playing. It's the difference between two dimensions and three dimensions. But it's a hard thing to do. The guys who did it were really good and can't be approached. A guy like Howlin' Wolf . . . when he played electric guitar that really set a standard for people to follow. Elmore James too."

Cooder learnt his art from the great country bluesmen, like Robert H Johnson, Sleepy John Estes (whom he tracked down and got to perform on "Boomer's Story"), Skip James and Huddie Ledbetter. He was 16 when he began playing bottleneck and 15 years later he's stayed true to these roots and actually expanded on them as the innovative use of bottleneck on the first album demonstrates. His father had given him his first guitar when he was 10.

Cooder is vague about his father's occupation. "He had different jobs. It's nothing distinctive. He worked in business," he says. He seems proud of the fact that his grandfather was a musician, adding, "Music was something I felt I could do so I went on and did it." As a teenager he hung out at the Ash Grove LA folk club, where he memorised the licks of any good guitarist who appeared there.

Although he first came to prominence as a session man in the late Sixties (he worked on the Stones' "Sticky Fingers" and is responsible for the altogether harrowing guitar on "Sister Morphine"), Cooder was a member of the legendary Rising Sons back in 1965 along with Taj Mahal.

Soon after, he was a member of a Captain Beefheart's first Magic Band — it's Cooder's slide on "Safe As Milk." He's reticent to talk about his work as a sessioner, particularly his stuff with the Stones which he has little time for.

Says Cooder, "I think some of the things I've done are horrible. I like some of it, but only a fool would like everything he did. People ask loaded questions about those Stones' sessions and I don't like to answer them."

Cooder is also featured extensively on the first Little Feat album, but that was done as strictly a one night gig. These days his work as a session man is not extensive. Recently he worked on a double album with Hawaiian guitarist Gabby Pahinui, one of the musicians who plays on two of the "Chicken Skin Music" cuts, but that was more to return a favour than anything else. Otherwise the only sessions he's interested in playing are those with his friends Randy Newman and Tom Waits.

SINCE EMBARKING on a career as a soloist, his records have been ecstatically received by the critics, but have consistently failed to make any impression on the charts, either here or in the States. Holland, of course, is a different story.

In America Cooder albums regularly notch up in the region of 50,000 sales while in Britain it's around the 20,000 mark, although "Chicken Skin Music" his record company tell me, is selling well. His biggest seller to date is the second album, "Into The Purple Valley" which went gold in Holland. Cooder thinks the reason for the album's success is its cover, a photograph of Ry and his wife "driving" a Thirties' Pontiac, a Hollywood studio prop.

He has this to say on the subject of the critics' praise, "I guess that's the only thing that's kept me going. That stuff means something — even to businessmen. I suppose without that I wouldn't be on the label at all."

He has no idea why his records don't sell more, and admits to giving the problem considerable thought. No, his records aren't played extensively on the radio.

Have Warners Bros ever told him to make

■ *Continues over page*

■ *From over page*

records more suited to the tastes of the playlist compilers? "They didn't say it out. They didn't sit down and tell me that, but I can assume that an accordion record (reference to "Chicken Skin Music" which highlights the exquisite accordion playing of Flaco Jimenez) is not the first on anyone's list of commercial endeavours, although it could be."

Cooder in fact detests the music played on American radio today — just like he loathes the sound of the majority of todays records: "The music I hear on the radio all sounds the same. When I was a kid in LA there was a hillbilly station that was country and western period, it wasn't even Nashville music. Then there was a rhythm and blues station which was strictly R&B; none of this fancy, hotshot stuff. Then there was the teenage station. Now you turn on a station and the whole damn radio sounds alike, I can't stand it.

"There's no station I can listen to anymore except a listener sponsored station where you hear something once in a while, but the radio is no longer a source of music as far as I can see."

It was radio, however, that provided the initial tip-off for Cooder's investigation and ultimate use of the Tex-Mex musicians who're heavily featured on "Chicken Skin Music", and who make up the majority of Cooder's current touring band. He'd long been interested in Mexican folk styles; side one of "Boomer's Story" closes with a beautiful reading of "Maria Elena" where Cooder demonstrates that his fingerpicking and mandolin styles aren't restricted to blues.

On hearing this Tex-Mex tune on a Spanish radio station (he lives in Santa Monica, a beach town near Los Angeles), Cooder prepared himself for taping the song the next time it came on the radio so he identify the artist. On learning the musician in question was one Flaco Jimenez, Cooder bought himself a bunch of his records and an accordion to learn them.

Progress wasn't rapid, so Cooder went the whole hog, travelling on down to the music's source in Austin, Texas, where he hung out in local bars, checking out not only the music also the environment. Returning to Santa Monica, Ry worked on the instrument until he found that he could "actually get around on the thing properly."

On his next visit to Austin, Cooder was able to impress the Texan with his grasp of the accordion. He says, "I spent about a year learning the instrument. You can't just coldly go up to someone and say, 'I dig what you're doing, let's blow.' You've got to understand their form, what the instrument is capable of and how they think about music.

"I taught myself enough of what they do so I could get down there and get with them and show them I'd made an effort to meet them halfway. That's very impressive to them 'cause white people generally don't like them. They hate that music from down there. When you say accordion to almost anybody in the States it's Lawrence Welk (an American Hughie Green-type figure) period. Schmaltzy junk.

"South Texas in Mexico really. The Texans are running the show. They're in the majority but they're in the subculture of the majority. It's like the black in the South; they're second class citizens. It's also a bad thing to say but the fact is it's the boss versus the working man. White

people run the government, of course, and own the place. It's us, we took that land away from them, but the border culture is very strong there on both sides of border. And they maintain this music and it's part of their life. It's a social thing they do. They dance, it's ongoing. It has a certain vitality because of that. But they're very distinct and in a way isolated.

"Flaco's a Texan but his background is Mexican. Unless you're from Texas or somewhere down there and you're exposed to it or you grow up with it you'd never know that music was there."

Country-rocker Doug Sahm had previously employed Jimenez, but according to Cooder, he didn't utilise him to his full potential. Of his own work he says, "I know it's the first time anybody has sat down and tried to really present this actual musical form in a pop context with any degree of authenticity. I haven't tried to fool around with it. I've tried to do exactly what they would in my context."

Those of you familiar with "Chicken Skin Music" will know how successful Cooder's adaption of Tex-Mex music is, particularly on the Jim Reeves' classic, "He'll Have To Go", incidentally a hit single for Cooder in, you guessed it, Holland.

COODER INSISTS, however, that the live performankes far exceed the recorded ones, "It's so elegant, so beautiful," he enthuses. Cooder completed an eight week tour of American colleges and clubs before Christmas and it's this band, comprising of the Tex-Mex musicians and three black gospel singers, he brings to England at the end of the month for his first ever concert appearance here.

He gushes, "I've redone all my tunes to accommodate what became a Tex-Mex / R&B sound. It works like a charm. It's amazing. They play 'Dark End Of The Street' better than I've ever heard. To begin with they had to learn, but once they caught on it was fine. The people loved it, especially in the South. People are so used to seeing the same kind of thing that they don't understand these guys in ugly leisure (he pronounces it *"lee-shure"*) suits with greased back hair.

"I know a lot of people here will love what I'm doing 'cause in Europe you don't have the god-damn separation between people who like this and people who like that, like you do in the States. In the States you have two coasts who're very advanced. Then you have the rest of the country who only like Bachman Turner Overdrive and hate everything else. Then you have Nashville people who hate everything else except Nashville music. The kids in the middle of the United States just aren't ready. They have no interest in me at all. Elton John is as far out as they get and that metal shit that everybody plays. The Doobie Brothers are very advanced for them."

So how do you find you songs Ry?

"I never pass an opportunity for finding a song. But I don't have any set way of doing it. Music is everywhere. It's where you find it. I've stumbled upon songs in the strangest manner. On the other hand you may get an idea for a song you already know, like 'Smack Dab In The Middle'. I was sitting down one day and it came to me how to do that song. It was a jazz piece, crummy song really but it worked out very well. And I was just sitting in a chair with the guitar and I heard it all of a sudden in my head — how it should sound exactly. So I just went in and did it. That was like lucky."

"He'll Have To Go"?

"What that is, is as near as I could get it at the time to an exact rendition of a bolero beat. It's a Tex-Mex routine. The song fits the routine. Everything about that is lifted from their rendition of songs in that rhythm itself. 'Goodnight Irene' (another "Chicken Skin Music" cut) is another automatic Tex-Mex waltz — even more so. That's really precise. Those guys had never heard that tune, but as soon as I started it ... I hadn't got four bars into it and they were doing it, like you put a nickel in and you got this tune. That's when I knew I was on the right track.

"I had a R&B version of that, a very slow Percy Sledge type thing. I was fooling with that. I didn't like it 'cause I wasn't singing it all that good, I can't really sing that kind of stuff. Then one day I heard it as a Tex-Mex bolero. 'Goodnight Irene' is a pretty song. I love that song. It's so sad and funny if you think about it. That was written in a time before country music got so gad-damn self-conscious and became so messy.

"I was never interested in 'Stand By Me' until I found that could work bolero too. In fact all R&B is very close to being bolero or bolero is very close to R&B. All you have to do with a gospel beat is take away one note and you have a bolero. That was the hardest one to do. Ever since than we've had a much easier time with similar things. That one was the hurdle. It took a lot of hours in there trying to make it work."

COODER ISN'T a songwriter, but there is one song on "Paradise And Lunch" which he has recieved a composer's credit for. The song's called "The Tatler" and while its essence belongs to the late Washington Phillips (he wrote "Denomination Blues" on "Into The Purple Valley"), Cooder now owns the song, having completely rebuilt it and there being no other legal claim to it.

Linda Ronstadt (or was it Peter Asher?) realised the number's potential as a commercial pop song and recorded it on her most recent "Hasten Down The Wind" album and the number is one of her best performances onstage. In fact it wouldn't suprise me if Cooder's version could become a hit single. Ry agrees, "I knew that song was a hit. Maybe not my record of it, but the way I've reconstructed it, it could be an R&B hit. I never thought she'd (Linda) do it but I appreciate the fact that she appreciated it.

"There's something I don't like about her track. I'm not sure what it is — who cares whether I like it or not. I thought Al Green could do it, I certainly like him. Washington Phillips was a preacher who sang these little song about how you ought to live. There were a lot of verses I didn't include, church verses about people who go to church on Sunday, raise hell on Monday. People who don't put any money in the collection box. People who're making dates with their neighbour's wife in church. It was like a guy telling the business of all these people. It doesn't make any sense to call my version 'The Tatler' but I just didn't know what to call it. Some of his songs are a bit intolerable to white people 'cause they don't like to hear all that Sunday School Mentality stuffy which I think is neat, but that's why I left out some of the verses.

"There's people who say to me at home who're in folk music and studies who think it's just a miracle that I record songs like that. I know they know what it takes to do that, how hard that is. When I first did a Washington Phillips tune there was a folk lorist who actually said it was the most amazing thing he'd ever dreamt of, somebody in pop doing songs like that. They think that it's weird I'm on Warner Brothers, that Warner Brothers would ever allow it.

"It's like sneaking something by the security guard, but the public doesn't know those things and doesn't care and shouldn't."

GENESIS "WIND & WUTHERING" THE NEW ALBUM

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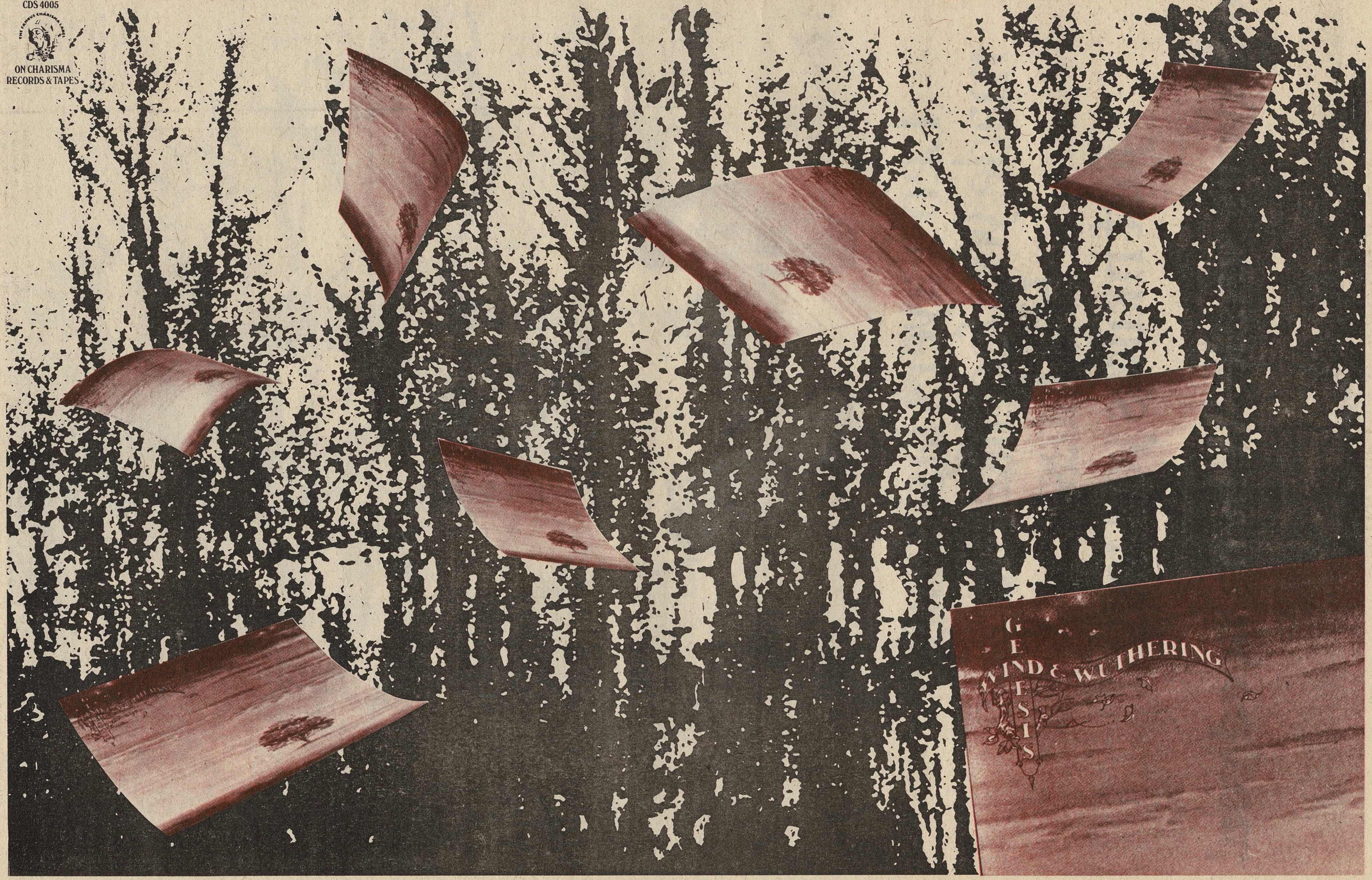
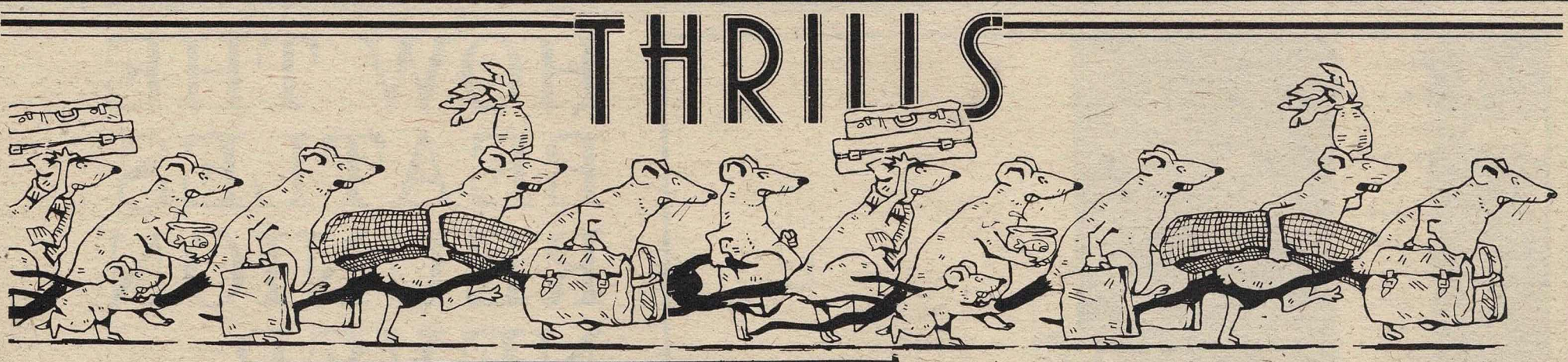
ON CHARISMA
RECORDS & TAPES



Leo Sayer's last single made you feel like dancing. His latest just makes you feel.

Leo Sayer's single 'When I need you'.

Chrysalis Records & Tapes



Glum business, eh Keef? The World's Most Elegantly Wasted Rock Being steps out from the forbidding portals of Aylesbury Crown Court . . .

KEEF IN COURT

(Well, you never expected the Stones to let the Pistols have it all their own way, didja?)

ON MONDAY morning a gold Rolls Royce drew up outside Aylesbury Crown Court and Keith Richard stepped out to face a two count indictment alleging possession of LSD and cocaine.

Keith was white faced and sombre as he entered the small courtroom, dressed in a plain black velvet suit, a white silk shirt and scarf, and stack-heeled boots. Charges were read out and both times Keith answered quietly, "Not Guilty".

The prosecution described how just before 4 am on May 19, 1976, the police received an emergency call to investigate an accident on the south bound section of the M1 motorway near Newport Pagnell. Richard's seriously damaged Bentley had ran off the motorway and into a field, ploughing through a hedge and fence.

By the car were five people: Keith Richard, his son Marlon, aged seven, an American called Mr. Sessler and two unidentified girls.

Taken to a police interview room, Richard was searched. In an inside jacket pocket, it was alleged, was found a folded piece of paper, and inside that another piece of paper. Police believed the stain on the second piece of paper to be LSD and arrested Richard on a charge of possessing a controlled drug.

Keith was then taken to the Newport Pagnell police station, while officers searched his car and found a silver chain, on which were attached several objects, including a vinaigrette (a scent or smelling salt holder dated 1870 and worth £150), a miniature silver flick knife, a hollow silver tube, and a car key.

When Keith was shown the chain, he denied it was his, the court was told.

Keith, it was said, informed police that many members of the Stones and their entourage used the car, that the silver chain could belong to anyone. Of the jacket in which the stained paper was discovered he said, "We all wear each other's stage clothes. I don't know what it is."

The court heard that forensic tests showed the silver tube on the chain to contain traces (130 milligrams) of an off white powder, including 39 milligrams of pure cocaine.

The jury were shown two photographs from the Stones Leicester concert of May 15, 1976, in which, it was alleged, the chain that Keith was wearing was the same as the one found in his car.

For the defence, Sir Peter Rawlinson, questioned the right of the police to search a man involved in a car accident for drugs, when he was, in the opinion of the police themselves, under the influence of neither drink nor drugs.

In evidence, Pc Sibbet said his suspicions were first aroused when he found some pills in Keith's bag. "However," Sibbet said, "the pills were later found to be salt tablets, but on the strength of that we searched him."

Det. Sgt. Bull of the Thames Valley Drug Squad described how hollow tubes like the one on the chain are "used to sniff cocaine and amphetamines." He also said LSD on paper could be swallowed or sucked.

A forensic scientist told the court that there was enough LSD on the paper for one dose, while the antiques officer of the Thames Valley police was said to have measured the distances between the objects on the chain in the car and the objects on the chain in the Leicester concert photographs.

After a recess, the defence told the jury that they should have no preconceived ideas of what a rock star is like, and should also bear in mind that fans shower bands with gifts before, during and after a gig.

Mick Jagger was sat in the public gallery as Keith took the witness stand and, when asked by the defence about playing lead guitar, replied, "It means I make a lot of noise."

Richard then described how fans always throw gifts at the band — "autograph books, jewellery and food." He maintained the chain in the photos was different from the one found in the car. "I'd never seen it before the police showed it to me . . ." He said the same thing of the stained paper.

The prosecution voiced its doubts concerning Richard's assertion that the Stones have a number of jackets the same size "made up for all the group before a tour."

And that was the conclusion of both Keith's stay in the witness box and day one of his trial. As *NME* went to press, the case was continuing.

Report: TONY PARSONS
Pics: CHALKIE DAVIES

. . . While Michael Phillip arrives to give evidence.

RAMONES U.K. TRIP OFF

NEW YORK: THE RAMONES will not come to London at the end of February as was prematurely announced in the British music press. According to Ramones manager Danny Fields':

"The whole time schedule was thrown off by Joey Ramone's serious foot injury. He had to spend four weeks in the hospital, and has to continue to see a New York specialist once a week for the next few months."

When Joey entered the hospital, The Ramones had to cancel six weeks worth of bookings, with dates in New York and California — including the prestigious Santa Monica Civic Auditorium on New Year's Eve.

"The English tour had tentatively been scheduled for the end of February," said Fields, "but our first obligation is to make up the New York and California commitments, because they were on our schedule first."

"I wish we could be in both places — the U.S. AND London — at once," Fields added wistfully.

Meanwhile, The Ramones caused a bit of a stir here this week with a provocative full page ad in the *Village Voice.*

"Moronic and brilliant."
"El Stinko garbage of the worst kind."
"Oh no! This is grossly irresponsible."
"Crap. These boys will never make it."
"My nomination for the best band in the land."

These, and 62 other quotes made up a full page ad announcing the release of The Ramones' second LP, "The Ramones Leave Home", and neatly summed up what the group is about. Due to overwhelming response, Sire Records will turn the ad into a promotional poster, bound to be a collector's item.

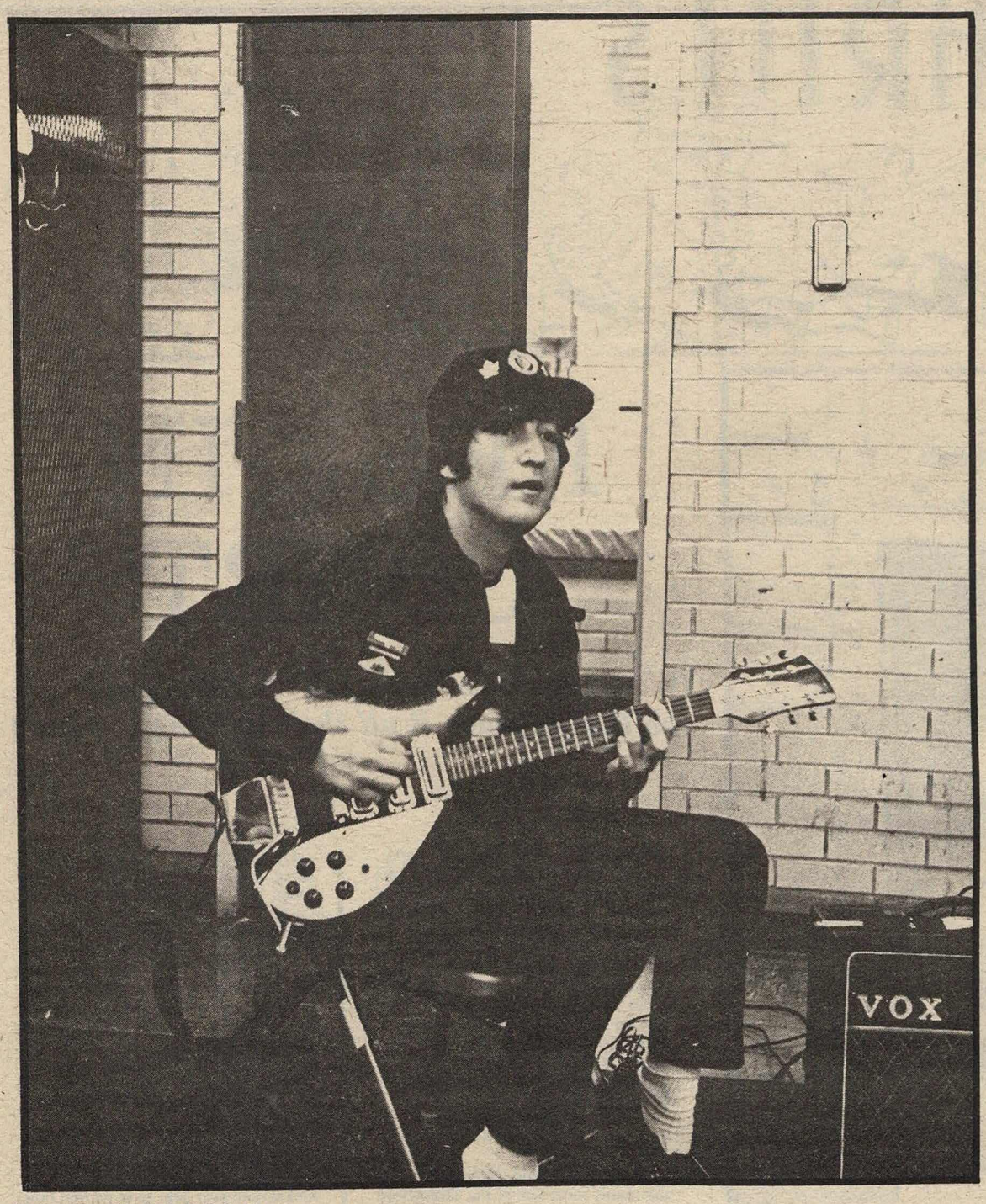
The ad was devised by Ramones manager Danny Fields who combed through hundreds of clippings in the Ramones scrapbook. "I looked for superlatives," he said. "Either love or hate, and they weren't hard to find."

Musically, "The Ramones Leave Home" is more melodic, better produced (Tony Bonjiovi, who did the same for Gloria Gaynor, was the producer), and has stronger vocals. The Ramones have, however, lost none of their hard hitting, high energy impact.

Songs include "Suzy Is A Headbanger", "Gimme Shock Treatment", "Carbona Not Glue" (their latest drug song), and "Swallow My Pride" — all of which they've been performing on stage for the past few months. There are also two tender ballads (well, for the Ramones it's tender) "I Remember You", and "What's Your Game".

Plus, there is a two-minute, ten-second "rock opera" entitled "Now I Wanna Be A Good Boy". The choices for a single are endless.

□ LISA ROBINSON



"You mean this isn't N.B.C.?"

HOW THE BEATLES REUNION NEVER HAPPENED BECAUSE LENNON COULDN'T FIND THE STUDIO

CHRIS SALEWICZ TELLS ALL . . .

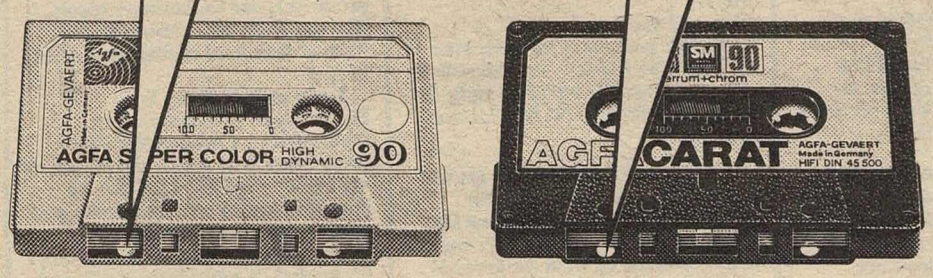
Agfa has 2 new cassettes worth listening to

New Agfa Super Color

High dynamics at low cost– a higher density of iron oxide gives recording level control and frequency response that are better than ever before, even on the simplest machines. With exclusive color coding for easy reference in your cassette library and a thumbslot for easier opening.

New Agfa Carat Ferrum+Chrom

The new high-quality cassette based on dual-layer technology that gives an unsurpassed performance: an upper chromium layer with optimum properties for recording high and highest frequencies and a lower layer of iron oxide for first-rate reproduction of low frequencies.



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.....

YET AGAIN that *troublemaking* John Lennon — he spends too much time *thinking* if you ask us — ruins *everything* for *everybody* and the Beatles don't reform!

All this is *true*. There are *no* crossed fingers in this Thrill. Just ask Barry Dillon who reported the piece for *Creem* magazine.

Every Saturday midnight US NBC-TV screens its runaway smash hit ratings grabber, "Saturday Night", a ninety minute satirical show which closely resembles "Rowan and Martin's Laugh-in". The show delights in spoofing media, and particularly rock celebrities.

Just ask Joe Cocker, who was savaged on many occasions until he went on the show as a guest host and put his act through its paces with his impersonator on camera next to him.

When Beatlemania was relit in the US by last summer's "Wings Over America" tour, "Saturday Night", again flexed its satirical muscle, no doubt inspired by promoter Bill Sargent's multi-million dollar offer to The Boys to re-form. They would pay, it was announced one Saturday, as much as three thousand dollars if the Beatles would re-form and play on the programme. Also the *Saturday Night* collective pointed out, they wouldn't object at all if John, Paul and George made a separate deal with Ringo to pay him less so they could have bigger shares of this hefty financial action. In addition, "Saturday Night" would put the Fabs up in "a dumpy New York hotel".

"After we had done all that," Chevy Chase, the show's protagonist, told Dillon, "We didn't think about it at all. We certainly didn't take it *THAT* seriously."

John and Paul had been in New York watching the show together. "They decided to rebound the joke on us by re-forming the Beatles and appearing on the show," said Chase. "John telephoned George, who was watching the programme as well. Paul told me that George is a big fan of *Saturday Night*. He says it's the nearest thing on American TV to Monty Python. George felt it would be a good idea to go on the show."

And guess who was over at George's house, gang? Why, none other than the *cute* Ringo, who *hadn't* watched the show. Even so he agreed to the wheez and it was arranged that the four should meet outside the New York NBC studios.

It was at this point that John Winston Lennon — a New York resident, remember? — let the world's rock music listening public down. And all because he didn't know where NBC Studios were located. "As a result, John's chauffeur got hopelessly lost. By the time they arrived at the studios the others had already been waiting outside in their car for half an hour."

"John's chauffeur," Chase continued, "went inside, and asked where the *Saturday Night* studio was. He was told we had gone off the air twenty minutes earlier. Paul said they felt frustrated at first, but then started laughing. John said, 'Never mind lads, we've got another appointment tomorrow — it could be our lucky break.'

"Before that particular show went out we were joking about what we would do if the Beatles actually did turn up. I said it would be a good idea to hide all the musical instruments, and not let them play! I also felt it would be hilarious to have physically prevented them from getting on. It would have made great TV.

"This was all hypothetical. I never *dreamed* they would actually take up our offer.

"If they *had* arrived in time we would have let them go straight on. We would have forgotten the jokes, and even *Saturday Night* for once."

Well, you know what they say, Bobs will be Bobs. Pic: Chalkie Davies.

"Boys, Boys!"

RODS BOYS BUSTED

DESPITE FRONT page coverage in the national newspapers, the story of Rod Stewart's road crew getting arrested on drug charges seems just an ordinary tale of rock people.

It's not difficult (having read the national papers) to picture the scene — roadies making too much noise in the early hours of the morning. Hotel, not used to these strange folk, call the police. Police arrive, search premises and charge roadies with "drug offences."

Certainly *The Sun* reported; "Police had been called to the hotel several times during the night after guests complained about the noise from the party", while the *Daily Mail* mentioned,"The raid followed several warnings about the noise."

Yet according to Bill Stonebridge, Stewart's PR man, there was no large party at the hotel. Certainly roadies are not known for their quiet behaviour, but he emphasised there was *no* large organised party.

And the Albany (unlike many hotels) is used to playing host to rock bands — so it seems unlikely it was they who complained to the police.

In fact, the police arrived at the hotel because someone (unconnected with Stewart) set off some fire alarms.

They then took it upon themselves, we know not why, to search certain people and rooms belonging to the Stewart entourage.

Billy Peek, a member of Stewart's band, was, according to Stonebridge, asleep at the time, and none too pleased to be woken and have his room searched. Others claim they too were asleep when the cops arrived.

The following day, four of the roadies — Robin Le Mesurier, Alan James, Henry Kavanagh and John Dearling — pleaded guilty to possessing cannabis and were fined a total of £225. Six other roadies plus a girl secretary who is charged with obstructing the police during the raid, and Billy Peek who all pleaded not guilty, are out on bail until the case comes up on June 23.

Peter Buckland, Stewart's tour manager paid out the fines and bail money, but exactly whose money it was is not clear.

"I don't know if the money will come out of their wages," said Stonebridge. "That's for Billy (Gaff, Stewart's manager) to decide."

Rodnee himself was a few floors above the roadies, sound asleep when the raid occurred. He was not woken up, but was later said, in common with Gaff, to be "furious" about the incident.

Those found guilty, seem unlikely to continue to work with Stewart.

"I don't really know" continues Stonebridge, "whether they will be sacked, or not, but with drug convictions they will now have problems obtaining visas for places like Australia and America, so in effect they may have to resign."

As for the trial date of June 23, for those who deny charges, Stonebridge comments. "It could make things very awkward," indicating that Rod will probably be touring in some far flung continent at that period in time.

What we'd like to know is why, when entering a hotel because a fire alarm was set off, did the police take it upon themselves to search people totally unconnected with the fire alarm incident? Some of whom were apparently even asleep in their beds.

□ JULIE EMBERTON

IN DIXIE WHERE DUMB IS DUMB . .

MAYBE THEM Good Ol' Boys down South of the Mason-Dixie line is jes' dumb cos they's jes' dumb. Or maybe they's jes' dumb cos they smoke too much dope!

Why, down in Lewisburg, Tennessee, some officers came across some of them maryjane plants a-growin' in a ten gallon tub just outside of the town. "We tried to watch it for a couple of days, but we just didn't have the manpower to keep it under surveillance," officer Barry Dooley told the *Miami Herald*.

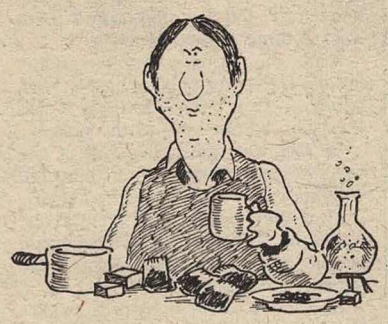
So off to the Lewisburg jail for storage went them marahootchie plants. An', cos in Lewisburg they's got a pretty decent sense o' humour, the officers had a picture of the plants printed in *The Lewisburg Tribune* with the caption, "Have you lost a tub of marijuana? If you have, you may claim it at the Lewisburg Police Department."

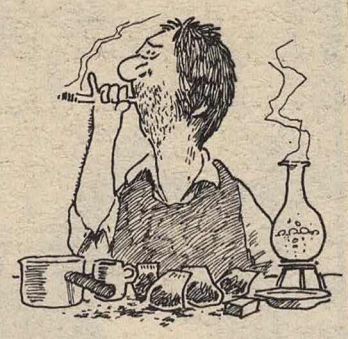
A reply was not expected.

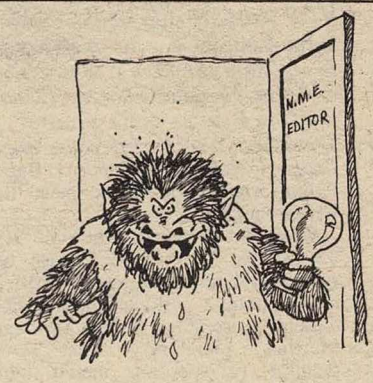
Leroy Chilton (26) came in to the station a few days later to claim his plants.

Leroy is currently on 250 dollars bail, pending a preliminary hearing.

□ HERB ACEOUS







I WAS A TEEN AGE DOPE TESTER

AFTER MY 'Herbal Highs Negates Narcs' article of a few months back we've been swamped with letters, postcards, telegrams and carrier pigeons requesting, no, ***demanding*** *more on the where from, how much, are you pulling my leg and* ***does it really work?***

Are there really people manufacturing legal highs similar to, uh, illegal highs? Well, it's bit more complicated than just a yeah or nah, but before I give you everything - you-wanted - to-know - about-herbologists - but-didn't - know-where - to-ask, let's hand the platform over to A. Spokesman from Electric Earth Herbs, one of the biggest and best herbologists in California . . .

"Our company began about four years ago and gradualllly grew. We simply buy our herbs from large herb companies, then package them in one ounce baggies and sell through the mail. Our largest cost factor is advertising. Our company has changed ownership one time. The herbs we sell come from the U.S., Brazil, Hawaii, India, Africa, Korea, Mexico and a few other countries."

Electric Earth Herbs sent me their special taste-a-lotta-wot-we-got sample deal for ten quid, and got it through customs with no hassle by stamping "Herbal Tea" on the package, which was shrewd. I mean, "Legal Drugs" on the package and no doubt the Feds would have surrounded King's Reach Tower and told everybody by megaphone to come out with their hands in the air, etc. . . .

Anyway, this consumer's report is a completely subjective view of what they're like. If I start seeing God then gimme some orange juice, okay?

GUARANA POWDER

CONFINED TO quarters because of an exotic disease contracted in foreign parts (influenza) I thought maybe it would take me one whole day to do my consumers guide to herbal highs. How wrong I was. The number one problem with the stuff is that it takes so long to prepare: you don't just snort it up your nose, swallow it down your mouth or toke it in a smoke. Like this guarana powder for example, which is definitely the best of all the herbal highs, meaning that it's the one most like the real thing.

It's a sandy coloured powder and you take it out of its one ounce cellophane bag, fill a pint of water, milk, whatever, (I used milk as a tribute to the spiked moloko that Alex and Droogs supped in *Clockwork Orange),* pour it in a saucepan and bring to the boil. Remove the milk from the heat, then add one tablespoon of guarana powder to the liquid and bung in a lot of sugar to kill the taste. Phew! I feel like the bleeding galloping gourmet.

What I did next was drink a few cups of the steaming liquid with instant coffee. The kitchen smelled like the inside of a Turk's armpit. The drink tasted lousy but after about four cups and fifteen minutes I . . . started . . . to . . . feel . . . something! It was a big kick to discover that the stuff actually worked, made me feel like Benjamin Franklin or Alexander Graham Bell or one of the other great scientists of our time. Eureka! It feels like dexies!

I really rated the guarana powder high, and thought that it was almost as good as the real thing. But after a while of having more energy than I knew what to do with I began to feel extremely ill and eventually made with the technicolour yawn. Most unpleasant. But it really worked. Trade your tomorrow in for today? Why not? Maybe I shouldn't have taken so much of it, maybe I shouldn't have taken any of it as I was ill in the first place, but whatever, the research into herbal highs was over for today and I stumbled back to my sick bed to recover . . .

LEGAL GRASS

BACK IN the race the next day, I discover that the grass is maybe the biggest disappointment of the herbal highs. It's just being a mild though relaxing smoke. It looks like grass, it tastes like grass but by goll you better toke on a pipe and inhale real *deeeeeeeep* into your rotting lungs if you wanna get a hit.

It's a special blend of Korean Ginseng leaves, African Yohimbe bark, hops, Damiana leaves and lobelia herb. No doubt one day our offspring will see it advertised on commercial TV as cool as a Swedish fjord as those wonderful friends you'll remember forever laugh and frolic through the woods and drag on their factory rolled joints. Filter tipped and carrying a health warning, of course.

KAVA KAVA ROOT

IT SAYS on these instructions that the Polynesians consider this to be an aphrodisiac, although I'd suggest that depends on who you're with when you take it. It's a light coloured reedy looking substance. A hassle making this one because you have to take about half a dozen tablespoons of raw kava to one pint of water, boil for ten minutes, remove from heat and strain off the unsavoury looking substance/liquid after the kava has settled.

Then chuck it in a glass container, leave next to the fishfingers in your mum's fridge for a day and a half (what a long wait for a rush), let it ferment and then just knock it back and enjoy it. It's a mild hallucinogenic and great for improving the T.V. picture. Those WASP cop cornball programmes are hilarious.

YOHIMBE BARK

SIMILAR TO kava but easier to prepare and pushed as more of an aphrodisiac. Personally I preferred kava as a sexual-herbal-oyster-turn-on. At the time I took this stuff I was alone with my cat and she's got sharp claws. It's a chocolate-coloured powder and you make it by taking ten (count 'em) tablespoons of bark to one pint of water and boiling over low heat for about ten minutes. Strain, discard bark (said Fanny) drink the tea real fast for *gooooood* effect, or slow if you wanna keep your feet relatively near the ground. Easy to make, nice to sup (like late night hot chocolate, drinking chocolate), and effective, too. Five stars. It's supposed to be dangerous with booze so don't mix it.

CHIA SEEDS and KOLA NUT POWDER

I LOVE the names of these herbal highs. These two are both herbal uppers, most effective when you use them together. None of the sickness of guarana powder experienced here, although maybe that's because these herbal highs are curing my flu. Maybe they should let you get it on the National Health. It works better than all that assembly line quackerama with everybody getting the same stuff whatever they got, y'know? Kola is choco coloured and chia seeds are very dark brown with some white seeds also making an appearance, albeit sparodic. Soak one tablespoon of Chia in water overnight to jell, then sup.

Tastes lousy, even with honey. I always buzz with honey, as one of them Yank girl Laurel Canyon folkies sang. No . . . but, ah, where was I! Oh yeah, this a good one and you ain't *really* supposed to mix it with booze but I have and tastes/feels/goes real *gooooood!*

GOTU KOLA

GREEN 'ERB, mon. Herbologists don't work for no CIA. The problem is that you have to drink it, one tablespoon to each cup of boiling water (one cup for each character present) steep the 'erb for five minutes and then stick much sugar in as the taste *sucks!* Relax, relax, relax . . . Is it working? I mean I don't like FEEL anything yet, y'know? YES I DO! YES I DO! Very pleasant, yes, indeed . . . uh . . .

GINSENG

YEAH, THESE leaves are the only herbal stuff that has been available for some time in this country. Mildish smoke, healthy and obvious alternative to nicotine. Soon the entire herbal catologue will be available here . . . legal drugs crush the monopoly of the booze and fag manufacturers . . . a better tomorrow for you and me . . . now, tell me honestly, do you get that kind of service from the other rock rags?

LOBELIA

ANOTHER HERB and also known as Indian Tobacco. A tranc, quite *strooooong* in fact; better than Lib and Val. Another one to only mix with booze if you got suicidal tendencies. BOOOOOOOOOOGIE!

AND THAT's it. Some of this stuff is good and some of it don't do nothing for me. Some of it is harmless and some is extremely dangerous, and I ain't joking, so take it easy. If you want to check out herbal highs for yourself (and you shouldn't take my word) then write to ELECTRIC EARTH HERBS, P.O. Box 261, Sonora, California, 95370, USA. And tell 'em we sent ya. They'll see you alright . . . .

□ TONY PARSONS

NO AXE FOR MIKE

CONTROVERSY ONCE again surrounds the London Weekend Television pop show *Supersonic* and it's director-producer Mike Mansfield.

It's known that national newspapers, including the *News Of The World,* are investigating Mansfield's television and promo-movie activities. Even in November last year *Time Out,* a London magazine, made certain allegations against Mansfield in a two page article, and as a result of the feature Mansfield has initiated libel proceedings against the publication.

Speculative rumours that *Supersonic* is to be axed and Mansfield's contract not renewed have been denied by LWT. A spokesman said: "His future with us is not in jeopardy at all . . . there is no suggestion that his contract is about to be terminated".

The spokesman added that the present series of *Supersonic* will run as scheduled until Easter and LWT will then decide whether or not they'll show another series. This, he assured *Thrills,* was a normal "creative decision".

LWT, the spokesman explained, had the internal machinery to continually monitor the content of the programmes they broadcast and they're satsified that *Supersonic* maintains a fair balance to all performers.

Mansfield, who is a contract director for LWT, also works on Russell Harty's chat show, and he will return with this programme in about six weeks time.

Mansfield was unable to comment on the growing controversy because of his legal action against *Time Out.*

Watch this space for future developments.

□ TONY STEWART

LONE GROOVER — *BENYON*

WHAT DO YOU THINK 1977 HOLDS, EH! MAESTRO??
FAME, WEALTH, COUNTLESS CHICKS, SELF ABUSE.....
FILM CONTRACTS, MUCHO LIQUOR, DRUGULES, TRAVEL...
FOR EVERY TALENTLESS BASTARD OTHER THAN ME.....

John Miles

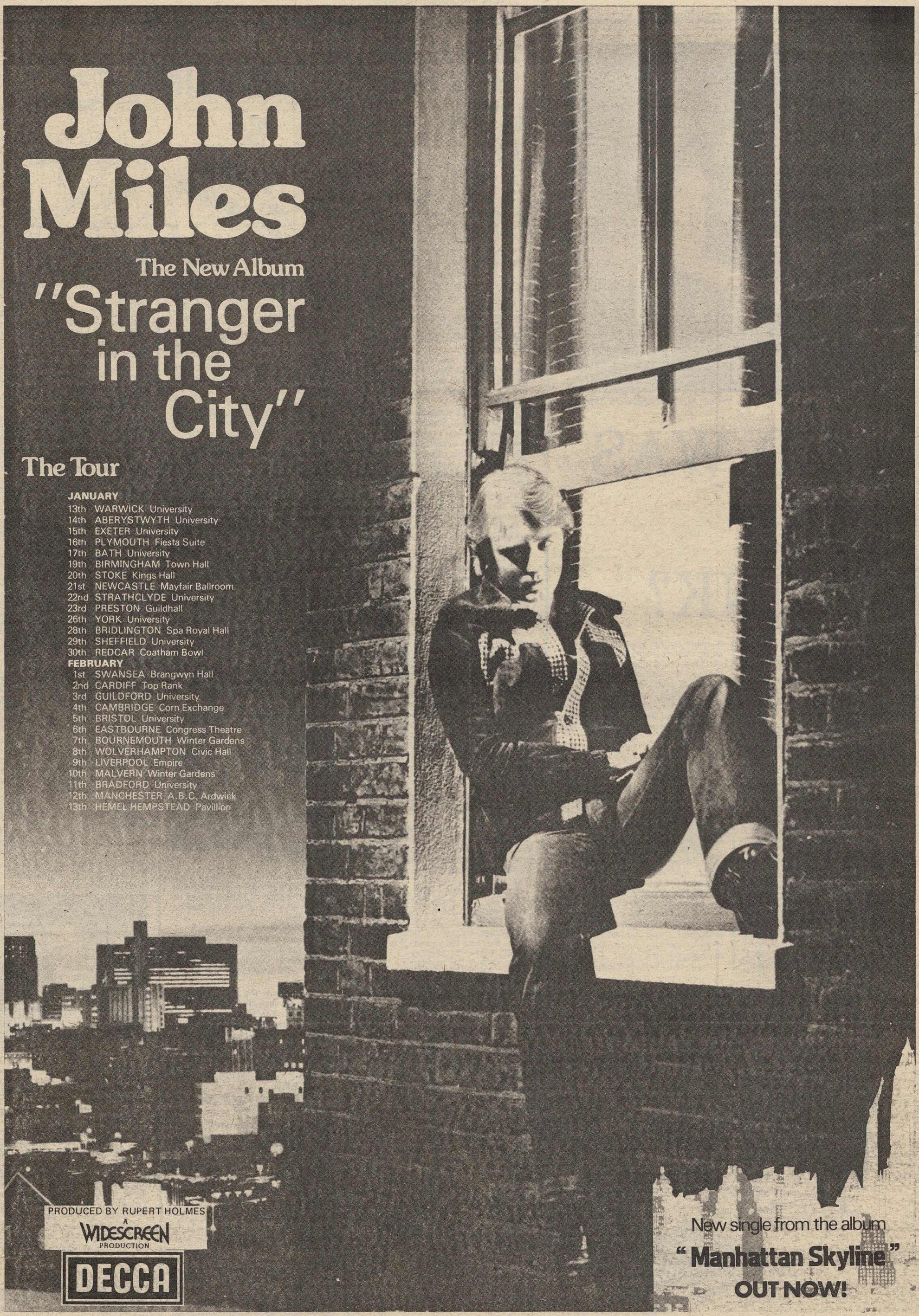
The New Album

"Stranger in the City"

The Tour

JANUARY
13th WARWICK University
14th ABERYSTWYTH University
15th EXETER University
16th PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite
17th BATH University
19th BIRMINGHAM Town Hall
20th STOKE Kings Hall
21st NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom
22nd STRATHCLYDE University
23rd PRESTON Guildhall
26th YORK University
28th BRIDLINGTON Spa Royal Hall
29th SHEFFIELD University
30th REDCAR Coatham Bowl

FEBRUARY
1st SWANSEA Brangwyn Hall
2nd CARDIFF Top Rank
3rd GUILDFORD University
4th CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange
5th BRISTOL University
6th EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre
7th BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens
8th WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall
9th LIVERPOOL Empire
10th MALVERN Winter Gardens
11th BRADFORD University
12th MANCHESTER A.B.C. Ardwick
13th HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavillion



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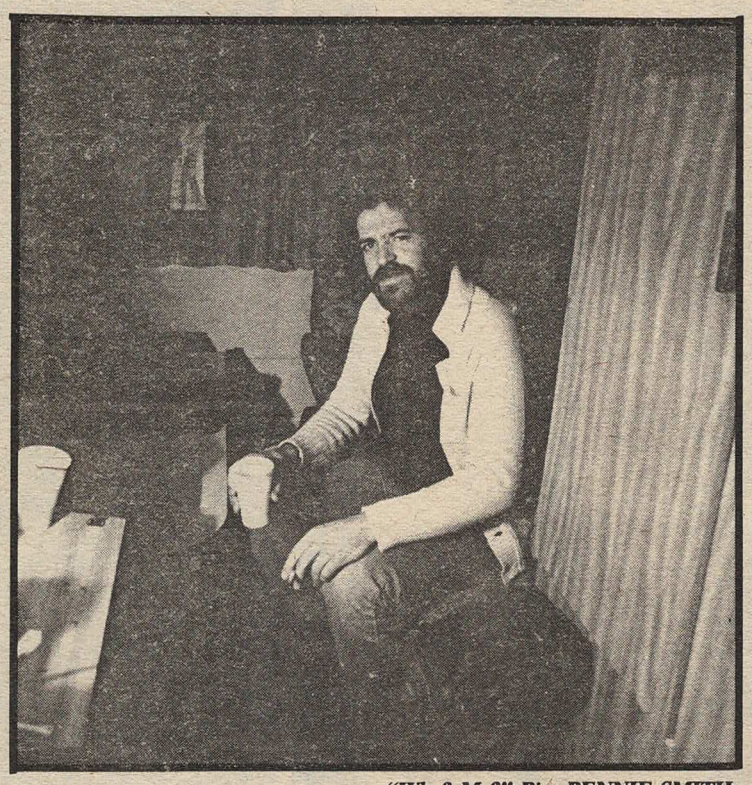
New single from the album
"Manhattan Skyline"
OUT NOW!



"Who? Me?" Pic: PENNIE SMITH

WHO WAS *THAT* DRUNK?

AN "EMBARRASSED" Joe Cocker last week discovered that, like elephants, policemen never forget, as he was busted on a drink-driving offence he committed nearly three and a half years ago.

Although the singer makes annual trips to Britain, it's likely the Sheffield blue-bottles were only alerted to his recent Christmas visit because of the publicity he received on his concert appearances with Kokomo. The cops then hurried round to his parents' home, where he was staying, and served him with the summons.

Appearing at Sheffield Magistrates' Court last Wednesday a crumpled and dishevelled John Robert Cocker, who gave an Hollywood address, pleaded guilty to driving a car with an excess amount of alcohol in his blood.

Inspector Douglas Condon, prosecuting, said that on August 19, 1973 the police stopped Cocker's Daimler car on the outskirts of the city and an officer smelt the demon booze on Joe's breath. When a breath test proved positive he was arrested and taken to a cop-shop, where a second breath test was also positive. A blood sample taken contained 88 milligrams of alcohol to 100 millilitres of blood; eight milligrams over the top, and the equivalent of about two and a half pints of ale.

Kevin Robinson, defending, said Joe had been with friends in Derbyshire and had deliberately restricted his drinking because he knew he'd be driving.

"He genuinely believed he was below the limit," said Robinson. "This was a miscalculation on his part.

"He is a man who finds himself to a considerable degree embarrassed by these proceedings. He finds himself, as a result of his profession, in the public eye, and this offence will once again put him in the public eye."

John Robert was fined £50, banned from driving for a year, and ordered to pay a doctor's fee of £8. He then stumbled down the dock steps.

And when the case was over one of the magistrates, who'd noticed Joe's entourage and the interest the proceedings had attracted, turned to Inspector Condon and said, "Now it's all over would some one mind telling me who is John Cocker?"

□ TONY STEWART

THRILLS SPECIAL HOW TO AVOID BEING A STIFF!

ARE YOU THE ONLY jerk in the world who ain't on a suicide rap? Still not tempted by the sweet oblivion lying only a blade away? If so, you'll be interested in a *National Enquirer* article called: "How to Avoid being a Murder Victim".

Yes, you too can stay alive, say the police chiefs, as long as you bear in mind that caution and a cool temper are the keys to preventing a hole in the head.

A cute 20,510 shmucks were snuffed in the United States last year; in fact, "an individual's chances of being murdered have never been higher in the history of this country", declared Dr. Donald Lunde of Stamford University, California: "We're in the midst of a murder epidemic".

For all you spoilsports out there who wanna keep breathing, here's some advice from America's Finest:

Don't get into arguments while drinking. "When you argue with someone who's had several drinks, you're dealing with a person whose reasoning ability has been affected", revealed veteran of the Atlanta Police Department Lt. W. K. Perry. "And if you're in a bar, never get into a 0915heated discussion with a stranger. He might have a gun".

Stay loose; "When pressure mounts, don't just stand around and argue. Two people can't reason if one of them is angry. Wait until you're both in control of your feelings before you talk things out", says Lt. Perry.

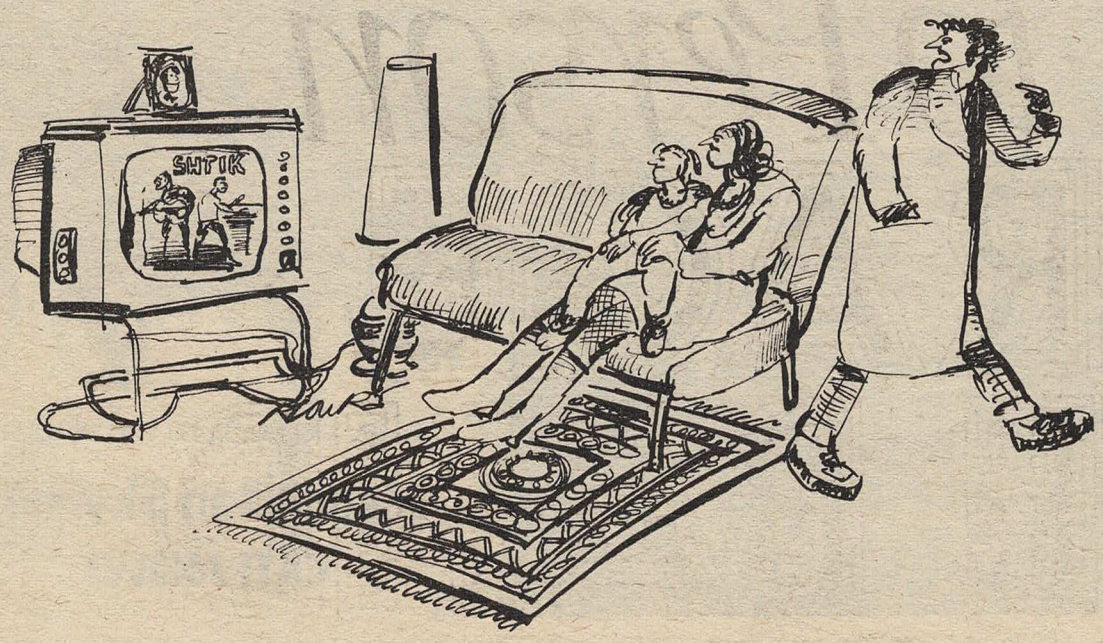
Take any threat seriously; "Don't hesitate to call the police, even if the threat comes from a member of your own family who tries to laugh it off later as a joke", says the Lt. Keep all guns unloaded and locked; "If you have to go out of your way to get a gun it gives you time to simmer down. The sight of the locks should remind you that there's a reason for them 1038being there", says Commander Joe DiLeonardi, head of the Chicago homicide squad.

Don't turn a robber into a killer; "Cooperate while you're in danger. It's better to give up your money than your life", says Special Agent Patrick J. Mullaney of the FBI Academy in Vancouver.

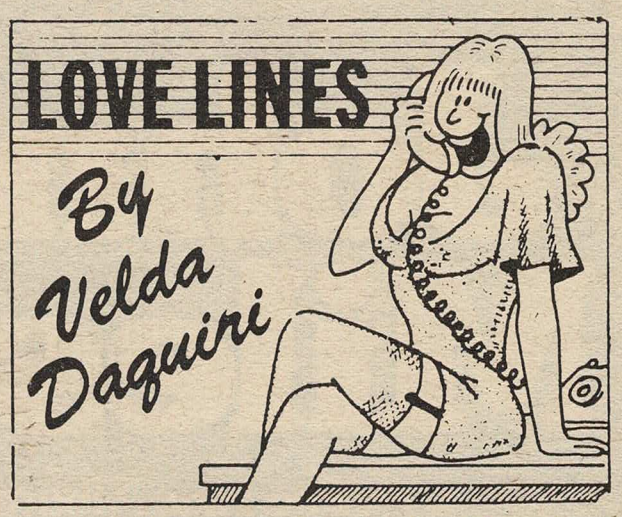
Avoid the city's violent zones; "You can spot dangerous areas in your hometown just by reading the daily newspapers. If you're in a 1107strange city, talk to the cab drivers — they can tell you the places to avoid", warns Mr. Mullaney.

□ JULIE BURCHILL

LOWRY



" How dare they try and revive the 1950's? I'm still living in them!! "



ISN'T LOVE WONDERFUL PART ONE: Velda is *beside* herself with joy at the news that **Elton John** has got himself a woman. Yes, my angels, only a *few* months after he divulged his bisexual leanings to the world, Elton has, I am delighted to report, **fallen** for a member of the fair sex.

The lady in question will be *well known* to the over 30s, as she's none other than one-time host of *Ready Steady Go,* **Cathy** (isn't she super?) **McGowan.**

Ms McGowan, who is *separated* from her actor husband **Hywel Bennet,** recently opened up a clothes store in Chelsea named Sign Of The Times. Among other things, the shop specialises in clothes once worn by the stars (she has outfits once *worn* by people like **Gary Glitter** and **Marc Bolan** as well as Elton) — and I am informed, by an *intimate* friend, that Elton is a constant visitor to the premises.

Just when the couple first met, or exactly when their relationship *blossomed,* Velda is unsure. Certainly when Elton threw a *party* some months ago at a London art gallery to celebrate the release of his "Blue Moves" album, Ms McGowan was present. Why, she even arrived with Elton. At the time I was informed that she was dating his personal assistant. Silly Velda, now it seems this *may* have been an elaborate cover.

Elton goes hetero?

ISN'T LOVE WONDERFUL PART TWO: I *hear* that **Glen Campbell** has dedicated a song on his new album to his *new wife* (formerly **Mac Davis's** wife) **Sarah.**

Isn't that *sweet?* Well actually, I would *imagine* the poor woman is sick to death of it, since Glen says in *The Star* magazine "I sing it to her in the house, in the bedroom, by the swimming pool."

Still this newly wedded couple have what Velda would describe as an "over the top", relationship. She calls Glen *"sugar pie"* (how embarrassing), they refer to their home as *"our never never land"* and according to Glen, golf will never be the same again.

"Before I tee off she always kisses my golf ball."

I wonder who washes the mud and grass out of her mouth?

ISN'T LOVE WONDERFUL PART THREE: Only a few months ago, lovely **Linda Thompson,** for four years a *close companion* of darling, cuddly, rich, **Elvis Presley,** was quoted as saying "Elvis is second to only one in my life — and that one is God."

Now it appears, the young lady is staying tight lipped in the home the king bought for her, just half a mile down the road from his Memphis mansion.

The reason being that Elvis has a *new* love. Is she fat and forty like him, you ask? Well *no* actually. You have to remember my angels, he's fat and 41, but he does have money. And money, plus fame of course, makes all the difference.

In fact, she's slim, has long brown hair and is aged 20. Her name is **Ginger,** and *already,* she is the proud owner of an $11,000 white Mark V Lincoln car (a present from lil *(lil? — Ed)* ol' El).

I have to *confess* I've always had a soft spot for Elvis — heavens knows *rich* men are hard enough to find (and *hang on to,* my angels), but a *rich, generous* man, well they are like goldust. Anyway, with this new flame, Elvis has shown his characteristic generosity — when he was appearing at the Hilton, he flew her mother, father, two sisters, brother and sister-in-law in to see the show in his 10 seater jet. He also footed the bill for the family's stay in the hotel.

I understand Ginger's sister-in-law commented "We all approved of him very much. His show was great and we told him just that."

My dear, even my five ex-husband's would approve of Elvis.

ISN'T LOVE WONDERFUL, PART FOUR: If you wondered about the *other* woman in Elvis's life, sultry brunette, **Priscilla Presley,** Velda is pleased to inform you that Pris is doing very nicely with her new handsome boyfriend Elie Ezerzer.

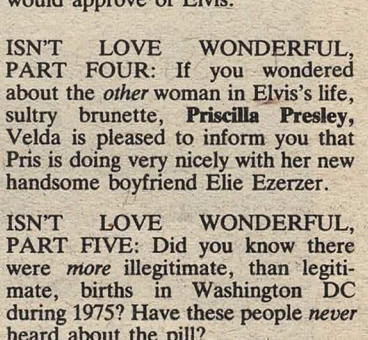
ISN'T LOVE WONDERFUL, PART FIVE: Did you know there were *more* illegitimate, than legitimate, births in Washington DC during 1975? Have these people *never* heard about the pill?

I SEE THAT **Angela Macdonald James,** the leggy blonde with the close cropped hair (grow it, my angel, your ears are *not* your best feature) who until recently was **George Best's** girlfriend, has gone into print as saying "George who? I don't know any George Best."

Angela, 24, from Westcliff-on-sea, you may recall threw Best over shortly before Christmas, commenting "I'm not prepared to be his doormat."

Fair enough dear, but don't be so stupid as to say "George who?"

I'll tell you who. He's rich, he's famous, he's good looking. And what's more, Velda (and I feel sure a good many other people) had never heard of you, until you become an *intimate friend* of his.



I WAS FASCINATED my angels, that **Noddy Holder,** lead singer with the **Slade** pop group, has become a *proud father.*

Noddy, you may *recall,* married his 23 year old bride **Leeandra** last summer but kept the date a secret (yes my dears I can count thank you).

This week both Nod and Leeandra, together with young **Charisse,** posed for pictures in the national newspapers — they also informed that they have installed some extra sound proofing into their £50,000 Wolverhampton mansion.

How sensible my angels. She may *look* cute, and pink now, but if little Charisse is anything like her dad, then it will be money well spent.

I THOUGHT I must pass on this *delightful* quote from the lady who collects diamonds and husbands *so beautifully* — **Zsa Zsa Gabor.** "Diamonds are a girl's best friend, and a dog is a man's best friend. So now you know which sex is smarter."

I only wish *I'd said it first.*

AVERAGE IS BEST

"Person to Person"

AVERAGE WHITE BAND

NEW LIVE DOUBLE ALBUM

ATLANTIC

Spitting into the eye of

STREET CORNER paper seller: "Read all about it! Sex Pistols split up! Read all about it!"

Passer-by: "Is it true?"

Paper seller: "No, I just like to cheer people up."

(Cartoon in London Evening Standard.)

THOSE FOUR Scumsurfers of the Apocalypse, their Satanic Majesties The Sex Pistols, have come to terrorise the Netherlands. Two nights ago they played Rotterdam with The Heartbreakers. Now it's Friday and with The Vibrators over from London to join the bill, they are headlining at Amsterdam's famous Paradiso Club for the second consecutive night.

Since they left London all hell has broken loose.

The straw that broke the camel's back was an incident at Heathrow Airport.

Spitting, **allegedly puking, and** generally horrifying fellow passengers, the Pistols hit the headlines again and EMI responded by terminating the band's contract.

Their manager, Malcolm McLaren, promptly denied that the termination was mutual as claimed, and, while the band checked into some poky downtown hotel, a couple of EMI bigwigs flew over to Amsterdam — the Hilton, natch — to persuade Malcolm to get mutual.

While the nation scanned the news with bated breath for latest developments, ***NME's PHIL McNEILL* touched down at Amsterdam airport and zeroed in on the eye of the hurricane . . .**

MALCOLM McLAREN. Pic PENNIE SMITH

THE PARADISO is much bigger than I'd imagined it to be — at least twice the size of the Marquee, for instance, with the ambience of a much friendlier Roundhouse, a balcony, two quirky bars, pool and pinball, a high (five foot) stage with lighted stained glass windows behind, and hardly any sign of the public dope scene for which it's famed.

Two black guys morosely attempt to sell cocaine outside as *Guardian* rock writer Robin Denselow and I shuffle in just in time for The Vibrators' opening number.

For most of the audience, "No Fun" is their first taste of live English punk rock, and there could hardly be a better way to start: tongue - in - cheek nihilism, stampeding guitars and grotesque flash.

They're amused, seem to enjoy it, give it quite a good reception. The Vibrators' set is reviewed in full in *On The Town*.

Backstage, The Heartbreakers and Sex Pistols wander in as The Vibrators wander out. After a while there's a completely different population in the concrete box dressing room, and I sidle over and set up the tape machine next to Pistols drummer Paul Cook: You done the one at the 'Undred Club that time, didn't ya?

Phil McNeill: Yeah, a long long time ago.

Glen Matlock: Was you the bloke that was gonna "split down the middle"?

*No, **The main thing I've written about** you recently was in the Stranglers piece, actually . . .*

Cook: Luring 'em into saying naughty **things. *(Hugh Cornwell had called* Rotten *"a paranoid clown").***

People were saying at the time what a bad deal it was for the Pistols, running into all this trouble, and it seemed to me if anything it was helping you because you were getting all these front pages. I mean, you're a household name now. But I must admit it seems to have changed somewhat since then.

Matlock: Backfired? In some ways, yeah. It's all part of it, though, isn't it, all the mad hassle. The more madder the better.

I don't know how you stand the pressure of it, though.

Cook: We're used to it already. I just think it's a load of bollocks. I don't know why they all write about it.

Matlock: You don't believe it till you've been the other side of it really.

Cook: Like that thing at the airport. I'm not kidding, straight up, we couldn't believe it when we got over here. Someone phoned up, said this that and the other — we just couldn't believe it. There was a press bloke waiting I suppose, just waiting at the airport for something to 'appen. We just acted our natural selves. It just beats me.

Wasn't there anything at all?

Cook: Nothing. Really. The bloke from EMI was with us all the time. He would have said if there was, but he didn't.

I've heard you're gonna refuse to let them (EMI) break the contract.

Cook: Come on, we're not just gonna let 'em say. "Get off the label, do this, do that."

You wouldn't rather just go somewhere else?

Cook: That's the point, innit? We're just letting Malcolm sort it out.

Matlock: A contract's a contract. If you sign a contract, right, and six months later they say you gotta tear it up . . .

Cook: If they do it with us, what chance have other bands got?

But I would have thought that working with a company that was so against you, you'd rather just get out.

Cook: Yeah, but it's the people at the top who are against us. The people in the record company, like the A & R guys, who work on the shop floor, they're behind the band — and they've got absolutely no say in it. It's yer John Reads — he's the guy that's in charge of *all* of EMI, not just the record company.

Matlock: He doesn't normally interfere.

What happened before the Grundy interview? It seemed at the time like you were just sitting there, right, here's our opportunity, we're gonna get on the box and . . .

Matlock: Swear!

Create havoc.

Matlock: No, we just went there and sat in a room for a bit and had a beer each, and he asked us a few questions — we just answered him. That was it. We never even spoke to the guy before it. He was just, like, sitting there, y'know — he looked a bit kinda pissed.

Cook: I think he incited *(obscured)* but he asked John — John said "Shit" under his breath — and he said "WHAT WAS THAT?" He said, "Nothing, no nothing." He said, "Come on, come on, I wanna hear it", y'know. What does he expect?

There's also at the moment a rather nasty rumour going round that you didn't play on the record.

Cook: We 'eard that too. We got on to them straight away and got a letter of written apology. We 'eard it on the radio, couldn't believe that one either. It seems totally wrong to go . . . *(obscured).*

One of the rumours is that Spedding was on the record.

Cook: Spedding can't play as good as that *(laughs).*

You did some work with Spedding though, didn't you?

Cook: Three tracks. A long time ago though. We really rushed in, but we come out of it alright. He produced on 'em. It was alright.

But the singles is categorically you lot?

Cook: Sorry.

The single's definitely you lot?

Cook: Oh yeah, yeah. What a question! *(Laughs).* How can you believe it?

I don't believe. I gotta ask it, haven't I?

Cook: Yeah, okay. We 'eard it on Capital Radio, we just couldn't believe it.

How's the audience here taking to you?

Cook: Oh, alright. They was getting going last night.

They seemed to like The Vibrators.

Cook: All the bands went down really well last night.

What are your favourite bands out of the other bands that are around?

Cook: These boys.

The Heartbreakers? What do you reckon to the Vibrators?

Cook: Ah, you're trying to put me in that trap again what the Stranglers fell for.

They didn't fall for anything. They'd decided to give that interview before I walked in the room.

Cook: How other bands can just go out and say things about . . . I think any band that's about at the moment, trying to do something new, give 'em **credit for it whether you like 'em or** not. Don't just go out and slag 'em off, whether you like 'em or not. I think it's good that they're just doing it, that it's something new.

Jones *(from across room):* Who's this?

Cook: He's from the *NME.*

Jones: What's your name?

Phil McNeill.

Jones *(aggressively):* Oh, are you?

Cook: No, they've been good to us lately.

***We've been good to you all along.** What's all this about spitting at the audience?*

Cook: We don't. You been reading too much *Daily Mirror.*

Well, in the wake of reports of John spitting at the audience some bands have started doing it.

Cook: We read that in the press too, and suddenly we were playing and everyone started coming along and spitting at us. That's what they thought we wanted, y'know. Gobbing at us. In Manchester or somewhere.

What's your reaction to seeing people with safety pins through their jaws?

Cook: I've seen that too, yeah.

*It seems like it's a development of John **wearing safety pins through his shirt.***

Cook: Let 'em do what they wanna do, that's what I say. Who cares?

And what about the great nazi thing that's going around now? You got a lotta kids coming to your gigs these days wearing nazi emblems and safety pins through their faces and god knows what else.

Cook: They take it too seriously, they really do. If they wanna wear a nazi armband, let 'em. I don't think kids are that political, really mean what they do. They like the shape of it. It's a good shape.

What about the Pistols? What's your politics?

Cook: Do what you wanna do. That's what we're doing, and getting turned **down for doing it. Do you want to talk to John for a while? *(Rotten is standing nearby, back to us. Cook tugs his arm).* John. John! Here, this is Phil . .**

Rotten: No way.

Cook: He's from . . .

Rotten: ***(Obscured, shrugging Cook off).***

Cook ***(Slightly put out):*** Alright. He don't wanna do it.

THE HEARTBREAKERS' set flashes by. It's been said here already — the Dolls, a heavied Ramones, not so fast though — the reception's comparatively quiet but the friendly atmosphere combined with the blazing rock onstage . . . it's a helluva gig.

I interview The Vibrators in the **Paradiso office. They're euphoric** because the guy from Amsterdam's other main club, the Milky Way, who blew out the gigs he'd booked for The Vibrators when the Grundy-Pistols thing erupted, came down last night and has booked them in for two days' time.

A charge shivers the room as "Anarchy In The UK" lams out in the background; Malcolm McLaren arrives and huddles heatedly with The Vibrators' manager. Bread.

A few songs into the Pistols' set we wind down the interview: it will appear here sometime soon. But let's go check the naughty boys . . .

THE JOHNNY Rotten Show is well under way. Long time no see. Not much sign of the vast improvements in playing we've heard about: the sound's much clearer than the early days, but the music is still primitive. Without Rotten they're a good, hefty drummer, an ordinary bassist and a mediocre guitarist.

"Substitute" and others go by. The crowd are up for the first time, standing fascinated but diffident. Rotten goes through his ostrich poses, the chin jutting, the mouth leering, the eyes rolling. They're playing what seems to be "No Future". It boasts the title line from the National Anthem.

There's a long break, with a lot of aural and visual aggro between the punters and the Rotten/Matlock duo, then they resume the song, very loud. It's sloppy, and it reaps silence.

A green-haired lady is sitting under a Christmas tree stuck on the wall behind the drums, and as they go into "(We're so pretty, oh so) Pretty Vacant" it occurs to me, vacantly,

We're not just gonna let them say, "Get off the label, do this, do that."

— PAUL COOK

the hurricane

As the Blank Generation Big Match (EMI vs Sex Pistols) hots up, PHIL McNEILL reports from Amsterd*m

that it looks like she's wearing some gigantic hat. The Pistols are playing tighter, but it's still mighty basic. Jones compensates for his limited skill with a fair line in one-note breaks.

Johnny Rotten is a perplexing performer.

He has an extraordinary ability to enrage his audience.

At the most basic level it's his insults and his bad behaviour, but Rotten has something deeper. It goes deeper, too, than his contempt for society in songs like "I'm A Lazy Sod". And surely it goes beyond his looks, his fleabitten hunchbacked reptilian cadaver.

Somehow this guy repels virtually everybody, and somehow his power **reaches through the taunts to the** sensibilities of thousands, maybe even millions, of people who have only ever heard his name and seen his picture.

Yet he is mesmerising. He can't be ignored. He's not just some hooligan who swore on TV, he drags the most casual observer into, usually, a love-hate relationship: probably the most charismatic rock star to emerge since Bowie.

Suddenly a couple of kids at the front who have been hitting Rotten with woollen scarves start throwing beer. Not glasses, just beer — but for **this laid-back mob it's the equivalent.** While Rotten stands there Cook erupts from his stool and he and the girl chuck beer back, Matlock kicks his mike stand very nastily off the stage, and the rhythm section storms off. Jones is still riffing, and Rotten sends the girl to get the others back. They eventually return for the only really furious piece of music they play all night.

Meanwhile Malcolm McLaren stands impassive upon the mixing desk riser, his three-piece suited solicitor behind him.

The show really begins about now. It's got nothing at all to do with music, but so what? It's Entertainment.

The band have left the stage — all but Rotten, who sneers, "If you want more you can clap for it." Feeble applause. The disco starts, and feet start shuffling out.

But a chant is generating. Yes . . . yes . . . the Pistols are coming back. "Whatcha Gonna Do 'Bout It", nihilism incarnate.

They end but don't go. "You're boring," drones Rotten. This weird challenge to the audience to respond. I look round at McLaren — and see that he is standing there gesticulating to Rotten, the upswept arms of the "Get Up" movement and the hands clapping overhead . . . and Rotten is mimicking McLaren. This show ends when Malcolm says so.

The crowd raise a half-hearted chant. Rotten's response: "Right, you fuckers, we're gonna do one more, so move or else forget about it."

It's a very good version of "Anarchy", lots of echo on the voice. End of act.

End of act? No way. McLaren is signalling Rotten again, and, puppet-like, Rotten copies him. Whether the audience wants one or not, there's going to be another encore. There is, and this time Rotten stomps off before Malcolm starts signalling.

The point of all these false encores eludes me, unless the Sex Pistols are actually unliberated enough to get an ego-boost out of such conventional trappings of success.

Their music is lumpen, but the spectacle is marvellous. That last sentence could easily be applied, coincidentally, to shows I've seen in the past year by Queen and the Stones — and, like those bands today, the Pistols' main success is in show business.

MALCOLM has agreed to speak to Robin Denselow and me at his hotel. How the hell do we find it?

We wander off in pursuit of the beleaguered mad scientist. It's freezing and I haven't eaten all day. We walk for miles. As we near our destination Steve Jones runs past, bums five guilders off me virtually in return for showing us where he's staying, **much to my bemusement . . . finally we're there.**

And behold, McLaren appears. For some reason we can't go in, so we conduct the interview standing on a hotel step by a canal at 3.00 in the morning. McLaren looks even more wasted than I feel, talking unstoppably like a man possessed, staring into space. There could be 2,000 of us listening.

PISTOLS (left to right): JONES MATLOCK, ROTTEN, COOK

"WE'VE HAD WORD that most of the majors won't touch us with bargepoles."

You haven't had offers from people like Polydor, UA?

"No, that's all guff, man — who's spreading those kinda rumours? There's nobody after us. We've had, I suppose you call it votes of confidence from the shop floors of various record companies, but you begin to realise that those sort of people don't have any control over the situation, just as it's happened in EMI.

"We've had people like the guy from EMI Publishing, Terry Slater, he rang me up today and he feels totally pissed off that he's been totally overruled. He's the head of EMI Publishing: he signed us four weeks ago for £10,000 and now he's been told that's all got to be quashed. He's been made to look stupid.

"The same goes for Nick Mobbs, who threatened to resign. He's now been told that would be very unhealthy for him, so they can produce a wonderful statement saying on EMI no one has resigned.

"There are different bands with different points of view. The real situation is that people on the board of directors at EMI do not agree with our point. The people who actually work for EMI, they do. But if they come out and make a statement to that effect they will get the sack, or they'll have to resign.

"Those truths have never come out. What appears in the press is that we have been thrown out by all EMI together, a wonderful concensus of opinion."

If it comes to the crunch and they force you to terminate, will you repay the advance?

"How are we going to repay the advance? We've already spent all the money maintaining ourselves here and on the tour. We're out here promoting their single — it's not just *our* single."

Is it out here?

"Yeah, that's the reason we're here. We weren't doing any other European territory simply because EMI sent a memo asking them not to release it. EMI Holland got the record out before that memo reached **them. Now they're withdrawing it."**

Are they blocking its sale in England?

"Oh yeah, it's being withdrawn in England."

If you do split with them, what happens to any tapes that are in the can?

"Those questions have been raised. They would prefer that we take the lot and go away with it.

"It's been very easy for them. Someone signs a contract for two years: that is an agreement between two parties. If you can tear that contract up in two months because they dislike the opinion of the band — by 'they' I mean the EMI board of directors — it makes a farce of the whole situation.

"What about all these other bands that are coming along? They sign a contract and some guy at the top, not the A & R guy who's responsible for signing, says 'I don't like what I'm hearing about this band, I don't want them on the company anymore.' So they go out the window."

Who are the guys who've come over here?

"The managing director of EMI and the head of the Legal Department — Leslie Hill and Laurie Hall. They came over to terminate the contract and we haven't terminated it. They want us to have another meeting; at the moment they haven't met any of my proposals, probably because they have been told they can't meet anything.

"We had a two-hour meeting tonight.

"It's been very nice. We've come away to Holland and someone's decided behind our back to 'mutually terminate' the contract. Legally we're still on EMI Records.

"Now people on the EMI board are saying, 'Why the hell did we sign them in the first place? They're musically inadequate, it was too much money . . .'

"But I spoke to Leslie Hill, the managing director of EMI Records, prior to us signing. It was him that was exhilarated by the band and thrilled at the idea of signing the act. He was fully aware of their public image, and he will not deny that.

"EMI had all the tapes to all the Pistols' songs. They heard them , they were excited at the prospect of signing this act and commercially gaining through it. We had had offers from other companies, but I went there because the sympathy with EMI was strong on the shop floor.

"Nick Mobbs, Tony Slater on the publishing side, David Munns on the promotion side, Mark Ryder the label manager, Paul Watts the general manager and Leslie Hill the managing director wanted to sign this act.

"Now they're saying, 'We have 4,000 employees on EMI and if we took a concensus of opinion I don't think you would raise the amount of votes necessary.'

"I made a proposal, I said, 'OK, find us an equivalent contract.' If I walk into Warner Brothers they're going to say, 'Well man, you didn't make it with EMI, the bad publicity, etcetera.'

"What they did on TV was something that was quite genuine. They were goaded into it, and being working class kids and boys being boys they said what they felt was . . . O.K. They don't regret it.

"The KLM situation at the airport was fabricated up to a point. Yeah, the band might have looked a little bit extraordinary, they may have spat at each other. Big deal. And someone may have appeared a little drunk. But they weren't flying the plane, they don't need to be that sober.

"There are these bands now that have some sort of petition, like Mud, Tina Charles, all these other Top Twenty acts, and sent round this petition to all the record companies saying that they do not support this kind of music."

(NME talked to Mud's manager, Barry Dunning, on Monday. He denied Mud had signed any petition, nor would they ever do so.)

"My lawyer asked: We'd like a meeting with John Read or the rest of the money. They'd rather give us the rest of the money than have a meeting. John Read speaks on behalf of all the shareholders, he controls the whole of EMI Ltd., which covers far more than just a record company. He wouldn't meet us. He sent Hill instead; every time you just get to speak to Hill. Hill has his orders and he can't move from that point."

How much money have you had of the £40,000?

"Half. The first year. But that has been spent on supporting a tour.

"We ended up selling the fucking record at the bloody door in Rotterdam and at the Paradiso last night. It's a joke."

What's next, a big legal battle?

"I don't know. I asked Hill if they can reconsider their situation, quite simply — and if they can't, why can't Capitol Records, who we're signed to in America? 'Oh well, Capitol Records decided to go along with Manchester Square.' They don't want any part of it.

"I said, 'What happens if we're on another label and the distribution is through EMI? Are EMI gonna distribute the record?' They can't really answer that. It's very difficult, it really is. I feel pretty bad about it.

"Hill's now saying, 'Can't you go to Virgin Records, I hear that's an interesting company.' Bollocks man, we went to Virgin Records before we went to EMI and they didn't wanna know.

"If we walk into another record company, what are they going to say? 'If you can't play anywhere and we can't hear your records on the radio and EMI decided to drop you . . .' What the hell are they going to do?

"It's not just EMI, it's people behind the scenes, guys that go on the radio and say we didn't play on our record, the guy that's scared to put us on *Top Of The Pops* even though we're in the breakers because the BBC don't want to be seen to be associated with us.

"What's it all about?"

UNTIL LAST week I had no sympathy whatsoever for the punks - as - martyrs line, but if what McLaren says about them not being able to land a contract elsewhere is true (I still don't really believe that one), and EMI Records do succeed in breaking their legal contract simply on account of thirty seconds of televised swearing, then I'll, I'll . . .

Phew, for a moment there I Almost Cut My Hair!

The McLaren interview was recorded on an EMI tape.

It's been very nice. Someone's decided behind our back to 'mutually terminate' our contract.

— MALCOLM McLAREN

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abc RECORDS

SEVEN OF US leave the Ace ranch in Hidden Valley and go late night cruisin' in drummer Fran Byrne's '69 Pontiac. Fran heads for ex-Chilli Willi drummer Pete Sanders' place in Topanga Canyon to pick up some drum skins. The state of the car's mechanics is a close approximation of the state of its occupants' heads — highly illegal.

Halfway down the mountain side a front hub cap falls off. Fran slows down, considers going to fetch it, and then realises that the effort involved would not be in proportion to the rewards. He carries on to Pete's and stops the car out front of the house.

Ace keyboardsman and writer of international hit record "How Long" Paul Carrack waits in the back seat as the other five clamber out. Your writer remains in the front seat. Suddenly he senses that the car is rolling backwards very slowly. Suddenly he senses that the car is moving backwards quite fast. He vaguely recollects something about canyons' tending to have steep drops. He starts wondering if he should look for the brake pedal.

As Paul Carrack jumps over into the front seat there appears to be perfect synchronization between the car's slowing down with an unnerving shudder and the sound of splintering wood. Then there is a very large thud on the car's trunk.

Fran's car has rolled back and knocked out a wooden support post from Pete's neighbour's house. This has resulted in one side of his woodframed house sagging down onto the back of the car.

Pete's neighbour comes out onto his porch. He looks a little like John McLaughlin. He's remarkably cool about this slightly upsetting state of affairs. Pete reckons we've caught him out in the middle of his late night meditations. One feels he would be within his rights to be more than a little uptight. After all, not only is his house no longer the shape it once was, but he's got to get up at five a.m. to work on his project at, uhh, The Land.

Pete's neighbour works at The Land every Tuesday morning. Two weeks ago he went over to Pete's at two in the morning and asked him could he stop practising his drums, please. And then last Monday night some friends of Pete's came over to show him their new synthesizer, which caused Pete's neighbour a bit of trouble too.

And today a Pontiac knocks half his house down.

Ah well, so long as it doesn't screw up your karma. It's all San Andreas' fault anyway.

But these English rock'n'rollers do seem to be causing the odd disruption here in Los Angeles.

IN THE Ace ranch living room a tune is coming out of the radio. "Oo's this?" says a voice.

"Ian Matthews," Julie, Bam's lady, replies.

"Oo's Ian Matthews?"

"'E's this guy 'oo plays football down the park on Saturdays."

"Adolph's Hidden Valley Ranch — hunters, jumpers, equitation. Specializing in Morgan horses" reads the sign five or six miles down Hidden Valley, forty-five miles up the coast from LA. North-London pub rockers Ace have rented Adolph's ranch for sixteen hundred dollars a month.

When "How Long" hit number one in the States and the "Five A Side" album scraped the Top Twenty, the band came over to the States. It was the first time any of them had crossed the Atlantic.

"Tony (Demitriades), our manager, was talking about coming to America before that," bassist Tex Comer's somewhat incongruous Burnley accent tells me, as he leans back on a couch in what is now the rehearsal studio at Adolph's, "but none of us had ever been. We weren't sure if we'd like it or what.

"Anyway we came over . . . And working over 'ere is like *incredible*. Like the 'ole thing is much more professional and much more active; it's like a really thriving sort of industry, whereas in England it's a case of a few big gigs and a lot of little gigs that people are just scraping a living from. So working 'ere was like a revelation.

Here's us in the early days down at the Dog and Lampost, where we played our first gig for thirty bob and all the beer we could drink. Actually I can't remember much about it . . .

"We weren't too sure about living over 'ere because all we'd ever done was spend time in hotel rooms. But we kinda like the way things are done over 'ere: the way people live.

"And in England we were just losing money all the time. A band like us really need to be working solid to cover the costs, just to pay the wages and that.

"Like we did an English tour of about twenty gigs and we lost about three or four thousand pounds. So what the record company had advanced us was just being drained."

He pauses for a hit on a Coors beer: "But that's still happening over here as well. Right now we're not on the road and not bringing anything in so we're just kinda living off money they've advanced to us. But over 'ere there's so much work that if we wanted to work 365 days a year we probably could; in a different place every day. I mean, we could spend a few months just working around California itself. What can you do in England? You can cover the main cities once and then you've got nothing to do for the next six months. You just saturate the market.

"Also every one of us was weaned on American music more or less. I mean, the Beatles were always a big influence as well but American music has always been *the* big influence. There's so much music comes out of this country, so much really *excellent* music. So when we decided to stay over 'ere was when we got down to a music level. And aside from business it seems the right thing because it was like visiting the place where it all started for us."

AT THE MOMENT life in the land where it all started is still relatively hand-to-mouth for Ace, though, of course, it's the grand dollar-signed version of hand-to-mouth. Sufficient, certainly, to allow them to sit here on this 1920s Spanish-style hacienda in spirit-of-Big-Pink sunshined and forested splendour, get blitzed and play for the odd ten or twelve hours a day.

They lead a very civilized existence: look, I'm probably getting as browned off as you with all this Zen and The Art Of etc imagery that's being bandied about but the fact that the water supply is a little, shall we say, *erratic* does help to slow down life to a liveable pace. When just going down to the local K-Mart to score an orange juice seems an undue strain, then it quickly becomes very easy to comprehend why the swimming pool out back doesn't work.

And having to shut the windows at night so you don't wake up to find a rattle snake getting amorous with you does highlight quite nicely the very uncertainty of human existence, does it not?

Course, any time you get bored with the sounds coming out of that studio window, you can just wander down to the corral and link up with John, the half-Chickasaw cowboy who looks after the stock. Wander on over to his

And here we go on our way to the big time in America mum. And I thought Ibitha was a rave!

Here's us today at our ranch in the Los Angeles hills: good weather, great grub and booze, a new guitar player and we can practice all night long . . .

It's an Ace life in the low-key whacky world of Los Angeles

Jobs your career master never mentioned number 42: ***CHRIS SALEWICZ*** *joins the professionals and declares living on a rock'n'roll ranch with ACE a better gig than most.*

cabin with him if you like and get bombed on his jug of wine, and feel the vibe of the place flash into perspective when you see that he really does keep a copy of Walt Whitman's *Leaves Of Grass* by his bed.

Now they're said to be a faceless bunch of critters these Ace fellers, but this . . . Well, this is, in fact, thoroughly fallacious — a direct product, I figure, of inept album sleeve shots and inane *TOTP* footage.

Living out here in Hidden Valley they've moved away from all that now. Moving on in to Adolph's seems to have presented the band with the collective self-confidence to . . . to find their musical identity, if you like.

They're out here living exactly the life that was laid out for them somewhere out in the cosmos: a bunch of social misfits and general renegades who've thought fit to screw it to "reality" and have slugged out the existence *they* want. A-hundred years ago they'd have been cowboys themselves, gold diggers, soldiers of fortune: in 1976 what else can they be but rock'n'rollers?

They weren't too late to escape the scheme of things.

MIND YOU, life has not been a complete bowl of cherries since the Ace collective used up its fourteen one-way tickets to LA back in January of this year. In that way that things have of Yinning and Yanging about, two months after their arrival at Adolph's guitarist Phil Harris — who'd started the band with rhythm guitarist Bam King — split the fold. Or, rather, he was splitted from the fold.

"It was an upset," says Carrack resignedly. "It really was. For lots of reasons. The worst thing about it was that there was a lot that went unsaid. By the end of that second tour just before we left England we wasn't speaking a lot to each other so perhaps we should really sort it out with him as opposed to him picking up newspapers and reading things in them.

"Apart from the fact that it's the only thing we've got that's in the slightest worth your writing about," he adds, illustrating the constant bemused self-deprecation that characterises all four remaining members of the band.

Suffice to say that until Tony Demitriades took over the management reins just as the "Five A Side" album was taking off in the States, Phil was taking care of most of the management hassles. "I think that screwed him up a lot," figures Paul. "He was very paranoid about getting ripped off. He was pretty cynical as far as the music business went."

Although you appear pretty cynical about it, too.

Paul shakes his head: "If you get too cynical about it then you just lose all the fun."

"We're lucky," adds Tex, "because we don't come in contact with the business end of things too much, but Phil was in contact with it all the time . . . And he also had a very strong philosophy behind it."

Paul: "I think it really got on top of him because he was making a lot of . . . what to him were compromises."

Then there was the problem of "Time For Another", the second Ace album.

With both "How Long" and "Five A Side" slipping from the US charts, pressure was put on the band by the record company to deliver new product. After a three month tour of the States the band went to Jamaica for a two week working holiday, then returned to England and went straight into the studio.

"We needed to get another album out quick, or so we were told," says Paul Carrack resignedly. "And we got back to England with no material whatsoever and went straight into the studio and tried to do it in the studio.

"I don't think that physically we were in any state to do that album. Really everyone was totally freaked, mentally and physically under the weather.

"I think we made a mistake with that second album. We were all disappointed with it, and we lost a bit of ground. In actual fact we should have given ourselves time and said, 'It's really got to be good. If it's going to be a couple of months longer then it's going to be worth it'.

"But I think we've learnt from it. I hope we have."

Ace also learnt a thing or two about the way record companies operate when "Time For Another" was put out in the States. Despite its being — when compared to "Five A Side" — a relatively inferior album, "Time For Another" entered the US album charts somewhere around the 170 spot with a bullet. The next week it was around 150 with a bullet. That week ABC records, with whom the band are signed in America, fired all its promotion staff. The next week "Time For Another" had disappeared from the Top 200.

Undoubtedly they're hoping (and deserve) to do better with their new offering, "No Strings", which is just released on both sides of the Atlantic.

TEX SITS outside the kitchen in the sun gazing vacantly at the mountains across the valley. Bassist Tex is the dreamer of the group, contrasting with the earthiness of Bam and Paul and the happy-go-lucky Irish boyo that is Fran.

Tex hates nuclear power and loves the Indians. Moving to London from Burnley he became so disturbed by the lack of communication in the capital that when he travelled on the tube he'd commit the heresy of deliberately turning to the person sitting next to him and trying to strike up a conversation. Tex is also a fervent believer in the power of music to change our lives.

After '67 and all that a slightly acid-blown Tex became disillusioned with what became the rampant commercialising of the Underground. He used to hate the word "commercial". Now, perhaps tempered by the hit process, he claims to accept its necessity. He conquered his disillusionment by starting to play rock'n'roll in the pubs where, he maintains, it seemed more valid.

Apart from the Feelgoods, of course, Ace is the only band that's made it in any way out of the pub circuit.

Tex has no qualms whatsoever, it seems, about not needing to play the Hope And Anchor tonight: "We were lucky, I suppose, to get out when we did, because when 'Ow Long' took off we were just about at the end of our financial tether like.

"And that's the big problem on the pub rock circuit. You earn very little money. There's guys in there that's content to scrape by, and there's guys in there who are more ambitious like and they leave the circuit.

"It's very hard to keep a band together and work in that circuit for any length of time."

Although there was a consciousness within the band that they wanted to ride on out of the pubs with guns blazing and to really get somewhere it was never talked about but silently understood: We didn't discuss it, we just played the music. We'd just concentrate on the music and took it from there, but we wanted to get out and about and reach as many people as possible. So it's an obvious thing: you go on to colleges and you play to a few more people and if you get the chance to play bigger gigs you play those.

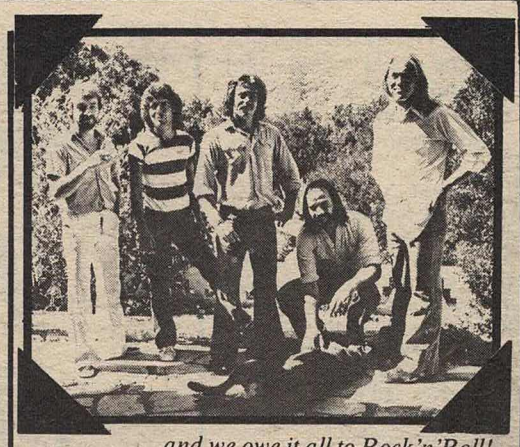
"The bigger the place the better, until you're doing baseball stadiums and then you think 'Well, I dunno, I might fancy going back to pubs again'."

Whatever, six months after recording their first album Ace were playing at the Hollywood Bowl.

PRIOR TO joining Ace — Ace Flash and the Dynamos as they were titled at the time — Paul Carrack was notching up credibility points by working in a North London car wash. When the gig came around he even had to go collect his organ from his father's shed where it had been stuck away for the past three months.

"It's me first set of wheels this . . . Rambler, American Motors," he tells me as he guns the engine along the Hidden Valley road up towards the Ventura Freeway. "Not bad for four hundred dollars. Two hundred quid, knowharra-mean?"

It makes me shudder to think of all the rain, fog, cold, and crummy publicity pictures we had to put up with.



. . . and we owe it all to Rock'n'Roll!

He glances over at the weekend cottages around Lake Sherwood on our right. "Fantastic scenery, isn't it," he mutters, seemingly to himself.

He doesn't seem worried about getting shot up with a little too much of the inescapable manana spirit out here. As Tex says, "You can get very laid back living in Hackney and working once every two weeks."

"I like it," Paul says. "The problem about being on the road all the time or living in a flat is that you don't get time to play often enough. Whereas here I've just enjoyed coming and playing a piano. I think we've all really come on just by having a bit of time to practice *not* in front of thousands of people. That's what we used to do, in fact: try and create in front of a lot of people. That can turn you on, but it can also inhibit you. But up here who cares if you fuck up?"

Nor is he convinced that "How Long" came along too early for the band: "It's been said, but if it created a problem it's a nice problem. I mean it might have been better if it'd come a bit later but that's pretty hypothetical anyway: it didn't. It was then.

"I mean, it's got us right on our feet. It's set us up with all this," he waves to either side of the road, "that and the first album. So we can't complain, it gave us a very solid foundation. We didn't capitalise on it to the best possible way but . . . .

"But I think America," he free-associates, "you can decide how much you want to be involved with all the crap, and I don't think you've got to break your bollocks to live over here. None of us are looking at them mansions in Beverley Hills and dreaming about *that*. That's not really our ambition. I think you can live over here quite well without going over the top."

For the present Paul Carrack doesn't appear to have experienced any direct financial benefit from "How Long". The publishing royalties have gone back towards paying off the band's advance.

"It's about time somebody decent recorded it, isn't it? Danny Williams recorded it," he laughs, "and I heard that Etta James was going to record it. The Faces were going to do it at one point but I don't think Rod Stewart can sing it actually."

We pull up at the Ace ranch's local liquor store and go inside and load up with booze, courtesy of a sharp-talking owner.

Back in the car Carrack turns to me: "Did you see that all the time the storeman was talking he was trying to shut the door on that champagne cabinet? He was trying to sell us some twice as expensive. What a lad, ehh? He probably short-changed us as well." He guffaws with laughter.

Not only did he short-change us but he also forgot to put two bottles of brandy into the boxes we'd carried out to the car.

This visit to the liquor store has not been merely a daily display of music business hedonism. Tonight Ace are having a little celebration, tonight Ace's new guitarist is joining them.

John Woodhead — aka Woody aka Jake — is a nineteen year-old archetypal blond Californian. At the age of seven he was involved in an auto accident that cost him part of a leg. Consequently, whenever the kids on the block were running around and playing baseball or football and generally being all-American, Woody used to stay at home, practice his guitar, and listen to blues records. And practice his guitar some more.

It probably goes without saying that how a musician plays — or a writer writes, come to that — is generally a reflection of the state of his mental equilibrium. Woody is an incredibly nice guy. And sweet as water-melon he plays.

John Stewart (with whom Chilli's drummer Pete is currently playing: "Living in Topanga Canyon is definitely better than squatting in Holland Road") first took a liking to Woody's Garcia-influenced country style. Woody played with him for over a year. Recently both the Electric Flag and Tim Weisberg and Dan Fogelberg have been after his fretboard services, but he decided to join Ace.

The Ace household get pretty ripped before the playing members disappear with their bottles down to the studio round about nine in the evening. The band gets right down to its roots and takes off on a blow filled with old Motown material — "Dancing In The Streets", "I'll Be Doggone", "Same Old Song".

The band's playing is very, very mature and tasteful. Woody plays supremely sweet, edgy guitar.

It's like a very large weight has disappeared off the shoulders of Fran, Bam, Tex and Paul. They're still playing at five the next morning.

SINGLES

The benefits of buffoonery

"ALL I WANT," the man at the next stool said suddenly, "is a new single that can make you feel good when you're feeling bad."

I hauled my eyes out of my glass and my thoughts out of the alley and looked round. There was nobody else in the place except the barman, who was washing out the glasses and cursing sibilantly under his breath down the other end of the bar. Two people talking to themselves and me not talking to anyone, which seemed vaguely appropriate.

The barman's rap seemed considerably less accessible than that of my fellow solitary single, so I washed the sticky taste in my mouth down with another swallow of beer, swivelled round and said, "Pardon?"

"What I said," the man enunciated, slowly and carefully with the exaggerated precision of someone desperately trying to hold himself together, "is a new single that'll make me feel better."

I raised one eyebrow, thought better of it, raised the other and leaned forward to recover from the effort. "This ain't a singles bar," I replied when I'd got my breath back.

"I mean 45 rpm recordings of rock and roll and other related music forms," he retorted with what I considered to be an unwarranted degree of asperity. "I've listened to everything that came out this week and there ain't one damn song that can make me break down and smile."

I sighed. You meet the weirdest muh fuhs in all-day boozers, but then he could say the same about me. Still, if he had an itch to pour out his soul, he'd be better off pouring it out over a total stranger, since he looked as if he was a total stranger too, which gave us something in common. I alerted the barman's attention, told him same again please and looked over at my friend the stranger.

"Tell me about it," I said.

"Look," he replied. "It's like this . . ."

THE GORILLAS: Gatecrasher (Chiswick) comes the nearest to hitting this week's Cosmic Bullseye. It's a rowdy good-humoured bang-about number that sounds as if The Gorillas had a lot of fun doing it, and it would seem to indicate that they appreciate that simplicity, directness and enthusiasm don't have to be accompanied with dumbo posturing. Their let's-put-a-chick-down stance and matey roughness will recall the mod hard rock of ten or 12 years ago to anyone who was consuming rock and roll in them days, but not to the extent that anybody who's chronologically and/or spiritually 15 now would worry about it.

The production gives the impression that The Gorillas put considerably more into their performance than comes over here, but maybe they shouldn't start refusing support gigs until they've consolidated matters somewhat. Probable purchasers: London rock and roll kids.

CRIME: But You're So Repulsive (Crime Music), on the other hand, is more likely to end up on the turntables of *serious collectors of punk rock rarities* and if you think that people who fall into that category are missing the whole point of the scene they're so desperately exploiting under the guise of nurturing then you oughtta try and listen to this.

Crime bill themselves as "San Francisco's First Rock and Roll Band," they dress up in S & M bikeboy outfits, their names are Johnny Strike, Ricky Tractor, Frankie Fix and Ron the Ripper, they mail-order this privately pressed artefact for a mere $3.50 (two quid to you. Value for money, huh?) and they sound as if they wrote the song not because they know someone repulsive who they wanted to inform of their opinion or even because they imagined they did, but simply because *it's what's happening.*

Probable purchasers: people who run fanzines, explain punk-rock to the better class of daily paper, and Giovanni Dadomo, who will vote it into *Time Out's* Other Singles Chart as soon as he sees the sleeve. Plus a few people who liked The Stooges, The Ramones and The Velvets but never knew why.

Moving Right along to the nice pop records . . .

THE RUBETTES: Baby I Know (State); BUSTER: Love Rules (RCA); ROY ALLISON: White Stockings (Penny Farthing). Abandoning their crisp, driving neo-50s nursery rhymes along with their old writers and producers, **The Rubettes** attempt to scale Mount Credibility with a nicely-observed if over-sentimental little song about a slowly deteriorating affair, marred principally by the lead singer's heavy-handed manipulation of the Pathos Button. It sounds not unlike The Tremeloes' 1967 number one "Silence Is Golden", a resemblance not unconnected with co-producer credit given to Alan Blakley.

Buster are All Very Young, Have Fans All Over The World and — according to the handout — they Play All The Instruments Themselves. Remember when you assumed that bands did their own playing unless someone told you different? Now the general assumption is that they don't unless someone etc. etc. The song re-works the basic I-saw-your-bird-and-she-wants-to-come-back plot of "She Loves You", boasts a chorus ingratiating enough to be hummalongwithable by the end of the record and is moderately-well performed.

A Gorilla

Roy Allison may yet win fame as the man whose success brought the work of his muses — Bryan Ferry and Steve Harley — to a wider audience. Probable purchasers: girls whose ambition is to dance in the studio audience at *Top Of The Pops.*

GRAFFITI: Dear Prudence (Beeb) I'll feel slightly better about this staggeringly pointless, listless and identity less cover of John Lennon's fine old song if I receive, within the next seven days, written assurance from someone at Beeb Records that it was not financed out of the public's license fees, that any BBC radio and TV promotion will be purely on the merits of the recording, and that Beeb actually had some kind of reason for making and issuing this record in the first place. Not much better, but slightly.

Last one on the *King Kong* Bandwagon is a bedwetter

JIMMY CASTOR BUNCH: King Kong (Pts 1 & 2) (Atlantic); JOHNNY AND THE JUNGELETTES: The Great Ape Story (DJM). Jimmy Castor's single sounds like the soundtrack to one of those incredibly slick early-morning cartoon shows on American TV, while Johnny and the Jungelettes put one in mind of the kind of British kiddie programme that treats eight-years-olds as if they were four years old and mentally retarted. Probable purchasers: parents who underestimate their children and will continue to do so because the kids are smart enough to prevent them from realising it.

Possible Soundtrack Music for a Kristofferson/Streisand up date of *They Shoot Horses Don't They?*

THE DETROIT SPINNERS: Lazy Susan (Atlantic): THELMA HOUSTON: Don't Leave Me This Way (Motown); EDDIE KENDRICKS: Goin' Up In Smoke (Motown); SISTER SLEDGE: Cream Of The Crop (Cotillion); BRASS CONSTRUCTION: Ha Cha Cha (Funktion) (United Artists); RARE PLEASURE: Let Me Down Easy (DJM); DAVID PARTON: Isn't She Lovely (Pye). Affluent middle-class black music for men and women of all races, colours and creeds. **The Detroit Spinners** seem all set to make life a misery for everyone called Susan during the next few weeks, **Thelma Houston** turns in an elegantly underplayed performance of a song already getting considerable airplay.

Eddie Kendricks weighs in with a sly (small "s") Curtis Mayfieldish piece that's oddly angular despite its standardised creaminess and is therefore undoubtedly the most interesting single of this batch, **Sister Sledge** are creamiest of all but it's cream all the way down to the bottom of the bowl with nothing underneath. **Brass Construction** prove that if dancing is like sex (and the "if" is purely rhetorical) then there's a lot of joyless people pretending to be enjoying themselves in the bedroom's of the Western World. **Rare Pleasure's** record is as brutally functional as the heroine of Roxy's "In Every Dream Home A Heartache".

And representing white Britishers is **David Parton** with a Tony Hatch production of a less remarkable Stevie Wonder song which recalls the days when Pye put out more cover jobs than any other label. Probable purchasers: people who can't walk off the dance floor even though they've long since forgotten why they walked onto it.

Old time morality

Jim Ed Brown & Helen Cornelius: I Don't Want To Have To Marry You (RCA). Dig: He doesn't want to have to marry her because he's hot for her bod. She doesn't want to *have* to marry him, though she does *want* to marry him. If you see what I mean, so she asks to be taken home and left unmolested until they've tied the knot. They both sing about wanting their love to a free-eee like God meant it to Be-eee. Probable purchasers: degenerate sex and drug scum who think that concepts like chastity and purity are square and old fashioned and do not realise that God will not be mocked because there are still more right-thinking people in this country than they suspect . . .

REVIEWED THIS WEEK By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

HIS VOICE tailed off. He was only barely maintaining control now and the corners of his mouth were twitching..

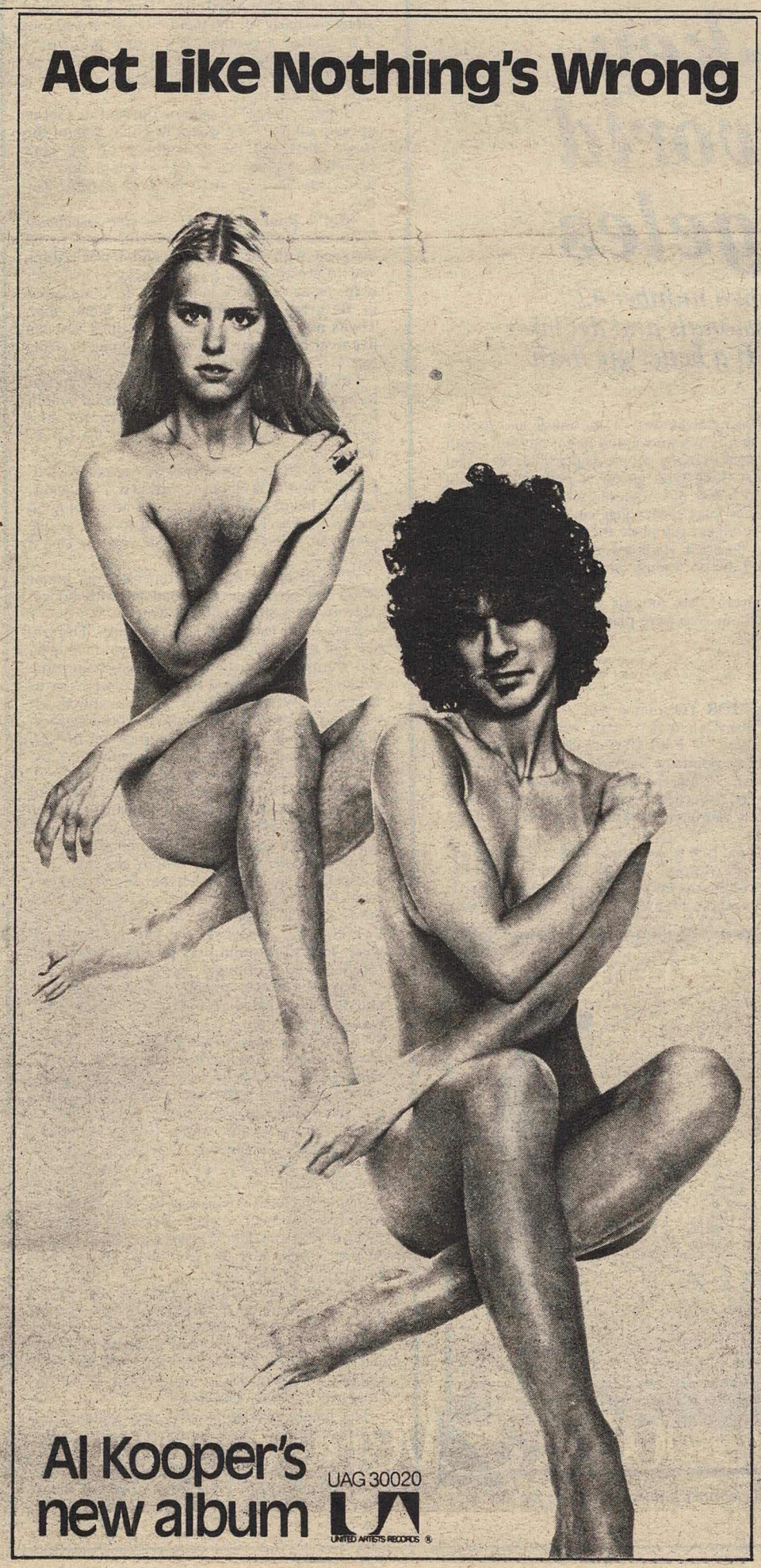
"Don't you understand?" he said, his voice beginning to quiver. "Lots of people will really enjoys these records, even though most of 'em are nothing more than *musical plumbing!* God, the number of times I've sat in concert halls full of people going completely stupid to know how lousy it was!" He was getting quite worked up by now. "Look, the main point of a rock and roll record is that you should feel better after you hear it than before, right?" "Sure."

He drew a ragged breath. "Right. Well, there were all these stupid people having a really good time to that rotten music because they weren't bright enough to know how bad it was. Whereas I am. So the stupid people had a great time and me — clever, perceptive, articulate erudite me — I was having a *really shitty* time." The last of his self-control was slipping and his face was beginning to crumple like an angry baby who's just been scratched by a kitten.

"So?" I said, waving the barman over.

"So," his shoulders were shaking now. "So who's the fool? Who's *really* the fool?"

"Better late than never," I said. "Happy New Year."



JOHN MARTIN FOR CLASSIC CONCERT PROMOTIONS AND VIRGIN RECORDS
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THE SOUND OF JAMES BROWN

ON JANUARY 14th, James Brown arrives for a couple of concerts before crossing the channel for a brief sortie on Le Continent. That may not mean too much to most of you, for Brown's always been so aggressively individualistic that he still manages to confuse bourgeois blacks, never mind about crossing-over to appeal to any of the stratas of white audiences.

Be that as it may, Brown has carved himself a deeper niche in the history of popular black music than any of his contemporaries or successors (and I'm consciously including the likes of Ray Charles, Aretha Franklin, Sly Stone, and Stevie Wonder). In fact, I'd say that the only black musicians who have equalled his importance in my lifetime have been jazzmen Charlie Parker, John Coltrane, and Miles Davis: and possibly, in another sphere, Jimi Hendrix.

I'm not about to defend such an inflammatory statement here, for time and space are short, and you probably don't want to hear it anyway. Just take it that for some of us his impending visit is as noteworthy as an appearance by Elvis, or Sinatra, or Dylan, or whoever your personal *raison d'etre* happens to be.

This will be only Brown's fourth appearance in Britain, all of which have been far enough apart to occur in markedly different phases of his career. We never did get to see him as the young tearaway leader of a raw R&B quartet; nor as the fast rising ball of energy who upset the balance of tradition; nor in the first flush of his stardom, when the foundations of a living legend were being laid in ghetto theatres across America.

By the time he first came over in 1966, Brown had been recording for ten years; he'd already achieved everything that any black entertainer before him could have hoped to achieve without falling prey to white controlled show-biz; and he'd already stepped beyond that unwritten law of limitation, in fact he'd made it redundant. On that first tour he was at, or perhaps even just passed, the peak of his physical agility, but was still extending his vocal technique and musical development, and therefore his influence and stature, both in the business and in the streets.

Second time around, circa 1970, he'd been to the mountain top and just about re-written all the commandments he could lay his hands on. Black America had enjoyed a vast shot of speed and was up and kicking; popular music was in the throes of the biggest upheaval since rock 'n' roll; and Brown was there at the top of the heap. Having recorded the most unique and influential black hits of the sixties, he'd used his popularity as a platform for active participation in social reform, became a major figure in the fight for black equality, and almost got himself tangled in the main web of politics.

At the time his less adventurous contemporaries ignored his progress but recently, in print and in their music, more and more younger black groups have been acknowledging their massive debt to his insistent individuality.

Surviving the honour (?) of dinner at The White House with LBJ, he reaffirmed his roots with a new band and a more vigorous expression of the emotion behind all his work, driving black music into the seventies with a series of hits that can be heard echoed by many of today's stars.

By his third visit in 1973 many other artists had picked up his energy, so that he was no longer a lone innovator, but an originator within a whole movement of similar ideas. However, unlike a lot of past greats who mysteriously faded away at the slightest hint of competition, he was still creating and still suviving alongside the newer names.

Outstanding hits like "Get On The Good Foot" and "The Payback" maintained his stature amid the fresh bucks on the scene and he was still at the top of the soul charts a couple of months back with his powerhouse command, "Get Up Offa That Thing".

Three different eras then, which gave a different atmosphere to the three performances. The first had the mystique of a much talked about but unknown quantity who turned out to be more dynamic than anyone we'd ever seen. The second had the majesty of a, by then, legendary personality who was still musically unique. The third emphasised the debt younger acts owed him, compared favourably with any of them musically, and still surpassed them for showmanship.

Brown in the early 60's at the height of his powers.

It wasn't just the wildest show ever assembled, it was a dynamic symbol of defiance, pride, power and achievement . . .

"Here, how do you do that bit on one foot J.B.?" Mick and James back in '64.

Judging by his recent records and American concerts I saw in October 1974 (considerably different to the London gig the previous year), James Brown January 1977 is going to be another personality again. Probably a marginally calmer man (which will still leave him more energetic than most) who, in his forties, is at last learning to accept his age while taking time to reflect on his career.

Over the last couple of years he's been re-introducing many of his old hits into the show, sometimes rearranged to illustrate how close a lot of today's music is to his formative recordings, sometimes played as note for note copies of the original records (which he didn't even do on stage at the time) in a deliberate act of nostalgia.

Undoubtedly though, whatever the contents, they'll all be gift wrapped in the precision engineered theatrics that made his show as successful and influential in black communities as his music and the man himself — yet caused paroxysms of confusion among white audiences.

To build his legendary touring revue Brown borrowed from many sources: vaudeville, the old travelling medicine shows, the R&B personalities that immediately preceded him, even from the church. But he exaggerated everything he included to outdo all his predecessors, and then added just as much of himself. Without his almost desperate need to get to the top, the show would have become an impressive assemblage of ideas anyway, given the same circumstances; not unlike a more extravagant version of the small revues that other R&B singers carry round. But fused in the heat of his relentless overdrive the whole package, and everyone in it, became an amplification of the man's own personality, as unique to Brown as his music, complementing that music with visual translations of the same emotions.

By the time mass audiences (i.e. whites) became aware of the phenomenon, he had perfected a skilfully executed, multi-cast spectacular which was often marvelled at but seldom understood. Mass audiences only judged the show at face value — as just another show-biz gimmick. They were unaware of the traditions and underlying motivation that made it so much more for blacks.

It wasn't just the wildest show ever assembled; it was a dynamic symbol of defiance, pride, power, and achievement. Every time Brown appeared on stage he was in effect proclaiming "I'm the greatest", and in exactly the same way that Muhammad Ali's boasts meant different things to blacks and whites, so did Brown's theatrics.

Even if the JB revue was not always to white tastes, and didn't *directly* influence many white artists (a noticeable exception being Wayne Cochran, who modelled himself quite blatantly on Brown), a certain amount of general influence filtered through other soul singers, many of whom based their act on Brown's, and through intermediaries like The Rolling Stones.

Did you ever see The Stones before their first trip to America? They were raw and very exciting, but young Mr Jagger really didn't know what to do with himself, spending most of his time flapping his hands beside his head and hopping about like a limp flamingo. Then they got to The States, appeared in the T.A.M.I. film with Brown, and Shazam! A brand new entertainer was born. Mick arrived back in London bursting with enthusiasm for the man ("You could put him on one side of a stage, with Little Richard, Jerry Lee, and Bo Diddley on the other, and he'd make 'em all look like Noddy") and had been transformed into The Dartford Dynamo, the all-action, dancin' and leapin' sex-symbol that we came to know and read about in the Sunday papers.

He even occasionally attempted Brown's famous one-legged dance routine, still does I believe, and I couldn't help noticing that he was sitting within hailing distance of me in the stalls at The Apollo, New York, when I saw the revue in '74. You're never too old or famous to learn something new.

OF COURSE, when Mick and the boys met James in 1964 he'd almost built the revue to its maximum size, but he too had to start as a gawky if energetic amateur — in his case, in the cheap clubs and dance halls of Georgia.

From about the beginning of 1954, Brown (who sometimes played drums, when they could transport them), The Famous Flames (3 or 4 vocalists, one of whom sometimes played piano when there was one available), and a guitarist, gigged around Toccoa, Augusta and Macon, performing the R&B hits of the day, usually without any further accompaniment.

The earliest report of their act indicates that Brown was pretty wild on stage even then. Ralph Bass, the A&R man/talent scout who signed them to King records, remembered in an interview with Michael Lydon "I didn't know James Brown from a hole in the ground, and I went to the club that night and saw him do his show, crawling on his stomach and saying 'Please, Please, Please' — he must have said please for about ten minutes."

In February 1956 they recorded that same hysterical plea, and "Please Please Please" reached No. 6 in the national R&B charts, mainly on the strength of sales in Georgia and The Carolinas. Nine more releases over the next two and a half years didn't make it and the group rarely appeared outside of their home state, except for occasional gigs in Washington, Cincinatti, and a couple of places in Florida where they'd picked up local fans. They were destitute, without any proper stage clothes — a sorry looking bunch, even in the south; positive anachronisms when they came up against slicker acts further afield. But they *were* energetic, especially Brown, who was getting increasingly desperate and more determined to succeed with each failure.

Sometime in 1957 they appeared in Newark, New Jersey, as part of a big package show that included Ray Charles and Little Richard. It took place in a dance hall where the stage was very high, most of the audience standing on the dance floor well below stage level, the rest in a balcony at the back of the hall. Two narrow support beams spanned the gap between stage and balcony, one at each side of the hall.

Because of all the big names on the show — particularly Little Richard, who was then at the peak of his success — Brown was determined to excel himself. By the time they got into "Please, Please, Please" at the climax of their act, they were tearing the house down, pulling out all the stops with acrobatics, leaping over the drums, and anything that came to mind — just complete mayhem — when suddenly he started to walk out along one of the beams like a tightrope artist way up over the floor. He carried on with the song all the way across, screaming and moaning loud enough for the audience to hear him, and finally collapsing into the balcony.

Meanwhile The Flames, who were supposed to follow his every move, were still on stage watching him in amazement. The rest of the night he cussed them out, saying "What's the matter, can't you keep up with me?" Nevertheless he'd achieved his aim, completely stealing the show from the bigger stars with his reckless showmanship.

It wasn't until October 1958 that he scored his first big national success.

A beautifully adapted gospel song, "Try Me" topped the R&B charts within a month of release and even made the pop top 50. On the strength of its success Brown was signed by Universal Attractions booking agency where he came to the attention of the owner, Ben Bart — an important figure in Brown's development.

Realising the potential of his undis-

Is Britain ready of the Godfath

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ciplined client, Bart made it his business to chaperon Brown's emergence as a major star, eventually leaving the agency to his son Jack to become Brown's manager in the early sixties. From Bart he got financial encouragement to begin turning his ideas into reality, and gleaned the business acumen to eventually take complete control of his own career.

Within three years he emerged from struggling obscurity to become America's foremost R&B star, barnstorming around the country with the most dynamic revue ever assembled. With his first regular band he was able to tighten his loose act into a series of slick routines, and by using the same men in the studio, could transfer that precision and at least some of the excitement onto record.

This keen relationship between Brown and his successive bands has been a vital element in his continued success. Virtually all of his classic recordings have been cut live-in-studio with his own band. On the very best sides they are like one complex instrument played by Brown, each musician just an extension of his voice; or conversely, Brown is an integral part of the line-up, an instrument reacting with the others in the band.

AS HIS popularity increased, he radically altered his physical image. Between 1959 and '62 the southern country boy metamorphosed into the fashion idol of young black America, setting startling new trends with outrageously processed hairdos and super-slick threads, so that many dudes were as keen to see his wardrobe as hear his music.

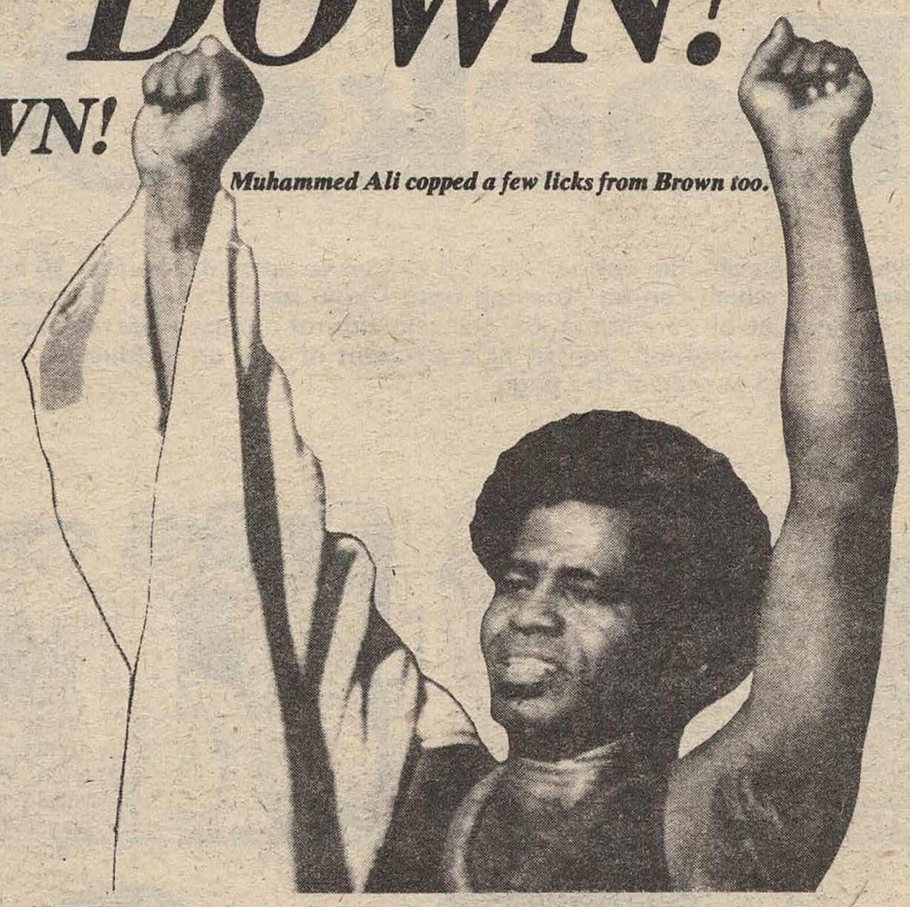
At the same time he was quick to get hip to all the latest dances, and began promoting his own. The Mashed Potato, if it wasn't invented by Brown, was certainly popularised by him (long before Dee Dee Sharp had her hit), as were several later dance fads.

Realising that other performers slipped up with badly paced shows, he eliminated deflating bows by inserting carefully rehearsed instrumental bridges between songs, during which he and The Flames executed perfectly timed dance steps before slamming straight into the next number. He even choreographed the traditional 'de-robing' and 'casting of costume jewellry into the audience' (familiar crowd pleasers at R&B concerts) so that, for instance, they'd all slip one arm out of their jackets together, turn in a half circle for dramatic effect to release the other arm, then throw off their jackets in unison, each movement accompanied by fancy footwork and appropriate chords from the band.

It's these seemingly corny routines that have most bemused whites who've tried to equate such ham with any kind of sincerity in the music. But it wasn't the routines themselves that were so important; they were strictly for fun. It was the fact that Brown incorporated virtually every routine that had ever been seen with as many of his own invention, and did them all far more effectively than anyone else, that emphasised the message of his music.

As an example of the detail he'd worked into the revue by the early sixties, take just one song: On personal appearances Brown took "Think" at break-neck speed, and after singing the song, broke into a baseball formation with The Flames while the band continued playing the riff. Brown was the batter and the three Flames assumed posts as pitcher, catcher, and fielder.

After an exciting build-up during which the pitcher and Brown dynamically fell to the ground in splits after each fake throw and Brown's swing at the imaginary ball, he would finally 'connect' on the final pitch and proceed to run the bases by alternately sliding on one leg and doing The Mashed Potatoes while running an imaginary circular basepath. The fielder would finally recover the ball and throw to the catcher just as Brown slid safely into homebase again ending in a split. The acrobatics would sometimes be extended ad-lib, and on unusual evenings an excited audience would be treated to a ball-game lasting nearly 20 minutes — all



Muhammed Ali copped a few licks from Brown too.

"The establishment has always been against me because they cannot handle me. I'm a free man . . . I'll never stop."

Brown in Britain 1970, his third trip.

perfectly synchronized with the music.

I guess you'll have begun to get my drift. Not even counting his impact on black music, its form, its content, and its status in the industry, and hardly stopping to consider his pioneering stand as an independent, self-sufficient bad-ass maverick who still got what he wanted, James Brown can collect my award for the sensation of the last twenty years on the strength of his stage act alone.

A friend wrote me a letter immediately after he'd witnessed Brown's very first British concert at the Walthamstow Granada in March 1966. The writer had seen nearly every visiting American artist since the late fifties (including all the flamboyant rockers, bluesmen, and soul stars) and was not easily impressed; in fact he was not even a James Brown fan. He'd gone out of curiosity.

"After an introduction like The Apollo album, James strode quickly on stage and grabbed the mike. Very short, rugged little man with a tremendous shock of hair, wearing a suit of brown silk with multi-coloured flash lining, and a huge pair of chukka boots.

"He performed most of his hits, including "Out of Sight", "Papa's Bag", "I Got You" and a truly amazing "Prisoner Of Love". Delivered in excruciating fashion, Brown ranted and screamed, falling on his knees with the mike beneath him, sobbing and crying like a suicidal maniac. Leaping to his feet, he left the mike to walk up and down very slowly with hand to mouth, screaming the words "Prisoner Of Love" over and over again.

"The whole act was so thoroughly professional as to defy imagination. Most artists sing and then dance in the instrumental breaks. Brown combined both and didn't let up for a minute — I wouldn't have believed it possible — such speed and agility.

"The came the mock seizures. Halfway through "Please, Please, Please" Brown worked himself up into an unbelievable frenzy and suddenly collapsed on his knees sobbing, and crouched there moaning and shivering as if he'd had a heart attack while one of The Flames lay a beautiful purple robe over him. They helped him to his feet and slowly began to lead him off stage, but he didn't get far. Hurling the robe from his shoulders, he stood there screaming and stamping his feet, acting every bit like a chronic mental case, then collapsed again. This was repeated four times, with different coloured robes, until the audience was nearly as hysterical as he was.

"The whole audience was on its feet and the stalls were a vast sea of screaming, bedraggled humanity. I had my pocket ripped from my jacket and was hurled bodily along the stage, bouncing on my arse (most painful) while sporadic fighting broke out between police, ambulance corps and some of the crowd.

"The theatre was in turmoil and to have pulled down the safety curtain would have been lunacy. Instead, James just walked off stage, but not a soul moved and the cheering remained just as intense until he came back on carrying a white suitcase and wearing a totally different, glittering white suit. He came up to the mike and started all over again, working himself into sheer blind hysteria, dancing like a man possessed, and screaming over and over again for fully another ten minutes until he finally made his last exit. By far the greatest performance I've ever seen."

WELL THAT was eleven years ago and you might think that the James Brown of today would be a whole different, calmer proposition. Certainly I'd have thought so, and was about to end this piece by saying that 'although you should all definitely make an effort to see him, don't expect to witness the same sort of performance that made him a legend', when a last minute phone conversation with the man himself altered the circumstances.

Now I'm inclined to think that Friday's concerts might be equally cataclysmic as his previous appearances in Britain.

Speaking from his office in Augusta, Georgia, this amazing man sounded as if he was still fired with more aggressive energy than anybody else in the business, a human dynamo that put the UNK into funk before the present generation of punks were merely seeds in search of an egg.

It was an atrocious phone connection, so my end of the shouting match was probably overheard by everyone on the block, while James was having to say what he had to say in much the same way as he does on record. In fact, given a good solid accompaniment our dialogue would probably be a disco smash.

"Hey listen, will you do something for me. . . tell England that I'm back . . . James Brown is back."

But James, you haven't been away . . .

"That's RIGHT! I never left. But I know that some of my records haven't been getting airplay the way they should've and my fans might have been wondering what was going on. I want them to know that I'm back."

Does that mean that you're starting to get airplay on pop radio stations again?

"Now I am, with my latest record 'Body Heat', it's a smash. The single *and* the album. Right now I'm selling 2-1 over Stevie's album *(Oh yeah? — Ed)*, it'll be the album of the decade . . . platinum, or whatever they got for three million sellers. Have you heard it?"

Yes, it's selling like hot cakes on import over here, in fact I believe it's top of the import charts at the moment.

"WHAATTT!! Fantastic."

Why do you think it is that pop stations have been ignoring your records over the last few years, when many other black artists have been getting greater pop exposure than ever before?

"The establishment has been against me because they can't handle me. I'm a free man. I think free and I live free. Anyway, a lot of the records they play that they call black music are nowhere near it. My songs are always cut because of my environment, who I am and where I came from, and because of world politics. I love people but I don't love politics.

"You know my record 'The Payback' was supposed to be a film soundtrack but the producer said he couldn't use it because it was too black. And the major companies tried to wash me out because I was too dynamic for 'em."

Well "Body Heat" is as powerful a record as any you've ever cut, what happened to change the media's attitude?

"I got my own TV show, *The Future Shock Of The World.* Started it out of my own money. First of all it was only local, shown on a station out of Atlanta, and I beat the Johnny Carson Show in that area, but the networks still refused to show it. Now I'm with a guy who's got two satellites, we'll get better distribution. I'm gonna be bigger in TV than I've ever been on record."

Getting back to "Body Heat"; I was surprised that you included a couple of old tracks on the album. Was that because it was a rush release?

"No, I did that on purpose. It was to prove a point. I wanted people to see that what I did years ago is still great now. For instance, 'Woman' is a soul classic. It should've been another smash like 'Man's World' but people didn't get to hear it. Lots of my recordings are like that. They were good then and they're *still* good."

And how do you feel about the newer groups who have built on those things you did years ago?

"They're not even in the room with me. At 43 years of age I can outdance any performer in the business. Even after I've just done two shows I can still outdance and outperform anyone. Wait 'til you see me do 'Body Heat' on stage."

It certainly sounds like you've lost none of your energy. . .

"I'll never stop. My fans are everything. And even if it comes to death, on my last show I'll still be giving everything I got in my body."

There's not much else one can say to top that. It was over fifteen years ago that James Brown was first dubbed 'The Hardest Working Man In Show Business' and as far as I'm concerned there hasn't been a serious challenger for the title since.

Look out London, the legend continues. . .

The NME/Virgin Record Stores RocksOffer

This week the Rocksoffer format returns almost to normal. The first 30 albums listed are our selection of new releases, all of which can be obtained from Virgin record shops throughout the UK at a discount of 70p.

The second list of 20 albums are our selection of almost new releases, which can be obtained from Virgin records shops throughout the UK at a discount of 70p. on production of the special discount voucher in the bottom left-hand corner of the page.

That all clear?

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ANDY FAIRWEATHER LOW
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EMMYLOU HARRIS
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THELMA HOUSTON
Any Way You Like It
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KEITH JARRETT
Hymns/Spheres

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LOGGINS & MESSINA
The Best Of Friends
NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE
Best Of . . .
QUEEN
A Day At The Races
SEALS & CROFTS
Sudan Village
SLY & THE FAMILY STONE
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VARIOUS ARTISTS
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NME ANNUAL READERS' POLL

Most Wonderful Human Being

Best Group

Male Singer

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Keyboards

THERE COMES a time in the life of every man, woman, person, humanoid entity and related species when he, she, it, crk and plgg must come to A Decision. Or, rather, 19 decisions as once again we bring you rock and roll's funkiest exercise in participatory democracy . . . the NME Readers' Poll '77 In The UK With Knobs On.

Your assignment — should you choose to accept it — will be to remember who got you off and who put you off in '76, and then apportion praise or blame where appropriate.

A few notes for your edification: after much frenzied debate, cold hard thinking and gobbing on each other, we've decided to eliminate the distinction between Brit and Foreign acts, so just pick your fave in each department and that's it. Get an international feel, Jack!

Only other point to be made is that in the TV and Radio sections you no longer have to limit your choice to rock shows (heh heh). Most Wonderful Human Being *is* however limited to rock stars. Turkey of the Year and Most Missed Dead Act can be interpreted as you like. In other words: let your conscience be your guide, to thine own self be true and what matter if a man should gain the world if he lose his own soul. Something like that, anyway.

Remember, any coupons arriving after January 24 1977 will be gobbed on. Nick Logan (he's our Editor, you know) has the dubious honour of being referred to in a grim little line that goes THE EDITOR'S DECISION IS FINAL FINAL FINAL.

Get scrawling, people. Apapthy was last year's thing.

Bass

Drums

Miscellaneous Instrumentalist

Songwriter/Composer

Single

Album

Best-dressed Sleeve

Disc Jockey

TV Show

Radio Show

Most Missed Dead Act

Turkey Of The Year

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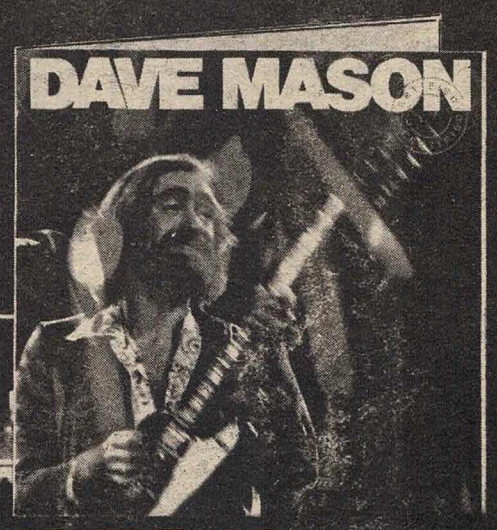

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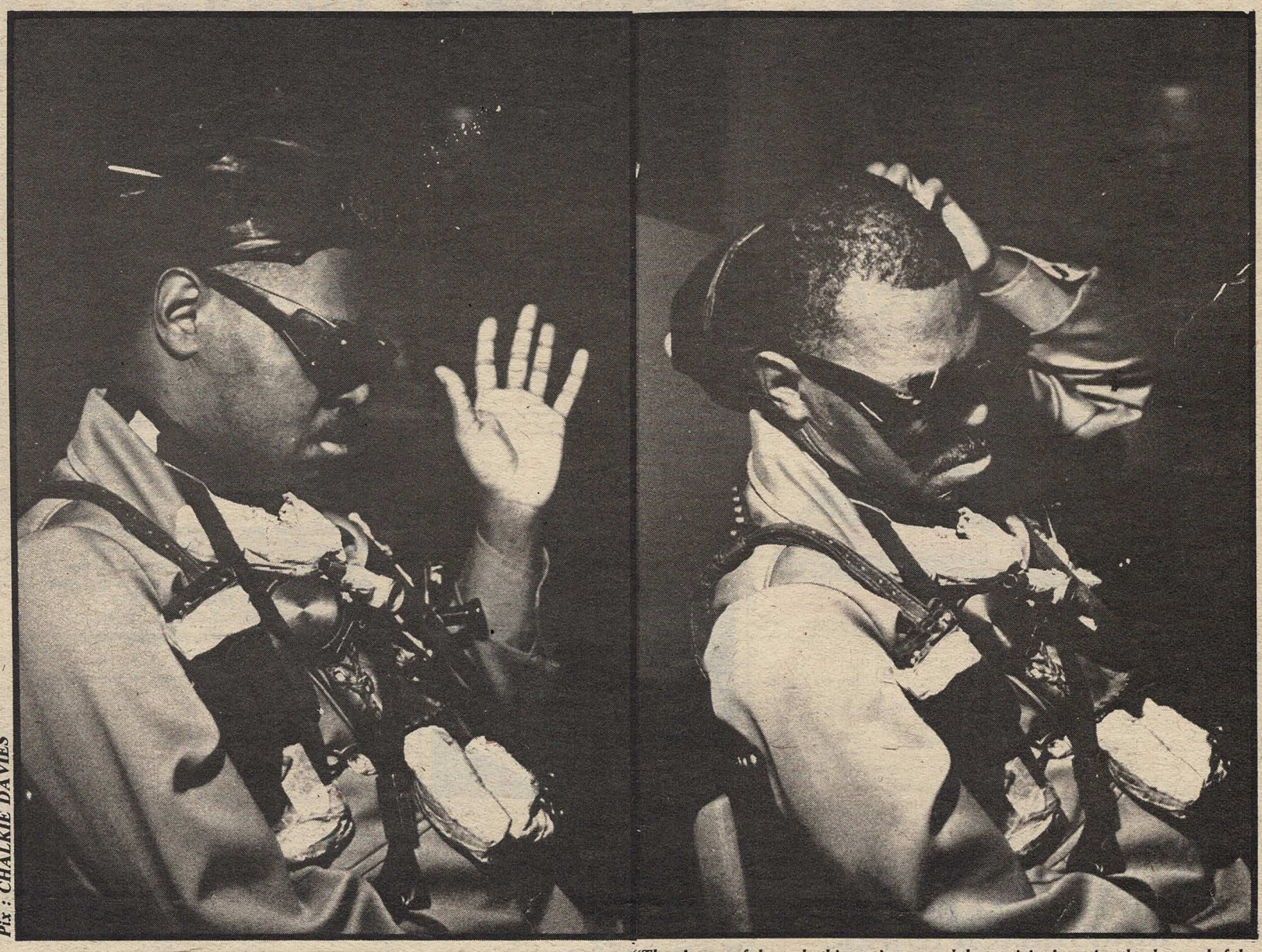
JAZZ

By BRIAN CASE



Pix : CHALKIE DAVIES

"There's an awful greedy thing going on and the musician's getting the short end of the cake."

KIRK'S WORKS

In spite of a stroke, multi-instrumentalist *RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK* is still hangin' in there, copying carpets and capturing the sound of the sun.

EVERYBODY'S TALKING about the sheer sand, true grit and impossible pluck of Rahsaan Roland Kirk. Back in February '76, Rahsaan — already blind from birth — experienced a stroke which paralysed the right side of his body, leaving him with one useable arm, no control over the all-important mouth muscles of his embouchure, and insufficient puff to extinguish a match.

And a head and heart full of music abruptly walled up . . .

Well, here he is on the stand at Ronnie's, back in harness and knocking notes on the assembled with most of his old aplomb. "I'll get hot offa what I got," he sings, hisses like steam into the mike until the drummer catches the sound on the cymbals.

Possibly the sole member of the audience not dumbstruck by the spectacle of the spirit's survival *in extremis*, cracks wise. Rahsaan hears him, dumps him: "If you can't be polite, get the fuck outa my face."

Backstage, Rahsaan and tenorman Dave Gelly chop shop. "A fella made a statement in the paper that was wrong. He said I'm just playing the top octave, and that's not true. I got all the keys 'cept a low C and a B flat. You heard a D down there, right?"

"Everything except the bell notes," says Dave, shaking his head in wonderment. "It just shows there's nothing you can't do with the saxophone."

"Right!" says Rahsaan. "I hate people to write things like that. I really hate that closed-minded thing about having a little pity because like the horn's not coming out that way, you know. There's just one little dead spot on my lip, still a little numb, but it's coming back slowly."

Rahsaan Roland Kirk was playing with R & B bands at 11, fronting his own unit at 14, unveiling his extravagant talents with Mingus at 24. Any cat that can play three horns at once — flute up his nose, also — and move his audience away from the vaudevillean response — Hallo Cheeky! — into the realms of bursting the spirit's slumber, is a cat accustomed to fortitude. Rahsaan is a born problem-solver. Alterations to his tenor had already been made for the triple-horn problem, and these made it viable for the one-arm problem. He had his flute re-shaped to bend downwards. Rahsaan was the only cat in the room who wasn't thinking about sand, grit and pluck.

Well, I don't think of it in those terms." He gestured towards his dead arm.

"I don't think of this as a permanent thing. Way I look at it, man — it could be worse. I could be not even playin' music. They don't give you no encouragement at the hospital. For them, I wasn't gonna play any more music; I'd better set down and write some music, that's what they said. Hospitals don't know what saxophone is anyway.

"If you ever had a thing like that happen to you, and you'd come as far as I've come, you could understand. I was at a point where I couldn't lift my hand, where I couldn't lift a harmonica to my mouth or blow into it, or even pat my foot. I couldn't even do it in time, regardless of how much rhythm I thought, foot wouldn't react, brain wouldn't communicate that way. There's people have these things, stay like that the rest of their life, but I've had many people in my corner — the Greats, Mingus, Sonny Rollins, Basie Band, all the musicians in New York. People all over the world, all walks of life, sent me telegrams, letters, you know."

Within two months, he was back to practising. Clumsy, unstoppable, feeling the urgency within. Demonstrates now, the improving mobility in his dead hand, the massive horsepower of will to faintly flutter the fingertips.

"How did you learn to breathe in and out at the same time?" I ask him. Rahsaan chuckled. "Well, I felt it when I was about 20 sumpin' years old, but I couldn't carry it out. I kept hearing it. It's a thing that people use, but a different way. Like, trumpet players use it but on one note. The old saxophone players, the real veterans like Harry Carney . . . I know a saxophone player useta play 'flyin' home' and hold an A flat as long as the band played, but he wasn't able to move the note. See, I don't wanna sound egotistical, but people didn't think that way until I started. Carney hisself said he couldn't move that note, but he could hold it down there. People still think I hold the note and they don't realise that its goin' on all over the horn.

"I felt if I was goin' into it, I wanted the freedom like a piano player — something like that. With that in mind, I had to change my whole breathing style, whole life style. Actually, I got sick for a while, because you're changing your air-stream".

In action, this turns Rahsaan into a bellows — cheeks pumping the air round in a circle, a continuous input of fuel to the mouthpiece.

"Other ethnic musics use it, I think," I suggested.

"I guess they might — yeah, people that play the Sudanian pipes. Oh, it's something that's been around. When it got to our music, they used it as a trick. Matter of fact, they call it 'trick breathing'. Tenor players just trill on it — diddle, iddle iddle, hold a note and just throw it away. I believe that would be my contribution to the saxophone, but it's never said. I have records out like 'Prepare Thyself to Deal with America'; it's non-stop for twenty minutes."

HE'S SENSITIVE about the critical slights and cold-shoulderings that have come his way from the more thin-blooded punditry. It's easy to dismiss Kirk as a medicine show cave of winds — easy, and wrong. He's a fine, adventurous musician with a flair for theatricality and an unrivalled public warmth.

I asked the straightman question, and hit paydirt. Why did he want to play non-stop?

"Well, I try to think in terms of a carpet. No break." He scuffed his feet on Ronnie's priceless Early Nothing. "No break in the phrase. One day I'll have to go in the woodshed with a group and be constantly playing. Like a carpet, man. They say 'sheets of sound', but I don't believe it was really sheets that I could hear. I heard some sheets, but I didn't hear a complete sheet, not a whole paper with no break."

I'd read somewhere about Rahsaan dropping ice cubes outa the hotel window, and trying to match the sound of them splintering on his horns, tenor, strich, manzello, flute etc.

"Yeah, that was true. My goal now is to catch the sound of the sun."

"Huh?"

He explained. "The sun starts burning, it's a steady burn without a break. When the sun beats down on ya, its like a hum. That sun sound is the main one right now. The sun has all the notes in it — it all depends what part of the plateau you're on whether you hear it high or low."

He's full of projects for the coming year; teaching his novel concepts at his studio, completing his book on the tenor saxophone. "No publisher yet because I'm a so-called jazz musician and so I'm not able to write books. I've gotta radio show I've been trying to get off the ground, covers all forms of black classical music — I'm not just saying jazz — everything from Paul Robeson to Monk. It's such a quality show, I can't even get that produced."

Rahsaan pushed his PVC tarbosh onto the back of his head, and scratched. "There's an awful greedy thing going on, and the musician is getting the small end of the cake. In other words, me being a musician, I'm not able to go on TV and speak on my trade. Somebody else outside goes on, but a basketball player or a footballer can go on. We got some beautiful people can run it down — you talk to people like Eubie Blake, 92 years old, you know.

You go down to New Orleans, you got people down there tell you not just the history of music, they tell you the history of how America was built, when the slaves came, how the Indians lost their thing. Now, these are musicians, 70 something years old."

Rahsaan's respect for the jazz tradition shows in pieces like Fats Waller's 'African Ripples', Ellington's 'Creole Love Call', Bird's 'Blues for Alice'.

"That's my second love — New Orleans. Most people who go down there from New York, they separate the music, announce themselves as Modern Jazz Musicians. Stick their nose up. They don't go check out those old men. So when I go down there and ask about their music, they feel very good about it. I marched in a New Orleans parade, played soprano. People can't adjust their eyes to their ears and that's a drag. They try to tell you what to play.

"True, I can't come all the way like a New Orleans player — that's somethin' else — but I can relate to what's going on. The Fats Waller piece — Fats would've probably dug it — wasn't nobody puttin' Fats down. Fats played Bach fugues but RCA won't release it. It's a drag how they try to put you in a box."

The tradition has fallen into unworthy hands. We commiserated about the decline of Blue Note, the standardizing effects of electricity which had killed off the territory sound, the regional accent. Rahsaan sees himself as a Mid-West Ohio tenor player, a distinctive voice beleaguered.

"So-called jazz music is so messed up now because some of them don't know what they're playing. But if it was an opera they couldn't mess with it and mess it up like that. In Japan they've got some instruments they won't let you play in the context of black classical music. They sneer upon it. Jazz has been degraded. You don't hear the individualism like you used to."

No shortage of that commodity with the 5000 lb. Kirkatron on the podium. His songtitles and rambling announcements are peppered with allusions to a mythical inner world of his own. What, exactly, was a Eulypian?

Rahsaan felt across the network of straps and harnesses on his chest — whistles, klaxons, attachments bound with masking tape — to find his tape-recorder. Impatient with my question, he replayed the Eulypian passage: "Calls himself a journey agent, calls his friends the poets and musicians journey agents too, calls this his duty-free gift."

"But why does it sound like an airport announcement?" I persisted.

Rahsaan was firm. "That's not an airport announcement. That's a lady talking. I think it describes something about the music that's coming up."

I shifted to safer ground, recalled a concert years ago when I had queued up with the other punters to collect a pink plastic whistle from The Man. He had crates of them so that the audience could accompany him on 'Here Comes The Whistleman' — one massed tootle-in.

"Yeah, I think that was a contribution people slept on, too", he said. "Years after that, they started coming into clubs with whistles and shakers and things to join in with the band. Well . . . I can't brood on it. Just keep on goin'. You know, we did a marathon down here in Ronnie's? I played with Ronnie after the club had closed and we did this thing for two hours and twenty-one minutes non-stop. We phoned up the Guiness Book Of Records but they didn't even wanna come down and put it in the book . . ."

But he brightened up again when Dave Gelly mentioned the tenor. "That's always been my root instrument. I'm glad I can keep on puttin' air into that tenor saxophone."

I left them to it — lays, Larsens, Rico's — and bumped into Dudu Pukwana at the Exit. No mean reed himself, he looked shaken. "He's got me worried!" he said, and loosed a respectful volley of Zulu mouth clicks, some gum salute.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY:

We Free Kings .....Trip 5541
Kirk In Copenhagen.....Trip 5512
The Inflated Tear.....Atlantic 50 233
Volunteered Slavery.....Atlantic 1534
Bright Moments ..... Atlantic 907
Return of the 5000 lb. Man
Warner 2918
Mingus Oh Yeah .....Atlantic 1377
Mingus at Carnegie Hall
Atlantic 1667 0698

NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Plexiglass and onwards

AND WELCOME back to the wonderful world of guitars, amplifiers, picks, strings, pedals, gadgets and broken fingernails.

In other words, *NME* is once again staggering fearlessly into the Musical Instruments Coverage zone which we abandoned when our one-time-regular *Playing In The Band* feature somehow failed to follow us to Kings Reach.

And me? I'm the schnurdo saddled with doing it because I was the first person to notice that we hadn't had *PITB* in the paper for nigh on eight months.

Format: by way of research for each column I get my hands on a bunch of likely-lad axes and axessories, check 'em out and report back.

Ground rules: amps and FX (that's "effects" to you) units get tested with my own guitars (Gibson 1961 SG-style Les Paul Junior and Yamaha SBL75 bass). Loaned guitars get tested through my rather untrusty front-room amp — I won't embarrass the manufacturers thereof by naming them because I'm sure they did their best — pending its replacement by something more civilised.

Criteria: value for money (I hope to get around to instruments from all the different price-range ghettos), pose value, handling ease, action, playability, sound, durability of construction, pose value, etc. Ultimately, it comes down to how well any particular individual guitar stands up against the reigning brand leaders *relative to its price:* i.e. is a CMI copy of a Telecaster Deluxe — which sells for £65 or £70 — "good value" against the Fender original, weighing in at £322? Is it good value if it's 20 per cent as good? Would the respective merits of the two guitars be a matter of individual taste or subject to absolute standards?

If nothing else, close and regular study of this column will enable you to shut down your friends by scanning a photo of some hot guitarist or other and casually identify and discuss his new guitar, radiating expertise from each and every pore. Just try not to wince when they yawn, "So what?" and then start giggling every time they see you.

A FEW YEARS ago you could be reasonably sure that if you attended any kind of professional rock and roll gig you'd see nothing but Gibson and Fender guitars strung out across the stage. These days you see all kinds of weird-ass stuff getting whacked around by rich, famous guitarists, but the first of the real rebel guitars was the Plexiglass model designed and built by Californian guitarist-turned-guitarmaker named Dan Armstrong.

Why Plexiglass, of all things? I mean, c'mon! *Plexiglass?*

Well, for a start the Plexiglass guitar looked great and had immense pose value, but — more important — it had an incredible capacity for sustaining notes and chords. What gives a guitar sustain is a combination of the power of the pickup(s) and the density of the chosen body material.

As anyone who's ever played a Plexiglass guitar — or even picked one up — will tell you, Plexiglass is an extremely high density substance. Tell ya, those guitars was *heavy*, Jack.

However, Armstrong's ingenuity didn't end there. He installed a single pickup which could be slid around under the strings, thereby enabling it to do the work of two, three or even four pickups by allowing the player to select his own pickup position. Clever, huh?

He now has a London operation, which makes it possible for him to continue living and working in California while guitars, amps and other rock and roll dry goods are manufactured according to his designs and specifications right here in the U.K. '77, which cuts out the punishing cost of importing American gear in these days of the anorexic pound.

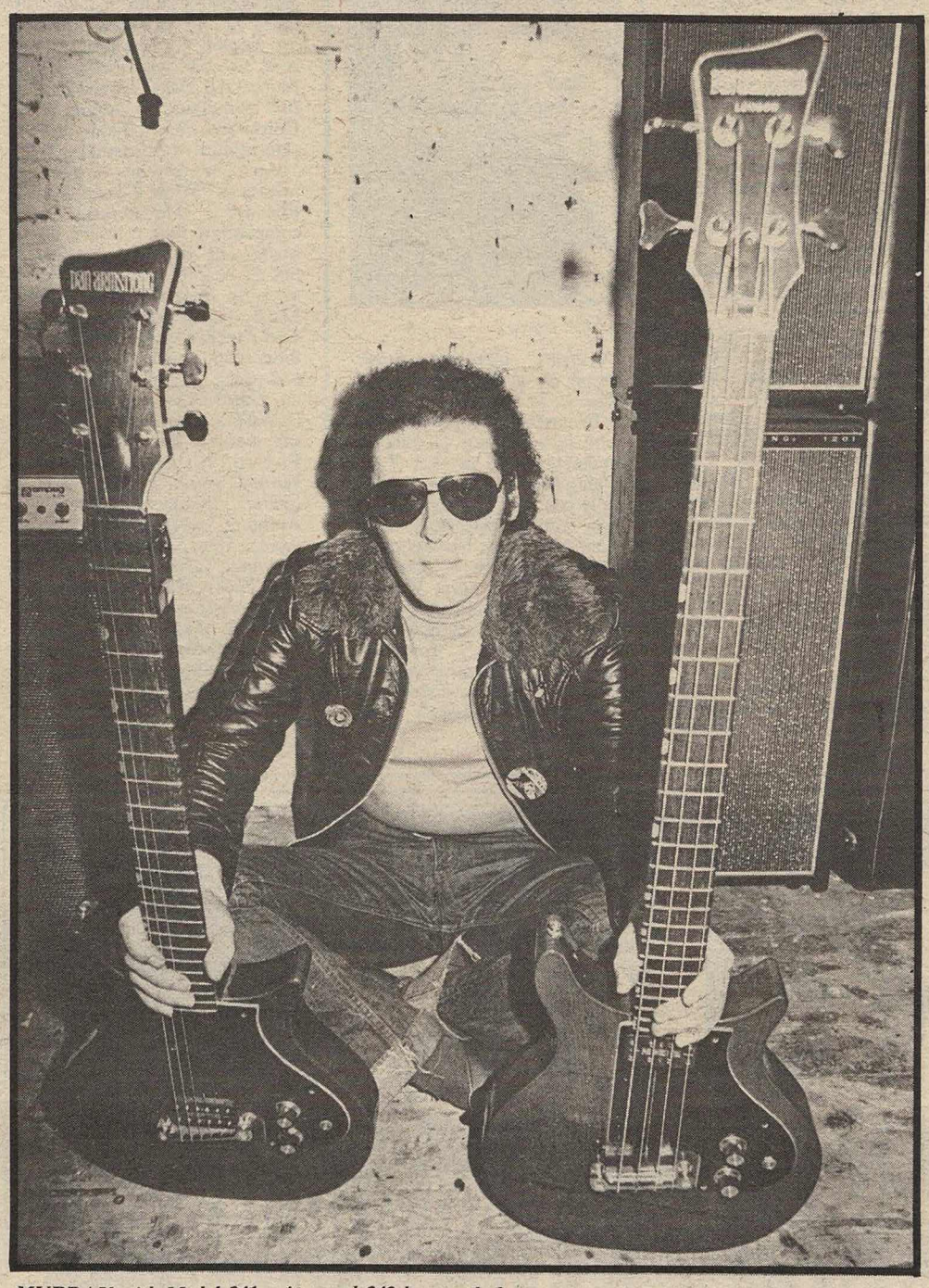
Therefore we have Exhibit A — the Dan Armstrong **guitar Model 341; Exhibit B —** the Dan Armstrong bass Model 342 (short scale, i.e. thinner shorter neck with smaller frets) and Model 343 (long scale: draw your own conclu**sions); Exhibit C — the** Session 7, a small, compact 7-watt amp designed to compete with Fender's celebrated Champ as a high-quality studio-cum-living room **amplifier; and lastly Exhibit D** — the six-pack of colour-coded sound modifiers that fit in the palm of your hand, plug straight into your guitar and provide the equivalent of an

***GREEN RINGER** octave splitter, price £16.99*

extra set of tone controls, a new amp setting or a pedal that you don't have to bend over for.

Let's get Exhibit A's specifications out of the way fast: it's 25⅜" long, weighs 14 pounds and is made out of solid mahogany with a rosewood fingerboard and an aluminium scratchplate. It has a single movable pickup modified by one control each for tone and volume.

First off, it must be pointed out that new guitars are like new jeans: they feel stiff and



MURRAY with Model 341 guitar and 342 long-scale bass.

By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

cold even if they're a familiar model. A brand new guitar of a design as radical as Armstrong's is therefore bound to take some getting used to, and there wasn't time for me to take it home and get intimate with it.

Therefore problems: the movable pickup provides an astonishingly wide range of tonal variation even though it's a bit short on raunch, but it makes a god-awful *skrreeeeeeech* when you move it around unless you turn the volume off first.

Needless to say, a two pickup guitar can switch or mix pickups at the flick of a finger. On the other hand, it'll probably move a lot more smoothly after a few months, but that still leaves you a few months of skrreeeeeech.

Bright side: it's got the fastest, smoothest, easiest-action neck of any guitar I've ever played. Much as I hate to say anything against my beloved Junior. I was playing stuff on the Armstrong that I'd always fumbled on the Gibson. Hell, I was playing stuff I never even thought of before.

On the other hand, the single pickup on the Gibson completely outperforms the Armstrong — though, mind you, it does have a 16 year start.

Still, that neck'll make you feel like you just turned into Jeff Beck, which is great for a guitarist's ego.

It's also a comfortable well-balanced instrument (unlike, say, a Gibson Les Paul, which is a big heavy lump that hangs like a millstone).

If you (or Dan Armstrong) can find a way to smooth the 341's pickup movement and you play it through an amp that'll dirty up the sound a little, you'll have a hell of a good guitar.

Exhibit B — the basses — match the guitar pretty neatly. The long scale bass measures 34" and the short 30⅛" and they each weigh 14½ pounds. The short scale (the other wasn't available for testing at short notice) handles very nicely indeed, more so at first try than the guitar, the bridge of which is set uncomfortably high for resting your hand on.

This doesn't affect bass players who don't use a pick and can therefore brace their left hand by resting the thumb on the pickup, but when the pickup has been slid all the way down to the bridge for an ultra-trebly sound there's nowhere to put your thumb at all, which is well irritating. Maybe a Fender-style thumb-rest could be installed on later models.

The guitar and basses all go for £250 a throw, by the way.

Exhibit C is the Session 7 amp. They're not in production yet so all that was available was the prototype (i.e. all the electrics set up in what looked like a gutted antique radio), but it sounds to be a killer. It provides a flatter response (i.e. the sound of your instrument reproduced as faithfully as possible, nothing more or less) than the Fender Champ, plus it has a built-in Dirt Control for that sweetly rasping overdrive sound and a ring modulator button.

If you need to get a wide range of sound at low volume, either for the studio or because you've got neighbour problems, then the Session 7'll be a little killer. It'll be selling for 60-odd quid as opposed to nearly £90 for the Champ. I reckon I'm gonna buy one myself.

Finally, the little boxes. Three of them are similar to conventional FX devices, and three are designed to round out frequency areas which your instrument or amp may be de-emphasising and are therefore less flash but equally valuable.

The Blue Clipper is a fuzz-box and a very good one at that, seeing as it's suitable for chord work as well as lead, unlike many of its competitors which reduce anything other than straight lead to mush.

The Green Ringer is an octave splitter cum ring modulator, which means that it gives any single note that you play an overtone of its equivalent one octave up. On two or more notes, it gives you the sum and the difference. This sounds amazing on major chords, but it turns minors unbelievably sour, since it doesn't generate the eighth notes that enhance minor chords. So watch what you play through it.

The Orange Squeezer (like the names? Thought you would) compresses what you play so that you get a consistent volume on everything; in other words it automatically reduces the volume of loud notes and boosts quiet ones. It does it very well and is therefore fine for folks who want such a thing; anybody who's into dynamics and attack will find it more a hindrance than a help.

The Red Ranger and the Purple Peaker are fairly similar in that they give you bass and treble boosts (that's a gross simplification, but there you go). The Peaker's treble boost can — as I found to my delight — give a Gibson guitar the clean, crisp sound of a Fender, being almost as effective (and considerably less complicated and expensive) as installing a Fender pickup. Thanks, Dan. Sorry, Fender.

Finally, the Yellow Humper works on a similar principle but is designed for basses and keyboards, and produced a minor but distinctly noticeable extension the the tonal range of my Yamaha. All six Sound Modifiers retail at £16.99 a shot.

If any of this stuff sounds interesting to you — and if you're a guitar player it bleedin' well ought to — and your local hardwarehouse doesn't have it around, you can get nifty brochures and information about your nearest Dan Armstrong stockist from Sound Projects, who distribute Dan's stuff from a hilariously chaotic warehouse/studio at 493 Green Lanes, Harringay, London N4 1LG. Tell 'em we sent you.

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IMPORTS

ONE OF THE questions that frequently came to mind in '76 concerned **Millie Jackson's** problem in following up her superb "Caught Up" trilogy.

I mean — just *how* do you top three albums that have been hailed as the finest to come from any female soul singer during the past couple of years?

The answer is now with us in the form of "Lovingly Yours" (Spring), on which the magnificent Millie turns the offerings of such writers as Ned Doheny, Allen Toussaint, Pam Sawyer and others into a series of torrid love letters.

I could go on endlessly, but it's too early in the year to use up all my stock of superlatives — which is why I'll suddenly switch subjects and move on to inform you about the Beserkley singles-pack that's currently causing the shekels to fly over the counter at our local import bazaars.

Costing around £4, it's supposedly a pack of six singles by the likes of **Greg Kihn, Jonathan Richman, Earthquake, The Rubinoos** and **Son Of Pete.**

Now I say *supposedly,* cos the Son Of Pete item, titled "Silent Knight", is sung by a team of mutes over a backdrop of instruments pitched so high that even dogs can't hear 'em.

In short, it's a whole lotta nothin'. But if you really get into the 'A' side then you can always flip the disc and enjoy the sparkling disco mix with which Beserkley have bedecked the reverse.

I'll tell ya, Paul Simon's "Sound Of Silence" just ain't in the same league!

Back on the album trail once more, the newies include **"Blue Magic, Major Harris And Margie Joseph** — Live!" (WMOT); **Timmy Thomas'** "The Magician" (Glades) **James Brown's** Body Heat (Polydor); **Atlantic Rhythm Section's** "A Rock & Roll Alternative" (Polydor); **Baby's** "Where Did All The Money Go?" (Chelsea); **Bottom And Co's** Rock Bottom (Gordy); and **Chick Corea's** "My Spanish Heart" (Polydor) a double that includes a ten minute rendition of "El Bono".

On Island there's **Jade Warrior's** "Kites", a follow-up to the previously released

Chick Corea

"Waves", involving music based on a drawing of Paul Klee's.

In case you're not familiar with Jade Warrior — which is understandable in that Tony Duhig and Jon Field, who basically comprise the unit, hardly ever seem to appear outside of Tom Newman's barge-located studio nowadays — then I"ll impart the info that Warrior offer up predominantly electronic fare that somehow wafts between Debussy, free-form jazz and tubular campanology, both Field and Newman being involved on Oldfield's initial chime-ringer.

Totally impressionistic and low-key, "Kites" hardly contains the stuff hit singles are made of. Nevertheless, there are moments of rare beauty — so if, like me, you've ever dug Monet and Degas, you should find something to admire in Duhig and Field's highly delicate musical constructions.

An interesting country release is **"Willie Nelson** And Friends" (Plantation), a compilation that contains six tracks cut by the renegade during 1959-62, plus a number of early items by **Jerry Lee Lewis, David Allan Coe** and **Carl Perkins:** while more jazz-influenced patrons may find something to their advantage on **"Hank Crawford's** Back" (Kudu), a disc which finds the sax man in the company of Richard Tee (keyboards), Fred Wesley (trombone), Eric Gale (guitar), Jeremy Steig (flute), Anthony Jackson, Gary King (bass), Steve Gadd and Andy Newmark (drums), with Fania man Nicky Marrero handling the percussion.

Which leads to me my second left-over question from '76 — whatever happened to the Fania All-Stars and the great Salsa revolution?

Fred Dellar

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EMMYLOU HARRIS
Luxury Liner (Warner Bros.)

BECAUSE of her close association with the late Gram Parsons, the lady has been cast as something of a contemporary tragedienne.

However, Emmylou Harris doesn't deliberately set out to portray the archetypal star-crossed prarie rose.

It's just that, despite her excellence, her previous solo albums, "Piece Of The Sky" and "Elite Hotel", have been haunted by Parsons' spectre to the extent of emitting an overall aura of deep-felt personal sadness.

Nevertheless, Emmylou doesn't come across as feeling sorry for her plight, but more as a person who has come to terms with life after having learned to roll with the punches the hard way.

When, towards the end of "Young Americans", David Bowie asked when was the last time you heard a song that made you break down and cry, it wasn't for effect.

As we all know, false emotion is at a premium these days.

However, if there's anyone who is capable of faithfully expressing genuine emotions, then it's Emmylou Harris.

On half of the ten songs here, she sends her crystal-clear bitter-sweet voice right to the root of heartbreak, in poignant songs like "Making Believe", "You're Supposed To Be Feeling Good", "I'll Be Your San Antone Rose", "She" and "Tulsa Queen".

Avoiding the kind of exaggerated vibrato with which Tammy Wynette not only spells out her domestic tragedies but registers point 9 on the Richter Scale, Emmylou covers much the same territory with stylish dignity.

Songs of unrequited and lost love are vividly encapsulated on "Making Believe", "I'll Be Your San Antone Rose', the **Louvin Brothers' "When I Stop Dreaming", which** includes a guest shot from **Dolly Parton, and "Tulsa** Queen".

Emmylou's sole composition credit comes with the latter, a haunting love song that evokes the lonesome-train-whistle-blow emptiness between midnight and dawn.

Not all of "Luxury Liner" is down beat.

The title track is a straight forward truck-stopper culled from "Safe At Home" — (an album by Parsons' first major outfit, The International Submarine Band) while "(You Never Can Tell) C'est La Vie" is simply one of the all-time best Chuck Berry cover versions.

With fiddle and pedal steel augmenting Emmylou's regular band of Albert Lee (Britain's own) and Rodney Crowell (guitars), Glen D. Hardin (piano), Emory Gordy (bass) and John Ware (drums), this hokie interpretation probably comes closer to how Uncle Chuck visualised an early '60s Tex-Mex wedding than his own recording.

Except for "You're Supposed To Be Feeling Good" and "Tulsa Queen", guitarist Albert Lee takes over

from James Burton as leader of the Hot Band and reveals that in just about every possible way he's a worthy replacement for the maestro.

Seemingly, Townes Van Zandt (not to be confused with either Ronnie or Steve) is a country artist who has seven albums to his credit; if the superb gunslinging saga of "Pancho & Lefty" is typical of his work then Emmylou would be well advised to utilise more of his material in the future.

Though Warner Brothers are pulling off "You Never Can Tell" as the single, there is one song on 'Luxury Liner' that is forever going to be associated with the lady, and that is "She".

A Gram Parsons-Chris Etheridge collaboration, "She" was originally premiered in 1973 on Parsons' solo debut on "GP".

Now whether or not it was written for and about Emmylou, one can only guess. However, the facts do seem to fit, and one can assume that it will be taken as gospel that the song is biographical.

Beautifully constructed, it has a slow yet majestic quality. Timeless in every way, "She" evokes the kind of reflective Last Frontier fantasies that Parsons' delighted in conjuring up in much of his music. From now on, it will always be Emmylou's song.

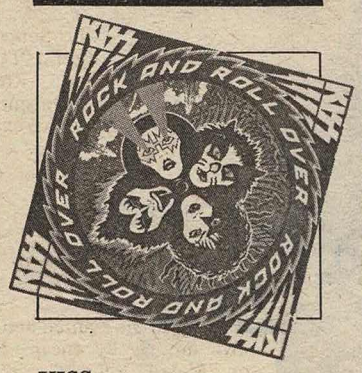
Overall though, "Luxury Liner" amply demonstrates two important things.

One, that she has more than adequately fulfilled Parsons' vision of a fusion between C & W music and rock 'n' roll, while at the same time leaving the music perfectly acceptable to enthusiasts of both persuasions.

On the other hand, notwithstanding the inclusion here of two of Parsons' songs, it is clear that she is rapidly moving further out of her mentor's all-encompassing shadow to firmly establish herself not just as an extension of the Parsons persona, but as an artist of integrity, talent and individuality.

Less than two weeks into the new year, and I've already discovered an album which will be nominated amongst 1977's best albums when December rolls around.

Roy Carr



KISS
Rock And Roll Over
(Casablanca Import)

MUCH, MUCH against my better nature I must admit to having had quite a laugh listening to this one. Kiss however are positively busting a gut cramming all the greenies into the numbered vault.

Considering that they've outlasted hopeful predictions of a hasty demise, parted company with Neil Bogart, Bob Ezrin and even Kim Fowley, our kulture shock heroes just refuse to go away and die.

The recipe for their continuing mammoth success would seem to be . . . keep pumping it out.

This fanciful little offering was produced by Record Plant resident engineer Eddie Kramer (and he cut his vinyl teeth on Ted Nugent).

In terms of quality (sic) and sound they git on back to their 1974 roots, displaying a longevity and persistence of commendable tenacity.

Two hit albums, four hit singles a year, no wool left to pull over the eyes and they are still there.

Who's fooling who?

Soon it will be time for Kiss to fall into the so-bad-it's nearly-good category and most of the ditties herein fully deserve that compliment.

Take "Mr. Speed" and "Calling Dr. Love" f'rinstance. Admirable pastiches of Kiss doing Frank Zappa doing Kiss.

The riffs are choice, stolen from the Stones, The Faces, a couple of obligatory originals, it will pass.

You get a sticker, a disgustingly contrived, transparent questionnaire so as Gene, Paul, Ace and the cat geezer can give ya more of what ya want next time.

Kiss wants to know about you? How old are yor? How did you find out about this album? Next stop, Kiss get elected to Jimmy Carter's House of Un-American Activities — under 12 division.

They aren't that stoopid either.

After they take off the make-up and don the sneakers Kiss like to get smashed. Last time over here Ace (good name) Frehley was so far removed from his natural box he could hardly stand up.

Best rip-off is a piss-take on Rod Stewart, "Hard Luck Woman", which is superb.

This is the nastiest album Kiss have ever made and if it's cool to like Thin Lizzy, I'm keeping one step ahead with this.

Good to see the true spirit of unashamed idiocy lives on. Don't just stand there, rock and roll over or something.

Max Bell

(There are no plans to release this album in the UK at the moment, since Casablanca have severed their UK distribution deal with EMI).

The erstwhile J5 continue to Funk it up in the States.

The red carpet, but no heat treatment

THE JACKSONS
The Jacksons
(Epic/Philadelphia International);
Joyful Jukebox Music
(Tamla Motown)

DESPITE THE occasional gigantic U.S. smash like "Dancing Machine", the recent work of the Jackson 5 has virtually unanimously been deemed devoid of inspiration.

It was the quality of their output, as much as their declining success (after an extraordinary start to their recording career which saw them becoming Motown's all-time biggest-selling artists within a couple of years), that led to their traumatic departure from the company.

One member of the fraternity, Jermaine, President Berry Gordy's son-in-law, opted to stay where he was, and the others moved to Epic (which, since it has now absorbed Gamble-Huff's Philadelphia International label, meant they were signing for the team which had fluffed their opportunity to become Motown's strongest competitors back in '75) under revised nomenclature as The Jacksons, since Motown held on to what they could — not only Jermaine, but also the copyright on the name "The Jackson 5" (which could otherwise have been retained, since young Randy had grown old enough to become a regular band member).

Jermaine's solo album on Motown is reviewed right; meanwhile, over on the East Coast Messrs. Gamble and Huff realised that the brothers were best employed tackling songs of singles length, and have returned to the five-a-side format, thus eliminating the extended disco work-outs that characterised the Motown J5 releases from "Get It Together" onwards.

That's virtually the only encouraging sign, however. Otherwise, the Jacksons have just been introduced into Sigma studios with the same amenities as the other house guests.

Whereas the original attraction of the J5 lay in irrepressible energy and a vocal fervour few groups could match (particularly evident on "Goin' Back To Indiana", one of the few songs written not only for them but also about them), such attributes have been siphoned off by the routine funk-soul and paint-by-numbers orchestrations that seem to stultify many Sigma productions — though Gamble and Huff's own work never sinks to the cliched level of their subordinate Dexter Wansel, whose two contributions, "Keep On Dancing" and "Living Together", are the album's weakest in every respect.

If the vocals (which are never themselves bad, of course) ever threaten real life, they are immediately eviscerated in the context of this drab material.

It must, after all, be indicative of something that the back sleeve lists production credits of songs, but omits composer details; obviously Gamble and Huff know where their own priorities lie.

The album does have its moments, nevertheless, and the funky, if undistinguished "Enjoy Yourself", is currently riding high in the US Top 10. The Jacksons perversely sound better and less stereotyped on the slower songs, like "Good Times" and "Dreamer", the latter of which could become a Michael Jackson solo success.

Two of their own compositions, "Blues Away" and "Style Of Life" both (sloppily credited by M. Jackson — Michael or Marlon or one of each?) stand out from the surrounding mediocrity, and only one song, "Strength Of A Man" reminds the listener that the group actually has a flair for melody.

Otherwise, Gamble, Huff, Wansel and one or two others besides are responsible for making the Jacksons what they could never have been at the beginning — just plain dull.

This is a particular shame as in peripheral details Epic seemed to lay down the red carpet for this album — a big promotion push that should guarantee it at least some commercial success, a gatefold sleeve with pics by the in-lensman of '76, Norman Seef, and even a lengthy we're-almost-ready hiatus, Stevie-style.

The incredible thing is that here is a top-flight vocal group which just needs the shot-in-the-arm of some inspired material, and they could once again become one of the most successful acts in the business.

It's just sad that no-one seems to have the imagination necessary to deploy their talents properly, and unlike other Motown apostates, Gladys Knight and the Pips and the Isley Brothers, the Jacksons do not have a strong enough collective personality to impose themselves on their material and their producers.

I still feel the break with Motown will ultimately prove advantageous, but the album shows the Jacksons will not find a fresh niche easily.

Despite its limitations, "The Jacksons" probably calls more shots, just about, than "Joyful Jukebox Music", which is presumably a collection of random unreleased tracks from the Motown vaults, since a host of writers and producers are credited, and the album itself is of an erratic quality.

The title-track itself shows the boys bouncing with health and vitality, positively at their most effervescent, though only one other song on the first side, "The Eternal Light" manages to take on any identity of its own; the others are fairly standard, plodding funk efforts.

On side two the old Marvin Gaye number, "Pride And Joy" is given an up-tempo treatment and emerges suffering grievous bodily harm.

The rest of the record is low-grade stuff, with the title of the closing track, "We're Gonna Change Our Style Of Music" echoing that of the final track on the Epic album — "(We're Gonna Change Our) Style Of Life"; thus is the need for change discerned by the parties concerned.

In the meantime, Motown has put together an anthology of the Jacksons' material, to remind everyone of the days of glory. It is a triple-album in the States, but will be issued in the U.K. in February, more sensibly, as a double-album.

Bob Woffinden

JERMAINE JACKSON
My Name Is Jermaine
(Tamla Motown)

COULD BE THAT marrying the boss's daughter has caused Jermaine Jackson a few problems. Not only is the boss' son-in-law expected to try that much harder — but also, in times of crisis, to show a certain loyalty to the company.

Prior to the family split, JJ had cut a couple of albums and made the covers of all the teen trades, but he hadn't set the world on fire. Unfortunately he was still in the shadow of younger brother Michael.

With few exceptions, Motown has never been an albums label, and this doesn't show any light at the end of the tunnel. It's crammed with unnecessary padding, and the hookline on "Faithful" is repeated ad nauseam.

"Let's Be Young Tonight" — a disco bop — is the track that's been selected to draw people's attention, but it only demonstrates that there really isn't one knock - down - slap - you - around - the - ears cut on either side.

But then, there's only nine to choose from. Which is rather a pity, because the Gregory Wright-produced "Look Past My Life" and "Lovely You're The One" — arranged and produced by two of the three composers, Truman Thomas and Jefferey Brown — show signs that together with JJ there's a possibility they could make sweet music.

This album won't enhance Jermaine's reputation, and I reckon that he should pull rank as the boss' son-in-law and demand a better shakedown.

Roy Carr

Relaxation for Jermaine Jackson and wife Hazel (Gordy) on the West Coast (Los Angeles).

A living legend in the States... with ten platinum albums behind them... now firmly on the UK map with a hit album 'Chicago X', their No. 1 single 'If You Leave Me Now,' and a tour that promises to be a sell-out. Get a taste of the real thing... Get a taste of their new single 'Wishing You Were Here' on CBS 4940

Get yourself a piece of Chicago

at:

- Birmingham Odeon
  Jan. 23rd
- Hammersmith Odeon
  Jan. 25th & 26th
- Manchester
  Free Trade Hall
  Jan. 28th

Chicago's new hit album: 'CHICAGO X' featuring the No. 1 single: 'If You Leave Me Now' CBS 86010

on CBS Records & Tapes

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Now he's really struttin' his stuff

ELVIN BISHOP
Hometown Boy Makes Good (Capricorn)

YES INDEED I do believe we've got ourselves a good one here.

Elvin Bishop has resisted the slightly formulaic limpness of "Struttin' My Stuff" and off-loaded his smartest album since "Let It Flow".

It's certainly about time the man who chronicled his own step to acceptance playing with the early great Paul Butterfield Blues Band should get some healthy recognition.

The men who keep the J. Geils Band sounding like a razor aimed at the jugular, Allan Blazek and Bill Szymczyk, have taken Elvin out of his country wrapping and redefined his special Tulsa rhythm and blues to a new honed potency.

Recent additions Bill and Reni Slais give Crabshaw (his back-up band) full humid support, guest artistes the Tower of Power horns blow a whole lot better than on their own record and the established band blows up a storm right through.

With ten impeccable numbers it is rather pointless detailing the stand outs.

Whereas on "Struttin' " the strength lay in the two singles, here the standard is polished and complete. There are ventures into different territory; a large dollop of western swing on Bishop's atypical wacky "Sugar Dumplin' " and the Codyesque "Yes Sir", high fallutin' ballads, too, where Mickey Thomas can stretch the vocals, "Spend Some Time" or "Once In A Life-time", but mostly what Bishop does best which is to stick the neck out and blast some, hop back and pick some.

Bishop Band purists might object to the reggae-in-a-Sausalito "Twist & Shout", but the Russell and Medley classic bears up.

Side two works best in context.

Bill Slais' clarinet snakes hypnotically over "Give It Up" while Reni makes a monkey of the innuendo with a startling case of sexual hots.

Slides into "Keep It Cool" and a melange of electric funk supreme meandering around Michael 'Fly' Brooks zippy bass line. Elvin's lead is sly and pertinent, Don Baldwin smacks the hi-hat then they tear it off and crunch murderously out of a smooth groove to a deadly one.

"Graveyard Blues" is vintage Bishop, Shades of Butterfield's long knives drawn in an East-West alleyway except this is Johnny "V" Vernazza and the Okie greaser trading the blood licks.

Follow-up to "Fooled Around And Fell In Love" is a similarly paced build-up of hurt words and a guitar solo like coming up for air set against the Tower's swooping back-drop.

Final cut is the album's logical closer, an instrumental, "D. C. Strut". An irresistible slice of layered funk, a maze of solo patterns so goddamn intri cate it pins me to the wall.

Brooks' bass line is as good as that on Boz Scaggs' "Lowdown" and they don't come much better. The Bill Slais one man barrage of electric alto and tenor is a revelation, the production unbelievably tasty.

All in all an album to get you flying, this here band and Norton Buffalo and the sound of the South.

Three good reasons why the yanks are going to have a ball this year.

Max Bell

SUZI QUATRO
Aggrophobia (RAK)

FOUR AND A HALF YEARS since Suzi Quatro scored jackpot and replay with "Can The Can", and it's only now that she's made an album that happens all the way through.

Or maybe it would be more appropriate to amend that to "Been *allowed* to make an album that happens all the way through."

"Aggrophobia" was produced by Mickie Most, a man whose forte has always been pop sparkle backed up with rock and roll muscle, whereas Mike Chapman (no relation to the superb songwriter of nearly the same name) specialised in cardboard covered in Bacofoil masquerading as sheet metal.

When one considers that much of the material on "Suzi Quatro", "Quatro" and "Your Mamma Won't Like Me" would've carried a genuine power if it'd only been mixed right, it's almost depressing.

See, the Quatro band is a hard-charging fire-breathing fast-blasting rock and roll engine that came out of Chapman's mincing machine sounding tinny and hysterical, voice and drums compressed to the point where Dave Neal sounded like a budget-priced autodrum machine and Quatro like a police siren with a bellyache.

The all-top-no-bottom transistor radio production combined with some decidedly injudicious song selection just tore the guts right out of a band that could well have made some real meanmachine rock albums.

"Aggrophobia" lets you know that Suzi and the boys could've done it all along. Perhaps in an attempt to prove that she can do a lot more than just the methedrine mazurka, she's leaned over backwards to make a textured, varied, light-and-shade album that allows her to veer from the powerdrive rock and roll of "Half As Much Of Me", a wickedly taunting slice of poison ivy which utilises her "bitch" persona infinitely more effectively than Chinn and Chapman's crass little fantasies ever did, through to "American Lady".

The latter is a wistful little song about being homesick for the States which is so direct, innocent and naive that you almost snigger until you realise that she's stopped pretending to be tough all the time, quit puppeting other people's fantasies, started getting real in public.

The residue of Chinn and Chapman's influence remains on the last couple of tracks on the first side: Suzi and Len Tuckey's "What's It Like To Be Loved", which Chapman produced, and "Tear Me Apart", a Chinn-Chapman composition.

Though comparatively mild when considered in the context of some of the horrors visited upon us on previous albums, they still form something of a dead patch in an album otherwise alive and kickin' ass.

"Aggrophobia" breaks down into five Quatro-Tuckey songs, three of which are little short of excellent, the aforementioned Chinn-Chapman and four reworkings of other folks' stuff.

Two of the latter are '50s standards: Presley's "Heartbreak Hotel", which opens the album with a thunderous, menacing bass-heavy slow stomp dissolving in and out of a silky, sleepy-eyed chorus, and the Everlys' "Wake Up Little Susie", played hard, straight, and hungry; just for kicks.

Then there's — believe it or not — Steve Harley's "Make Me Smile", shorn of the composer's ostentatiously tortured melodrama and driven along by Quatro's grunting wild-hog bass.

Dallas Frazier's "Honky Tonk Downstairs" gets a treatment that lets you in on what Status Quo would've sounded like if they'd originated out of Nashville: the rampaging boogie of the rhythm section and guitar delightfully offset by a rollicking fingerbuster of a piano solo by Mike Deacon, who's taken over Alistair MacKenzie's keyboards chair since the band last did anything in this country.

Finally, there's the magnifient "Close The Door", opening up with Len Tuckey's choppy phase-shift Telecaster skating over Suzi's undulating bass and eventually turning into something remarkably close to Kool and the Gang doing Muddy Waters' "Rollin' And Tumblin' ".

Len Tuckey's guitar playing, incidentally, is very fine throughout, and it's more than pleasant to hear Quatro Singing-with-a-capital-S and doing so with warmth, humour and a hard, cutting edge that comes from her and not from the mixing desk.

Maybe it's been long enough since "Can The Can" and "48 Crash" and all that jive for Suzi Quatro and Co. to get themselves rechecked out and evaluated on the strength of what they're doing now.

Understand me: "Aggrophobia" is unlikely to get voted "Album Of The Decade" in our 1979 poll, but it's a pretty damn good album and I'd be a very surprised human indeed if there weren't better ones yet to come.

Charles Shaar Murray

STARZ: *Starz (Capitol)*

PREDICTABLE BOYS. From the Rock Steady stable with Jack Douglas production.

You guessed it — Aerosmith meets Kiss only without the make-up and a soupcon more over-drive on the volume knob.

They have a certain energy, too bad they forgot to connect it to their brain.

Because Starz are the thin end of the H.M. wedge, operating the same dingy beat of so many second and third rate units who get by on mistaking posing for panache and torture for anything remotely resembling taste.

You got the vibe, sleaze and drudgery but ultimately vapid and feeble.

How could it have any redeeming value when the material is as lacklustre and unoriginal as this?

Starz are aimed at people who like to see them, principally by banging their heads hard and often on concrete blocks.

Should be a pretty big band.

Max Bell

Relaxation for Suzi Quatro on the East Coast (somewhere in Surrey, we believe . . .) *Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES*

Vicious But Fair

VERTIGO

marketed by phonogram

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

CADO BELLE, one-third of whom are pictured above, have two important dates in London this week. The Scottish outfit appear with Kokomo at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday — then on Tuesday, they headline a special Burns Night gig at Camden Dingwalls.

Other major events in London this week:

- **JAMES BROWN brings his full touring revue to the Hammersmith Odeon for a one-off concert on Friday.**
- **ROD STEWART prolongs his triumphant British tour by playing two extra dates at Kensington Olympia on Friday and Saturday.**
- **RORY GALLAGHER reaches the climax of his current tour with two big shows at Hammersmith on Tuesday and Wednesday.**

THURSDAY

ABERDEEN Music Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
BARROW Maxim's Disco: JENNY HAAN'S LION
BARTON STACEY Bumpers Club: MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: HOOKER
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BLACKBURN Old Blackburnians: BERNARD WRIGLEY
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: CHILD
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: JACOB MARLEY
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: SLIK
CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
CARDIFF R.A.F. St. Athan: GIGGLES
CLACTON Colchester Institute of Education: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
COLERAINE New Ulster University: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
COVENTRY Warwick University: JOHN MILES
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: JUDAS PRIEST
DERBY Cleopatra's: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
DUNDEE Caird Hall: GENESIS
EDINBURGH University: CASPIAN
FISHBOURNE Sussex Barn: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
GRIMSBY St. James House: TONY ROSE
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: ROOGALATOR
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TOPAZ
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JOHNNY THUNDER'S HEARTBREAKERS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE GORILLAS
LONDON Marquee Club: FLYING ACES
LONDON N.11 Orange Tree: HELLRAISERS
LONDON PICCADILLY White Bear: JAMBALAYA
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: WASPS
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: JOHN OTWAY
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NORWICH R.A.F. Coltishall: BRANDY
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SF2
POYNTON Folk Centre: PETE QUIN
ROMFORD White Hart: SUN SESSION
SALFORD Condren Club: FLYING SAUCERS
STAINES Pathfinder Folk Club: RAB NOAKES
SUTTON COLDFIELD The Crown: STAGE FRIGHT
SWANSEA Circles Club: MEDICINE HEAD

FRIDAY

ABERYSTWYTH Angel Inn: MARTIN SIMPSON
ABERYSTWYTH University: JOHN MILES
BOLTON Little Theatre: BERNARD WRIGLEY
BOURNEMOUTH Top Rank: FLYING ACES
BRADFORD College of Education: JENNY HAAN'S LION
BRAINTREE 2J's Club: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: STORMTROOPER
BURTON 76 Club: ALKATRAZ
CAERPHILLY Castle Cinema: MEDICINE HEAD
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: JUDAS PRIEST
COWDENBEATH The C.K. Lounge: HABEUS CORPUS
CREWE Masonic Arms: ANY TROUBLE
DONCASTER College of Education: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
DUNDEE Caird Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
DUNDEE College of Technology: JOE'S DINER
EDINBURGH Carlops Allan Ramsey Hotel: THE HEROES
EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre: GENESIS
EXETER Crossmead Hall: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
GALASHEILS Kingsway Centre: BERNIE & THE BIONICS
GLOUCESTER Roundabout: J.A.L.N. BAND
GLOUCESTER Royal Hotel: DAVE BURLAND
HAMILTON College of Education: CASPIAN
HEREFORD College of Education: MAX MERRITT & THE METEORS
HEREFORD Focus Cinema: SLIK
HUDDERSFIELD Coach House: TENDER TOUCH
HULL University: PETE & CHRIS COE
KENILWORTH Virgins & Castle: BILL CADDICK
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: MIRIAM BACKHOUSE
LINCOLN Swiss Cottage: TONY ROSE
LONDON CALEDONIAN RD. Prince of Wales: LIMOSINE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SQUEEZE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD/SLENDER LORIS
LONDON Central Polytechnic: MISTER SISTER/ELEVATOR/NECROMANDISK
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE JAMES BROWN REVUE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STRUTTERS
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: PLUMMET AIRLINES/GEEZ
LONDON KENSINGTON Olympia: ROD STEWART BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: JOHN STEVENS' AWAY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: STRIDER
LONDON TRENT PARK Middlesex Polytechnic: A.F.T.
LONDON TWICKENHAM St. Mary's College: HELLRAISERS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: OCEAN
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: CADILLAC
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: STRIKE A LIGHT
MANCHESTER University Union: HARVEY ANDREWS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: CURVED AIR
PAISLEY College of Technology: SILLY WIZARD
READING Merry Maidens Hotel: BREAKER
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Eastleigh Technical College: GIGGLES
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: BREAKDOWN
STAFFORD College of Further Education: S.A.L.T.
STOCKTON Pharaoh's: FLYING SAUCERS
STOKE Jollees: FRANKIE VAUGHAN
SUNDERLAND Annabelle's: CISSY STONE BAND
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: HINKLEY'S HEROES
WICKERSLEY Three Horseshoes: TONY CAPSTICK

SATURDAY

BEDFORD Corn Exchange: MATCHBOX
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's ALKATRAZ
BIRMINGHAM University: HOOKER
BLACKPOOL Norbreck Hotel: NEW SEEKERS
BRADFORD Gatsby's (doubling LEEDS Main Line Social Club): TENDER TOUCH
BRIGHTON Dome: DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
BUBWITH Cross Keys: TONY ROSE
BURTON Paradise Room: CASINO
CHICHESTER Bishop Otter College: A.F.T.
COVENTRY Warwick University: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
CREWE College of Education: JENNY HAAN'S LION
CROUGHTON All Ranks Club: BREAKER
DONCASTER Time And Place: CISCO
DUDLEY College of Education: MEDICINE HEAD
DUNSTABLE California: J.A.L.N. BAND
EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre: GENESIS
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: CHORDA
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
EXETER University: JOHN MILES
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: SLIK
GRANTHAM Barrowby Hall: HAVOC
HARTLEPOOL Club Gemini: CISSY STONE BAND
HARTLEPOOL Rovers Quiots Club: BEANO
IPSWICH Tracey's: BETHNAL
KINGSTON Polytechnic: STRIDER
LAMPETER St. David's University: MARTIN SIMPSON
LIVERPOOL C.F. Mott College: MAX MERRITT & THE METEORS
LONDON BRIXTON Loughborough Hotel: HELLRAISERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BONE IDOL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: TYLA GANG-/STEVE BROWN BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: S.A.L.T.
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: TOPAZ
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DARTS
LONDON KENSINGTON Olympia: ROD STEWART BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: HUNGRY HORSE
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON Queen Mary College: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON REGENT'S PK. Cecil Sharpe House: BILL CADDICK
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TUSH
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: OCEAN
MEXBOROUGH Jesters: CRESTAS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: PINK FAIRIES
OXFORD R.A.F. Brizenorton: GIGGLES
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: PLUMMET AIRLINES
SCUNTHORPE Baths Hall: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
SCUNTHORPE Priory Hotel: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
SHEFFIELD The Grapes: BOB DAVENPORT
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: CADILLAC
ST. ALBANS City Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
ST. ANDREW'S University: TRAIN
STOCKTON Pharaoh's: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
WEST BROMWICH Steering Wheel Club: STAGE FRIGHT
WINCHESTER King Alfred College: MUSCLES

SUNDAY

BELFAST Queen's University: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: TRUTH
BRISTOL The Flyer: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
CHELMSFORD Three Cups: BILL CADDICK
CROYDON Greyhound: JUDAS PRIEST
DONCASTER Time And Place: CISCO
EDINBURGH Police Club: McCALMANS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: SUN SESSION
HULL The Bluebell: BOB DAVENPORT
KETTERING Central Hall: TRAIN
LIVERPOOL Empire: RORY GALLAGHER
LOFTUS Social Club: BEANO
LONDON BOUNDS GREEN Springfield Tavern: PETE & CHRIS COE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: KOKOMO / CADO BELLE / STRUTTERS
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: FLYING ACES
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: MAX MERRITT & THE METEORS
LONDON GREENWICH Theatre: GENERATION X / SQUEEZE / ZIPS
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BUSHWACKERS
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: CADILLAC
LONDON Marquee Club: S.A.L.T.
LONDON Palladium: ROGER WHITTAKER
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: JOHNNY SILVO
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: STRANGLERS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: GENESIS
NOTTINGHAM Crown Hotel: TONY ROSE
OXFORD New Theatre: DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: JOHN MILES
POYNTON Folk Centre: WESLEY PARK & SMITH
REDNAL Chalet Country Club: MUSCLES
SHEFFIELD Handsworth Social Club: TENDER TOUCH
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: ALKATRAZ
STAVELEY Middlecraft Leisure Centre: PETE QUIN
SWANSEA Top Rank: SLIK
TOWERSEY Village Hall: DAVE BURLAND
WALSALL Bloxwich Memorial Club: STAGE FRIGHT

MONDAY

BATH University: JOHN MILES
BOSTON Folk Club: TONY ROSE
BURNLEY Kirby Hotel: PETE QUIN
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot: KENTUCKY COUNTY
DONCASTER Armthorpe Miners Welfare: BEANO
DONCASTER Outlook Club: ALKATRAZ
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: STREET NOISE/STRUT
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
HENGATE BEVERLEY White Horse: PETE & CHRIS COE/TONY ROSE
LEEDS Scotthall Hotel: TENDER TOUCH
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MANIACS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE DAMNED
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON Marquee Club: MUSCLES
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: JO-ANN KELLY BLUES BAND
LONDON SOUTHALL The Seagull: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: YAKETY YAK
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: JACKDAW
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
NEWCASTLE City Hall: GENESIS
PORTSMOUTH H.M.S. Nelson: GIGGLES
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: NEW SEEKERS
TROWBRIDGE Village Pump: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES

TUESDAY

BATLEY Club 70: BEANO
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: VIBRATORS
BRIGHTON Top Rank: LONE STAR
CARDIFF Top Rank: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
DONCASTER Kinsley Coronation Club: TENDER TOUCH
IRVINE Eglington Arms: McCALMANS

SLIK go out on the road this week at the start of an extensive tour, which concentrates on the smaller halls and clubs, in an effort to keep admission prices lower than on the concert circuit. Opening gigs are at Buckley (Thursday), Hereford (Friday), Fishguard (Saturday) and Swansea (Sunday), with many more to follow in subsequent weeks. Pictured above is Midge Ure.

LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLIPKNOT
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MIKE WESTBROOK BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: RORY GALLAGHER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON Marquee Club: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: TRIBUTE TO FREDDIE KING with JO-ANN KELLY / BLIMPS / GARENT WATKINS and GUESTS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TUSH
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: TEQUILA
NETHER HEYFORD Old Sun: PETE & CHRIS COE
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
SHEFFIELD City Hall: DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: NEW SEEKERS

WEDNESDAY

ABERDEEN Arts Centre: McCALMANS
BEDDGELERT Prince of Wales: PETE QUIN
BIRMINGHAM Elbow Room: MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: JOHN MILES
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
CAMBRIDGE Portland Arms: BOB DAVENPORT
DUNFERMLINE Belleville Hotel: BERNIE & THE BIONICS
EDINBURGH Napier College: THE HEROES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLOWBONE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: RORY GALLAGHER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: LEE JACKSON'S STRIPJACK
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
LONDON PADDINGTON Fangs Disco: CHANTS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CONSORTIUM
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: STREAM LINER
MANCHESTER Ardwick ABC Theatre: DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
OARE Three Mariners: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
PORTSMOUTH H.M.S. Sultan: GIGGLES
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: A.F.T.
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: GENESIS
SWINDON The Affair: SUBURBAN STUDS

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club: PAPER LACE
Wednesday (19) for four days
BEDFORD Nite Spot: MILLICAN & NESBITT
Tuesday (18) for five days
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: BILLY J. KRAMER & THE DAKOTAS
Week from Monday
DERBY Bailey's: SILVER CLOUD
Thursday for three days
HULL Bailey's: MIKE BERRY & THE ORIGINAL OUTLAWS
Thursday for three days
LEICESTER Bailey's: J.A.L.N. BAND
Week from Monday
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: KENNY BURRELL
Monday for two weeks
LUTON Cesar's: FRANKIE VAUGHAN
Week from Sunday
OLDHAM Bailey's: FAIRFIELD WELLS
Week from Monday
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: SIGHT 'N' SOUND
Thursday three days
STOKE Bailey's: THE CHANTS
Thursday for three days

RADIO TV

TV HAS GOT off to a promising start this year, thanks largely to the introduction of the enterprising new series "Sight And Sound In Concert", providing a simultaneous stereo link-up between BBC-2 and Radio 1. Meanwhile, "Whistle Test" maintains its recognised form — and of course, we have Tony Palmer's 17-part documentary "All You Need Is Love" to look forward to in the near future.

This Saturday's "Sight And Sound" gives the **Jess Roden Band** a deserved opportunity to display their talents. They are still under-rated to some extent, and this programme should help to rectify that situation. **John Peel** is the compere, and the concert starts at 6.30 pm.

BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on Tuesday is another in-concert special — though, on this occasion, it doesn't involve a stereo link. The spotlight falls on the multifarious talents of **Larry Coryell,** in a show filmed during his autumn visit to Britain together with his Eleventh House band.

Still with BBC-2, there's a 25-minute special tonight (Thursday) featuring **George Hamilton IV.** This show was made on the spur of the moment, and consists of a series of spontaneous encores he gave, after filming a concert at The Maltings. The impromptu nature of the programme should lift it out of the rut . . . The same channel is repeating the six-part **Spinners** series, originally screened by BBC-1 last year, and the first of these can be seen on Friday.

Apart from **Osibisa** guesting in the "Multi-Coloured Swap Shop" on Saturday morning, BBC-1's contributions are — as you might expect — much more MOTR in flavour. They include **David Hamilton** with "Top Of The Pops" (Thursday), **Slik** in "Jim'll Fix It" and the **New Seekers** in "Saturday Special" (both on Saturday) and **Jake Thackray** in "That's Life" (Sunday). There's also another repeat of "The **Goodies**" on Wednesday.

JESS RODEN: Saturday, 6.30 pm.

ITV's "Supersonic" (most regions, Saturday morning) this week has a line-up including **Deaf School, Jesse Green** and **John Miles.** And followers of "The Muppet Show" should note that, in some areas, screening has been switched from Sundays to Saturdays.

No films of any great significance to report this week, although sci-fi enthusiasts in the London area won't want to miss LW-TV's screening of the classic "The Day Of The Triffids" on Friday night.

Besides "Sight And Sound", Radio 1 on Saturday continues with its two new series — "The **Stevie Wonder** Story" (12.30 pm) and **"Alexis Korner's** Blues And Soul Show" (5.30). And on Sunday at 5.15, **Alan Freeman** is back with a new series of "Quiz Kid".

On Radio 2 tonight (Thursday), **Frank Jennings & Syndicate** are in "Country Club", followed by "Folkweave" with **Bob Davenport** and the **Songwainers.** Same station at 6 pm on Saturday has **Harvey Andrews** and the **Tannahill Weavers** in "Both Sides Now".

Remember also that you can hear the best in recorded rock in **Bob Harris'** show on Radio Luxembourg (Friday 11 pm) and in **Derek Jewell's** "Sounds Interesting" on Radio 3 (Sunday 10.45 pm).

The albums reviewed on this page have one thing in common: none are presently on catalogue in the U.K.

Wendy Waldman

Wallflower of the West Coast set

WENDY WALDMAN
Love Has Got Me; Gypsy Symphony; Wendy Waldman; The Main Refrain (Warner Bros., Imports)

IT MUST BE a little galling, at least, for Wendy Waldman to sit and watch the rest of the West Coast singer songwriter sororeity gathering critical garlands and looking their bank managers straight in the eye while she lets go her fourth record to the accompaniment of clamorous apathy.

There's Ms. Muldaur, the lady whose career was launched on the strength of an album containing two Waldman compositions, free to hire only the very best musicians and play only the most select little venues, Bonnie Raitt and the McGarrigles gathering momentum all the time, while her old pal La Ronstadt confirms her status as the Playmate of the waterbed set by draping herself across the pages of *Rolling Stone*, staple through her navel.

In the midst of all this sleek, poised success Waldman is left playing the ungainly ugly duckling, plainly and painfully a trier, but still the wallflower at the L.A. senior prom. She's got plenty of talent; it's just not fair.

Or maybe it is.

On the evidence of these four albums, Wendy Waldman has considerable gifts but little of the will and nerve it takes to make a record that stands up unassisted.

I mean, any bright-eyed juvenile lead can make pretty music but it takes some acidic reserve of downright meanness and calculation to put something together that adds up. That's why awkward bastards often make such good albums.

"Love Has Got Me" was released in the wake of "Maria Muldaur" in 1973, and its a solid enough effort for a first outing. Produced rather too loosely by Charles Plotkin and featuring such luminaries as Andrew Gold, Wilton Felder, Leland Sklar and, on fiddle, one Edgar Lustgarten who has just got to be joking.

It spotlights her strengths as well as her weaknesses. (How's that for a hack line?)

She's strong on songs; good old West Coast adult pop numbers, intelligent and sporadically inspired, beginnings, middles, ends, verse-chorus-verse, the whole endlessly pliable straightjacket.

There's cautious pieces of autobiography like "Vaudevile Man", an affectioately pointed story about her showbiz parents, and putative juke box hits like the delicate "Gringo En Mexico" with its lovely campfire chorus featuring a *real* mariachi no less.

Now on each Wendy Waldman album there's at least a number that finds its mark with utter perfection. Just when you've decided to put her down as a moderately talented craftsman but little more, she hits you firmly between the eyes with a song so masterly you'd swear she's got a ghost writer on the payroll. Somebody expensive like, say, Paul Simon.

The jewel here is "Pirate Ships", the sort of lump-in-the-throat song that's fated to win Grammies and get ravaged by every clapped out cabaret crooner from Las Vegas to Stockton-on-Tees, rich and best taken slowly.

Likewise "Gypsy Symphony" (1974) which also has its moments; about four minutes in fact during which she sings the magnificent "Mad, Mad Me", a beautifully dignified love song that isn't ashamed to bear the name.

The rest is mainly mush. She's a natural singer with a cool easy voice that glides airily, almost too smoothly at times, across the scales.

But that's not enough. She wants to sing every damn thing; blues, r&b, gospel, jazz, the whole panoply of negroid music and her chords simply don't have the grits or the grip.

Consequently her attempts to push a song uptempo often end with the energy and glide dissipating into fatuous giddiness.

1975's "Wendy Waldman" nudges rock bottom. Nick Venet is brought in to handle production, Andrew Gold has flown and the resulting album is drab, mostly colourless and occasionally sterile.

But there she goes again, putting through with "Wings", like most of her other winners, a slow, steady ballad built round a hook that grips and won't let go.

It's concentrated romanticism and probably her best track yet. And Wendy Waldman's best is very, very good indeed.

"The Main Refrain", which appeared at the end of last year, carries no high spots of quite that power but Peter Bernstein's production and the timely return of Andrew Gold have cemented things together with the most satisfying results so far.

The songs are meatier, the playing sparer and more restrained, the general pulse more steady.

Linda Ronstadt's on hand on many tracks, most notably the "Eagle And The Owl" where they duet beautifully.

It's a soft-centred but thoroughly balanced set, consistently engaging and occasionally luminous if you can ignore the pointless funk silliness of "West Coast Blues". And I've managed to.

A week ago I would have said it was just good but it reveals a little more each time and right now I think it's excellent.

Warners really ought to issue it over here; the other three could be condensed into one excellent "Best Of".

But even if she continues to be ignored by all and sundry I sincerely hope she sticks with it; like she says in one of her songs, *"It doesn't come easy and it's not all romance."*

David Hepworth

THE FIRESIGN Theatre
Forward into the Past . . . (CBS Import)

1976 WAS a very good year for CBS, but it began with a major error of judgment; their refusal to release the superb National Lampoon's album "Goodbye Pop" over here. Now it seems they are compounding the felony in '77 by not releasing The Firesign Theatre's "Forward into The Past."

The Firesign Theatre have had nine albums released in the States (none here), and the latest is a double set anthology of their best work.

They are four stoned old hippies who evolve comedy into mind movies. Not just *normal* comedy — they recorded while totally ripped and the more ripped they got the more different themes were incorporated into the stories. The same applies when listening; the more wasted you get, the funnier the records become. In fact, even after endless plays you keep finding new things to laugh at.

Their work is split into two basic forms: short sketches, and long involved plays lasting a whole side. One of the best of these is "The Further Adventures of Nick Danger (Third Eye)", a great spoof of *The Maltese Falcon* and guaranteed to have you rolling on the floor, or any flat surface for that matter.

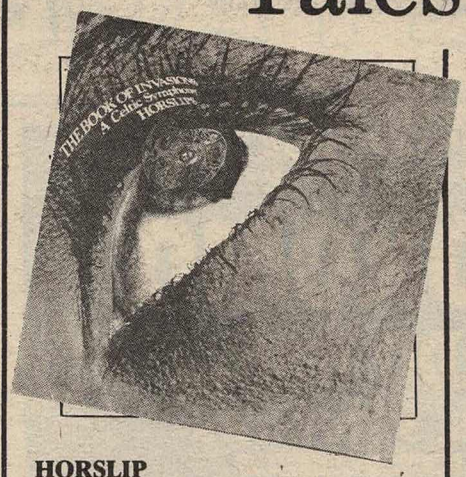
Listening to "Beat The Reaper", a panel game where the contestant has ten seconds in which to figure out what deadly disease has just been injected into him makes Monty Python's famous blackmail sketch sound like a Tony Blackburn joke by comparison.

Basically this record is as near perfect as one can get and no self-respecting person who uses brain modulators or cortex boosters should be without a copy.

So hey, CBS, spend some of those easily earned Abba royalties and *release this record!*

Chalkie Davies

Tales of Old Ireland



HORSLIP
The Book Of Invasions (Oats)

DESPITE WHAT some august worthies would have us believe, Horslips are first and foremost a rock band.

They're also Irish, crazy and well versed in the musical lore and pre-history of their native patch.

Which is where the sorcery starts.

There are various possible ways of handling venerable (traditional?) snatches of song and dance.

You can play them straight, please the purists and nobody else. You can respect the originals but add some electrics (aka Steeleye Span), have hit singles and run the risk of wrapping yourself into a stylistic straitjacket. And so on.

Horslips' method is more flexible, more radical. They grasp a suitable snatch of melody, slyly insinuate it into what's basically a straightforward rock format. They weave the motif through a song, modify and develop it.

A fairly complex undertaking, but their collective expertise as players and arrangers ensures the songs are their own justification, mostly pared down again after the grafts to uncompromising essentials.

So much for theory which in practice works a treat.

"The Book Of Invasions" is Horslips' seventh album, easily their best. The material is consistently strong, the production at long last sympathetic.

Like "The Tain", it's all of a piece and deals with Old Ireland, in this instance the Tuatha De Danaan, a semi-mythical race of warrior magicians who were eventually overcome to be worshipped as gods by their conquerors.

But that's Fate for you. For further fax consult the copious notes on the inner sleeve.

Horslips write their own lyrics. Their view of the Tuatha has a smattering (and why not?) of UFOlogy about it. There's even an unnerving sense of alienation — as in Thomas Jerome Newton — expressed in several songs.

Despite their diffident 'heroic' status, the protagonists are accessible — as people, you know. No thees, thous or other such nonsense; the lyrics are everyday English and sung with characteristically clear Irish diction.

The episodes (victories, defeats, betrayals, loves, leave-takings, etc.) are finely drawn with some evocative imagery.

The album's divided into three sections or strains. *Geantrai* (the joyous strain) takes up the first side. It has an appropriately martial intro and outro theme, also linking bridges between songs.

"Trouble With A Capital T" is the opening song, fleet and airy with unison fills from John Fean's guitar and Jim Lockhart's flute.

"The Power And The Glory" is more muscular, throbbing smoothly to the brisk smack of Eamonn Carr's drums and Barry Devlin's bass marksmanship. Lockhart moves to organ, Fean spins his chords neatly off the beat and Charles O'Connor scythes a fiddle break.

"The Rocks Remain" is relaxed. O'Connor scatters electric mandolin through the well-spaced mix before Horslips hot their full-bloodied stride in "Sword Of Light". Fean lashes echoed riffs that were once a reel; the rhythm section is brutally precise.

***Goltrai* (the lamenting strain) comprises two songs, one fast and desperate, the other grandiloquent and courtly, also a headstrong instrumental with more viciously soulful lead from Fean.**

***Suantrai* (the sleeping strain) closes with a sad, mysterious ballad and another fine riff job, split by a short acoustic interlude.**

There's an unexpectedly open ending as the power chords of "Ride To Hell" fade to flute and a repeat of the section's dominant theme.

The most striking feature of Horslips' work is their attention to detail, the way they organise their extended pieces so coherently.

***But* Son-Of-Tain this isn't. "The Book Of Invasions" is more ambitious, sophisticated and ultimately more substantial than its forerunner.**

No mean feat.

Angus MacKinnon

(Though Oats have no distribution deal outside Ireland, most record shops can probably supply the album; if not, you could always try Shannon Distribution Ltd., 240a-242a Kilburn High Road, London NW6 2BS.)

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January 30 CLIMAX BLUES BAND
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February 6 FARON YOUNG
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February 7/9 BRYAN FERRY
February 8/9/10 FRANK ZAPPA
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March 5/6 TED NUGENT
March 6 URIAH HEEP
March 10 OSCAR PETERSON & JOE PASS
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Status Quo
STAFFORD

STAFFORD WAS being abandoned as if written off in a nuclear accident. The road leading to the open countryside was lined with a refugee column of blue clad figures, resolutely stumbling through the drizzle.

Bingley Hall is a vast agricultural establishment surrounded by fields and miles out of town. When the fans got there they formed a queue a mile long and waited — for several hours. Then came a shakedown from security guards and, at last, they were in the hall, they were gonna see Quo. They ran whooping and somersaulting towards the stage — waving Quo T-shirts, banners and flags. They were in the Quo uniform of blue jeans, denim jackets and dirty tennis shoes. On one or more of these items the name of their heros was emblazoned. They were gonna have a good time.

Their host, John Peel, gave them a diet of Thin Lizzy and Rolling Stones, each of which was greeted with applause. Thousands of fans waved their arms and jumped up and down to Mandy Miller's "Nellie The Elephant" and sang along joyously with "Y Viva Espana". He even played them a snatch of the Legendary Stardust Cowboy and they cheered — they were, after all, members of the *Daily Mirror* Pop Club, and Quo had won the number hard rock band award.

In Quo's dressing room there was tea and cakes. Everyone very relaxed and friendly — very straightforward down - to - earth guys with no pretentions.

Along one wall, each on its own stand, stood a row of guitars. Rick Parfitt was showing them to people. Seeing our surprise at how much the Travis Beam weighed — much more than a normal guitar. Rick held it up. "I never heard of 'em before. We saw 'em in America and managed to pick up a couple of 'em. They cost 800 quid but I think they'll soon be worth a grand if you're into that . . ." The axe had a sturdy chrome machine head and looked quite lethal. He only uses it on one number. He placed it back next to the Gibson Les Paul.

The ending of "Hey Jude" was drowned by applause and chants of "We want Quo" as Nutz came on in the unenviable role of support act and asked the totally redundant question "Do you wanna Rock-'n'roll?"

But in the end it was time. Fourteen thousand hands met in mid-air on the off beat as Quo slammed into their first number — jeans, tennis shoes, legs apart and guitars at the correct 42 degree angle.

Out came the flags, the banners and the scarves — a condom balloon bounced delicately above their heads as the football crowd seethed and boogied.

All eyes, spotlights and TV cameras were focused in on these four guys — sometimes five, since Andy Bown sat in on keyboards on some numbers. Their every move was registered and remembered.

Francis Rossi specialises in the stiff legged stride, swinging them wide like the Tin Man in *The Wizard Of Oz*. The two basic guitar positions favoured by Quo are the "A" frame stance alternated with the "A" frame crouch, in which one bends the knees — keeping legs fully apart — leans back and points the guitar neck at 42degrees from crotch for a solo. This causes the audience to do the "Quo sway" like the audience at the Vatican waiting for an Xmas blessing.

"You awright?"' Rick Parfitt yelled out.

"Yeeaahhh!!" they roared back. He did it every couple of numbers.

Quo know their limitations and work well within them. Rossi and Parfitt don't have great voices but they can relate in a direct and no bullshit way to the audience in a way that the operatic warblings of Freddie Mercury could never achieve.

They did "Wild Side Of Life", actually a Country & Western number since it has country changes, but it still had a pile driving rhythm section that hammered everything in sight firmly to the floor ("When he lays it down, it don't get up" — Buckley).

They mostly play one chord to the bar, going through all the most predictable changes, getting inexorably louder. "I Can't Live Without Your Love" was a loud number. Ten tons of old iron falling off the back of a lorry would have had nothing on this. John Coghlan's staccato drum rolls were like being in the firing line of a rusty Gatling gun.

They made much of the Quo stride — a way of walking across stage as if you had a dose of the clap and culminating in a three point turn. They are also good at the sideways gallop, but that's easier to do.

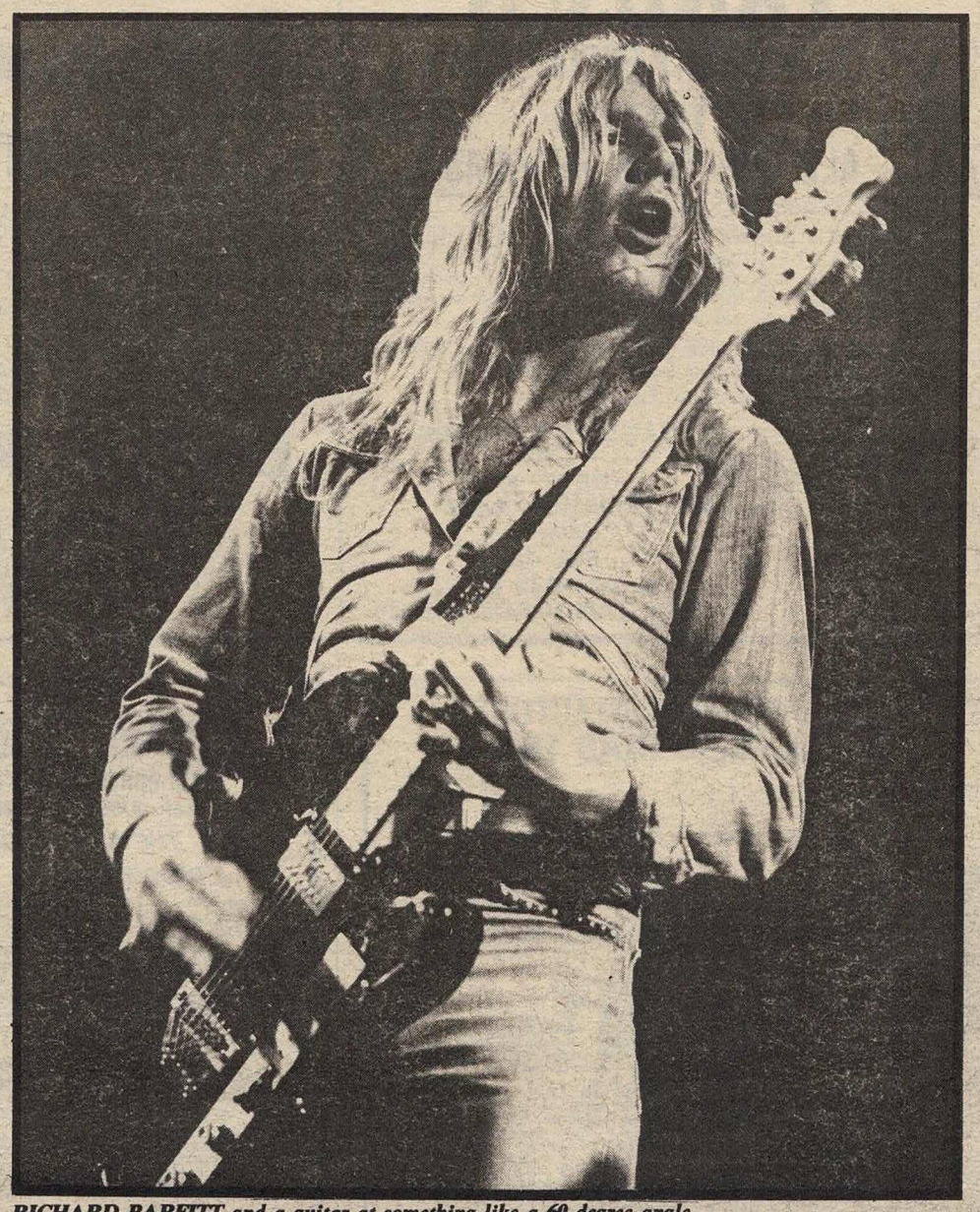
The music tends to draw heavily on old Chuck Berry riffs — in fact they encored with an extended version of "Johnny B. Goode". When they get their teeth in they are a force to be reckoned with. In a long version of "Roll Over Lay Down" Alan Lancaster's solid workmanlike presence came to the fore. They are total professionals.

The old Gerry And The Pacemakers hit "You'll Never Walk Alone", delivered as a football chant by the audience, brought them back on stage for Coghlan to do a drum solo.

Normally these are tedious, boring affairs, during which most of the group leaves the stage, but a Quo drum solo is different. When Coghlan stopped between phrases the audience responded with a great roar of approval — the kind of audience participation I've never seen before.

A Quo gig is a truly unique experience.

Miles



RICHARD PARFITT and a guitar at something like a 60 degree angle.

Foster Brothers
MANCHESTER

RICHARD MELTZER, ageing Sam Beckett of rock journalism, reckoned once that rock'n'roll is better than sex. Damned if he ain't right. This is, of course, acknowledging that groups like the Foster Brothers have as much to do with rock'n'roll as the emotionless Alistair Burnett.

The Foster Brothers are Cabaret. Not cabaret as in that sparkling new strain including such as The Fabulous Poodles, The Surprise Sisters, Mud and other sheer rock entertainers, but cabaret as in third on the bill to that juggling act from Darlington and Ronnie Hilton. This bunch could do a good spot on *New Faces;* their act could easily be encapsulated into three minutes and I bet they know Tony Hatch's *How To Succeed In The Music Business* back to front.

At first I registered mild shock that the Fosters are everything that the obviousness of their name implied they weren't; neatly groomed, well attired (nothing ostentatious. of course), polite, guileless. They grinned a lot, showing real teeth, and were awfully apologetic that they were holding the stage (a humble-modest ploy to persuade the committee to have them back).

Their precise set consisted of horribly competent, uncommitted, unadventurous three-piece boogie cuts, that had nice optimistic titles such as "Bright Lights Big City", "House Of Blue Night" and "It's Gonna Be Alright". Not quite "I don't care if it rains or freezes as long as I've got my plastic Jesus", but there's no telling what the future holds.

Paul Morley

Carol Grimes
DINGWALLS

HAVING NEITHER seen nor knowingly heard the lady in question, my anticipatory feelings were based on her reputation for delivering the live goods right side up, regardless of her showing on plastic.

Thus I was instantly disappointed by her backing group, the London Boogie Band, whose first number was merely an exercise designed to illustrate their expertise and suggest the musical backcloth for the show. They are, however, a good band — but three guitars and organ did seem potentially excessive.

Neil Hubbard produces a similar guitar sound to Larry Coryell in his early days, more distinctive than Henry McCulloch, who plays great blues guitar. Personally I'd like to see them drop the organ and the spare guitar to clean up the edges, but the band was so tight and their lead interchanges so casually precise that I really ought not to complain.

As for the Lady Herself, she entered accompanied by the shades of several white soul singers (Janis Joplin and Mama Lion must have been hovering about somewhere) but despite that she still presents a distinctive stage persona. She's got that hard woman/gentle lover aura about her, soul, sensitivity — I loved her. She's everything Elkie Brooks would like to be.

"Number One In My Heart" (great song), "Top Of The Mountain" and a Smokey Robinson tune were the highlights of the evening for me, and she finished with a long, bluesy thing during which I swear she was invested with the spirit of Joe Cocker.

There was lots of drinking and smoking, people wandering onstage to sing or play and wandering off again, and by half-time there was a thick, clubby atmosphere that drew nearly everyone into the family spilling over the stage. The hostile nether regions of Chalk Farm could not prevail against the warmth that remained after the gig, and most people went home smiling.

Neil Norman

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JAZZ DIARY

SINGER **SALENA JONES** is playing Ronnie Scott's at the moment — next one in to bat is guitarist **Kenny Burrell.** The really dedicated punter could go to The Phoenix, Cavendish Square, on the 19th, dig the **George Chisholm Quintet** which includes the splendid **Brian Smith** on tenor and soprano, stroll over the road to Ronnie's for Salena, split at dawn and cop some zeds in Dobell's doorway — first footing at the bins, don't forget — kill about 14 hours, then amble along to Seven Dials on the 20th for the magnificent **Trevor Watts' Amalgam.** Might get pegged as some kinda raccoon, but think of the saving in fares.

Alternatively, you could hang about for **Company's** "Three Nights at the Soho Poly", kick off at 8.30 on 20th, 21st and 22nd. Bill includes NME prizewinner **Evan Parker** on the saxophones, planet's finest guitarist **Derek Bailey,** and **Steve Beresford** on piano and percussion.

Cats into instruction — skip Soho ads, voice just gets higher — could attend **Mick Collins'** regular Big Band rehearsals at Sarah Siddons School in North Wharf Road, W2, or slope off to the University College School, Frognal, Hampstead, for a lecture and recital from **Tony Coe** and **Colin Purbrook.** Or, to save on shoes, stay home reading *Combo USA* by **Rudi Blesh,** to be found unjustly remaindered at 95p in most cheapo book stores.

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Brian Case

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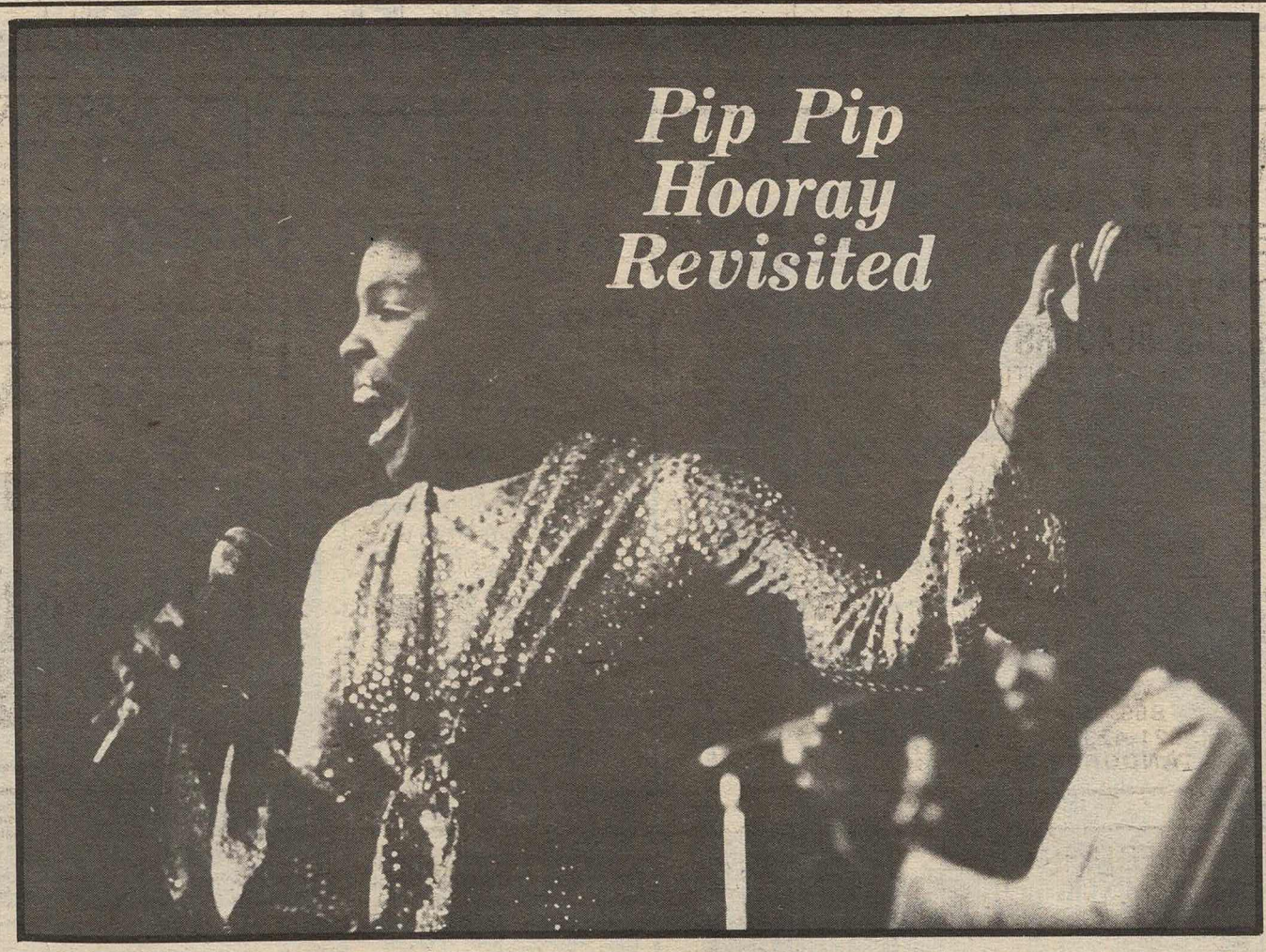

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Gladys Knight & The Pips

NEW VICTORIA

THERE IS AN unwritten guarantee with every ticket for a Gladys Knight & The Pips concert. A guarantee of complete aural, visual and emotional satisfaction. I've never yet seen them give a bad performance, nor have I ever met anyone who's had the remotest cause for complaint about the group, either as entertainers or as people.

If there are any sceptics about the group's talent left in the world they must be in hiding, probably all congregated in some remote outpost where, on the one occasion when the group played their location, the sound-system was appalling, the band incompetent, and everyone was suffering from flu or something similar. And that occasion must have been way back in the dim and distant past for, to the best of my knowledge, the group have been maintaining their consistently high standard ever since they were struggling movices — for about 18 years.

In May 1976 I was moved to gush in print about their last appearance in London and were I to construct this review as I did then it could only end up reading the same. Suffice to say, therefore, that once again Gladys Knight & The Pips justified their reputation with a show of equal stature and similar repertoire to before.

And there lies the only niggling reservation about this year's show — the fact that they chose to perform an almost identical set to last time.

Maybe it wasn't choice, but necessity. In the intervening months Gladys was temporarily off the road with her new baby, and the group had to finish work on their "Pipe Dreams" soundtrack album. As soon as those minor diversions were out of the way they began an exhaustive touring schedule which is apparently already extended into 1978. Small wonder they're still performing the bulk of last year's act.

Anyhow, since that act contains more or less every song that their newer fans would want to hear — all of the Buddah hits, three Motown favourites and their early classic, "Every Beat Of My Heart" — they couldn't really have been expected to change much, and familiarity of material only helped to strengthen the rapport twixt group and audience. Even the same comedy routine went down well again.

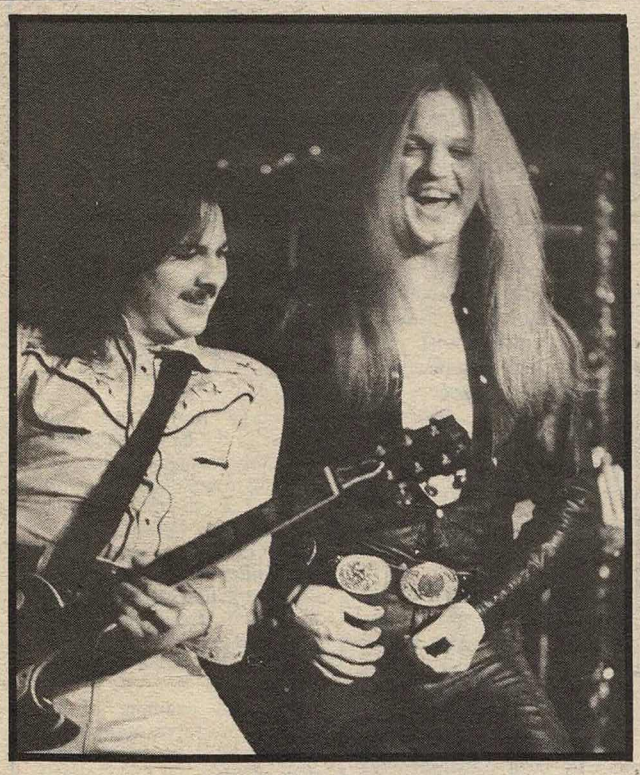
Naturally they've added their latest hit, "So Sad The Song" (and beautifully performed it was too; not a dry eye in the house), and equally entertaining was the one other new song, featuring the three male Pips without Gladys. Can't remember what it's called, but I can report that it's an apposite comment on the old days of street-corner groups trying hard for a hit, complete with a mock-up of an ancient street lamp for ethnic atmosphere. From where I was sitting, on this number The Pips looked and sounded for all the world like a relatively sane variation of the crazy Coasters. Great Stuff. Can we have more of the same, please?

With this humorous recollection of the past and the fact that they're now performing "Every Beat Of My Heart" "the way we *used* to do it" (all three Pips grouped around one mike), it seems as if this supremo family of talent have found the security to be able to look back at their formative years without flinching. If so, I sincerely hope that they'll consider resurrecting one of two more of their oldies but goodies, for although most of their Buddah material is excellent they have no need to be ashamed of their earlier recordings either.

For instance, how about dusting off "Either Way I Lose", Gladys? A great, great song, one of Van McCoy's finest, which could easily be a smash hit in 1977 even though it was ignored first time around.

But even if you chose to perform an identical set of songs next time you're in London I'll be among the first to be clamouring for a seat in the stalls. I recommend that all NME readers do the same (after I've got mine, of course).

Cliff White



GEORGE & BIG JOHN
Heavy dudes

George Hatcher

MARQUEE

IN THE SARTORIAL elegance stakes, the Maestro Of Macho-rock, George Hatcher, comes across like an unholy crossbreed of Ted Nugent and Alvin Stardust.

See the suit of shiny, shiny leather, shirt torn open with all the panache of an exiled Jim Dandy, long straight hair flying as he struts around like a demented goose on speed. And the packed house of the Marquee are giving him a rapturous reception.

George is the man who left his native Carolina to form a band in the UK, being such a lover of Heavy Sheet Metal music like Led Zep, Purple and Black Sabbath that we export over there. By getting Anglo musicians, George is now trying to emulate them in his music, along with his American heritage of such geet-down-and-boogie-y'all noise machines such as Black Oak.

That's where they're coming from and as for achieving what they set out to do — that is, in order of preference, have a real good time, getcha shaking and burn out *even more* of those rapidly diminishing brain cells — they succeed damn good. It's not exactly my cup of meat and I don't think anybody would call it world-shattering stuff, but I ain't seen so many people moving around in a Marquee audience for a long time, so many people glad they came.

They can certainly play those instruments — Big John Thomas, the lead axe, is great — and the way they brought the house down made me think the George Hatcher Band can transcend the good-support-band tag with no hassle at all.

The lyrics of the songs aren't easy to discern but seem to be mostly about getting laid, stoned and lushed, preferably all three at the same time. The titles remind me a bit of the Naz creations I heard in Germany a while back — songs like "All Night Gambler," "Rocking In The Morning", "Find A New Lover", and "First Thing Smoking". All driven out to make you feel as though somebody just nailed your ears to the wall and hit you in the face with a ten-pound sledge-hammer — rock hard sound that a (to me) surprisingly large number of people cream their jeans over.

At the end of the set they get an amazing response from their supporters and file back onstage grinning and looking as matted, ratted and, well, *ugly* as a crew of Steve Hillage lookalikes.

George put his arm around ol' Big John Thomas while the latter allowed his aw-shucks-folks grin to spread across his podgy, amiable features as George drawled that Big John had got stoned for the first time that very night. Then they stormed into the encore of "Drinking Man" and I knew that they had just given me the definition of what the George Hatcher Band are all about.

Tony Parsons

WHAT ARE ALL THESE LIZARDS DOING IN MY PAD, MAN?

Bastille, Rudi & The Zips

FFORDE GREENE
LEEDS

BAD DREAMS, MAN, John W. Hamblett is having a bad dream. Dig man: I am locked in a tiny, tiled room with a crowd of irksome and weird lizard-like reptiles, and they look DANGEROUS, MAN! Woe, man, this dream is giving me nasty brain tremors, I must wake up.

Have woken up, man . . . I think — in my condition it is not always easy to be sure. Must be awake, the Nirvana of Golden Slumbers could not, under any circumstances, man, be so mothering awful as this. Lead weights on eyeballs, crazy medieval knights jousting with brain, giant Black husband-eating Widow spiders crawling up spine.

Good morning world, man, John W. Hamblett is ready for you. Simply imperative I drag my body out of this bed, man, it's noon already and tonight I have a very important job of work to do. This only leaves me approximately eight hours to make preparations, man. Vital preparations. Arise, man, right NOW! But first I have to get some more desperately needed zzzzzzz's.

Situation completely out of control, man, as per usual. Sleep cycle over-shot Estimated Time of Touch Down by three hours, man. It's 5 pm. Why do I do these things, man? Sometimes I think I'm a failure, stupid isn't it? Genius is pain, man. Hold it, man, right there, must write that down. Talk to you later, man, must get to Leeds, IMMEDIATELY.

Hideous bus journey, man. Like to fill you in on the details, if only for the sake of posterity, but my hypersensitive memory bank has already activated the eraser mechanism. Just count yourself lucky, man . . . Haaa, Fforde Greene, man, destination safely made, wonders will never cease. Nearly forgot in the general chaos that is such a constant feature of my everday life, man, tonight is New Year's Eve, which accounts for the strange vibrations, man. Druid vibrations. Haven't got the time to go into that now, but remind me to tell you about the time I was Boss Druid, man, later.

There is no room at this bar, man. Bar clearing tactics called for, man, adopt love - sick - gorilla - with - a - hernia face contortion. Freak out entire bar. Instant space. Order drink, blend in with crowd, I must not be recognised, man.

Bastille take the stage, man. The sound is diafuckingbolical, man, too loud. The vocals are unintelligible, the music is lacklustre, boring and quite wonderful, man. Oh, orgasmicus cosmicata, man, they are playing "Stairway To Heaven" and totally screwing up, too much, man. Really, man, "House Of The Rising Sun" is halfway decent, what a let down, sacrificing their utter shitness at the scurvy alter of mass appreciation. Man, you would not believe what some people will do for a little applause.

They have finished their set, man. I think I am drunk, better go to the bar and score another drink, Rudi and the Zips next and last, man. The bass player used to play for Bebop Deluxe at one time, man, so I figure we two stars should get together. I am making my way across the room, I am falling apart at the seams, I am spilling my drink. Somebody, man, somebody has wallpapered over the doors, I cannot get into the dressing room.

"John.W.Hamblett, N.M.E. Pleek to meep you, man." Bass player engrossed in work, putting eye make-up on. Very intricate, man. Enter guitar player, friendly cat. He is trying to communicate, man. Cannot comprehend. He is turning green, man, a horrible green. Scaly reptiles oozing from cracks in tiles. Must get to the bar, man, AT ONCE! EMERGENCY!

A strange conglomeration of fluid-featured Venusians with pointed Spock ears, and giant creepy-crawly lizards with starey eyes are on stage, man. What happened to Rudi and the Zips, man? This is no good, man, you must keep your cool, no sweat, man, John W. Hamblett is always cool . . . AAAARRRGGHHH!! The monsters, man, are everywhere. Need fresh air, man, the blood is rushing to my big toe, man. The big bird is in flight. WE HAVE LIFT OFF! Albatross, Albatross.

John W. Hamblett, man

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Argent

ST. ALBANS

LIKE ALL good rock gigs, it was, above all else, an occasion — a reunion of local heroes after a year's separation. No doubt about it, Argent are still heroes in St Albans, and news of a partial reunion packed the town's top rock pub, the Horn of Plenty, to a degree or two above the discomfort level. I suppose it's worth the odd crushed foot and bruised rib cage to see Rod Argent, John Grimaldi and Jim Rodford — who haven't played together since the band split a year ago — back in action.

But first to squeeze onto the stand was a group based around Grimaldi, with fellow guitarist Pete Ernest, bassist Dan Brown, and drummer Geoff Seopardie. Their four numbers were, in fact, the only truly arranged music heard all evening. Outstanding were Grimaldi's "Crossfire Lines" and Dan Brown's instrumental "Instant Dan" — a combination of solid funk rhythm and spacey, ethereal sound.

I hope it's not the last we'll hear of this particular combo. Grimaldi's guitar playing is pure texture. Notes pour forth like molten precious metal, forming fragile structures that merge surprisingly with the earthier rhythm section. With a frighteningly fast fretboard technique, and the judicious use of a cluster of effects pedals, he was definitely guitar hero of the night.

Then came the names that justified the "all star jam" that was advertised: Rod Argent, tucked away in a corner behind Fender Rhodes piano and Moog, Jim Rodford on bass, the tireless Seopardie still behind his elaborate kit, Grimaldi on guitar, and an unexpected guest, Isotope guitarist Gary Boyle who stood in front of the stage (no room *on* it) with his back to the crowd.

With virtually no rehearsal, it was very much a free blow — Seopardie holding the show together, and still finding time to throw in a liberal supply of percussive licks and tricks while the other instruments swapped solos. They played a selection of jazz-funk improvisations, including Chick Corea's "Song Of The Pharoes", "On Green Dolphin Street", by Miles Davis, and Stevie Wonder's "Cos We've Ended As Lovers".

Argent, who for some reason contorts his face and mouth when he solos as if he were picking the notes from betweeen his teeth, played at four-notes-to-the-beat speed, technically impressive, but a shade uninspired. Gary Boyle, inhibited perhaps by the borrowed gear he was using, was mainly inaudible, except for a few rather perfunctory solo breaks. Grimaldi stood out, unfailingly interesting and seemingly able to bring a new angle to every break he played.

But long instrumental jams devoid of vocals can be a little wearing, and some way through a feeling of sameness — that the musicians were settling comfortably into well worn grooves — raised doubts about whether the heat and the crush were worth the music going down.

Still, it's not every night you get chance to see genuine rock stars free of charge. Everyone gasped and sweated dauntlessly. It was, after all an occasion.

Later, as the heat got steamier, John Verity, Argent's other guitarist, joined in, and by the end there were, I think, six axemen on or around the stage. The music got funkier, some managed to dance on the spot, the applause got more raucous, it was great fun.

Argent had reached the limit of their musical development when they split last year. Their all star jam was a night to remember — but probably not one to repeat.

Pete Sutton

ROD's face action and BOYLE's guitar

SEVERN & SEVERN IS . . .

Dragons

BRISTOL

IF SOMEONE were to accost you with a daunting diatribe concerning the various merits of Bristol rock, chances are your first thoughts would be of Dana Gillespie (well that's offed the first of my New Year resolutions). Likewise in those barbaric wastelands north of Cheltenham "Avon beat" would probably conjure up images of a cosmetics peddlar's sales route, rather than a fecund breeding ground for rocking rhythms.

In fact, since Stackridge applied the self-destruct button, the only musical face associated with the West Country has been the extremely unacceptable one of the Wurzels. However last year saw the emergence in Bristol of some excellent groups such as Looney Tunes, Cortinas, Skywhale and many more, playing everything from funk to punk — although the potential of this movement is currently being hindered by the sad lack of suitable pub/club venues in the city.

Leading the field at the moment, both musically and by virtue of their having secured a contract with DJM, are a spiffing band called Dragons, who played their last gig of '76 on New Year's Eve at The Granary, one of the very few places that regularly feature new rock acts.

The four members of the group, George Smith on rhythm guitar and lead vocals, Huw Gower on lead guitar and vocals, Joe Birch on bass and vocals and Nick Howell on drums and singing, have been together for about a year. But behind that lies a tracery of musical experience in a multiplicity of bands and rent-paying cabaret work that has honed them into fine musicians. Their music is an eclectic mixture of rock, funk, soul and reggae — a definite American influence ranging from Steely Dan to Little Feat to the Cate Brothers, plus imaginative harmonies inspired by the early Beatles albums. Thankfully it sounds a lot better than it looks.

The strengths of the band far outnumber the weaknesses, which on this occasion stem from the loose — you might even say liquid — nature of this festive gig. The rhythm section is tight, though not as tight as the audience; Howell copes equally well with all the different styles, interweaving neatly with the characteristic reverberating metal attack of Birch's Rickenbacker.

But it is the melodies of their songs like "Best Of Both Worlds", "Misbehavin' " and "Don't Turn Your Back", that make the group worth a special listen. The fact they got a recording contract within six months or so of their formation underlines this.

George Smith, the main writer in the band, leads them very ably onstage. Tonight he's looking rather classy in a white suit — I tell you this man could be the new Howard Werth. Huw Gower has a very sinuous lead guitar style (resonances of the Dan), making tasteful use of his FX pedals and always prepared to make you take notice with the insertion of the unexpected.

A good example of the group's inventive approach is the slowed down version they play of "It's All Over Now", giving a decidedly reggaeish feel; that might sound odd but they make it work and it goes down very well with the crowd.

Dragons are at present recording an album and separate EP to be released later in the year. They achieved a lot in 1976, but they are under no illusions about how much they still have to do. For them 1977 holds a long, tiring and hazardous journey through the motorway cafes of this sceptered isle, bringing their sparkling scales to you boys and girls out there in be-bop-a-lula land. They're sure to be coming your way, so forget the Wurzels and go and enjoy some hot stuff from the Dragons.

David Housham

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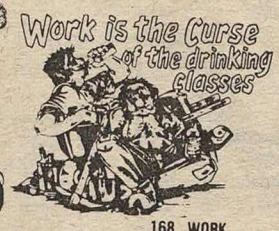

168. WORK

517. TRUCKIN'

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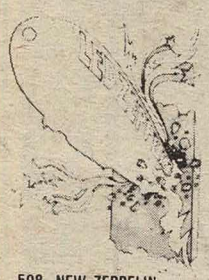
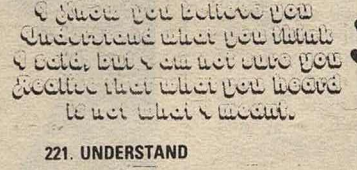


508. NEW ZEPPELIN

214. BIONIC COCK



221. UNDERSTAND

612. PATCH

528. APOLLO

229. SERENE BOOZER

162. LENIN

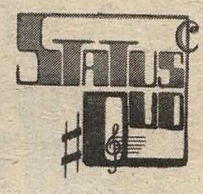
159 BEETHOVEN

JOIN THE AIR FORCE
FLY OVER DIFFERENT COUNTRIES
LOOK DOWN
ON FRIENDLY WAVING PEOPLE
AND DROP BOMBS ON THEM
219. JOIN AIRFORCE

506. STATUS QUO

650 CHOKED

175. UNION JACK



135 STATUS QUO

224. WINGS

JOIN THE NAVY
SAIL TO FAR OFF DISTANT PORTS
MEET PASSIONATE ORIENTAL BEAUTIES
AND CATCH
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222. JOIN THE NAVY

150. PINK FLOYD (2)

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129. CONTENTS

I THINK I'M ALLERGIC TO MORNING!

223. ALLERGIC

160. CHE

161. JAMES DEAN

FLY UNITED

132. FLY UNITED

215. SING IN MORNING

227. MILCH TRAY

220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

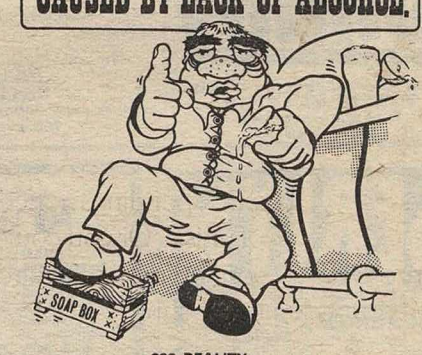
WHY IS MAN ON THIS PLANET?
WHY IS SPACE INFINITE?
WHY ARE WE DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU READING MY BLOODY SLOGAN?

157. BLOODY SLOGAN

Nazareth

200. NARAZETH

REALITY IS AN ILLUSION, CAUSED BY LACK OF ALCOHOL.



232 REALITY

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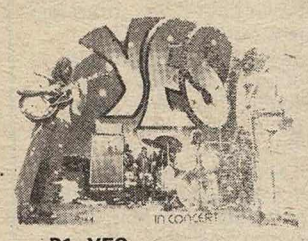
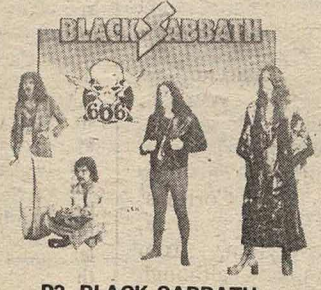
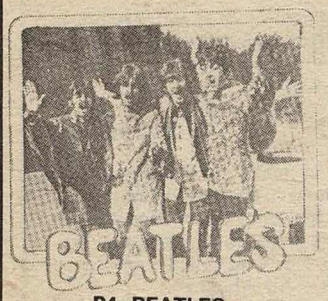


P1. YES

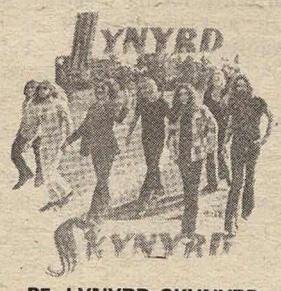


P2. BLACK SABBATH

P3. McCARTNEY

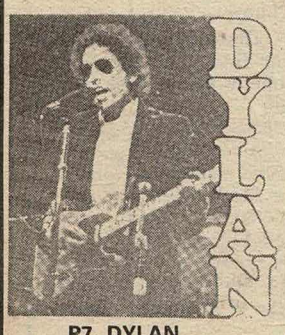


P4. BEATLES



P5. LYNYRD SKYNYRD

P6. ROD STEWART



P7. DYLAN

P.9 GYPSY QUEEN

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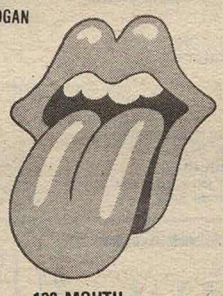

132 MOUTH

115 BLACK SABBATH

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Ted Nugent
J. Geils Band
Rex

CLEVELAND, OHIO

SOMETHING OLD, something new, something borrowed, something blue. Nineteen thousand souls crammed the new sport emporium for an evening of ingredients resembling the requirements for an old fashioned wedding.

For something new they got a four months-old band called Rex, an impressive five-piece unit who play, sing, jump and holler as if they were top of the bill and there was no tomorrow. Bearing no resemblance or connection to the group starting their Rex off with a "T", this New York based group with a CBS contract came off like sure hotshots for the 1980s or earlier.

In the something old and blue department, the J. Geils Band, survivors of the rhythm and blues wars since their emergence on the national scene in 1970, bounded aboard and played splendidly.

J. Geils' set equals a greatest hits album. It's surprising how many well-known tunes the band has under its belt. From the opener, "Love-itis", through the encore, "Musta Got Lost", scarcely a tune was lost to the average rock listener. No new stuff was played. Considering that, it's even more to the band's credit that its performance was never sloppy or lax.

Frontman Peter Wolf, now past 30, is still the wiry-maniac ball of energy who zonked out audiences at the Lyceum and Edmonton, Sundown gigs way back in '71.

The band, still intact with the original personnel, are also characters in their own right — and yet the impact is that of a smooth blend. There are no startling soloists in the lot, each man contributing in just the right place at the right time.

Borrowed is Ted Nugent's legacy. We've seen it before, ferocious madman stage antics, flashy guitar playing, and a heavy lean on the tune not really being the "thing". It's the overall effect that his audience wants and gets — merciless volume, a relentless display of guitar expertise coupled with violent energy.

The Nugent set consisted of tunes from his two latest albums, his first after a decade of recording to rack up impressive sales. The marriage of different textures, musical "feel", raw youth razzamataz and screaming hero soloing was just what the Coliseum congregation came for.

Joe Stevens

FULLY LUBRICATED

The Vibrators

AMSTERDAM

FOR MOST OF the Paradiso audience, "No Fun" is their first taste of live English punk rock, and there could hardly be a better way to start: tongue-in-cheek nihilism, stampeding guitars and grotesque flash.

They're amused, seem to enjoy it, give it quite a good reception.

For various rather cliquey reasons, the Vibrators have been almost universally spurned by the U.K. music press, an attitude which reflects their standing among what Hugh Cornwall of the Stranglers recently referred to as "the hard-core manipulated people" in the new wave audience.

This surely indicates that fashion is uppermost in their preoccupations — fair enough — because the Vibrators play really well. They write rinkydink punk, songs that blitz comically through tidy chord sequences with dumb bondage lyrics, mixed with playschool anarchy in the Pistols mould invariably as catchy as flypaper: maybe the Ramones of English punk.

Tonight they're immensely better that when I've previously seen them in the desolate of the Rock Garden. Leader Ian "Knox" Carnochran, the one in the white-rimmed shades, Lou Reed emaciation, pink T-shirt and silver glitter ankle-chafers, just manages to squeeze a genuine guitar solo (innovative, huh?) into excellent "Whips And Furs", B-side of their single, before "I Need A Slave Tonight", awfully similar but uglier and less co-ordinated.

Pat Collier, the curly blond bass player in the leather trousers, sings his "Jenny Jenny", not dissimilar to Mitch Ryder's, before they do a Damned-styled "Help" job on "Jumping Jack Flash". What words. John Ellis, the skinhead with no eyebrows, plays a pretty good feedback solo. The response is excellent; even here the desire for bands to act as human jukeboxes is not entirely surpressed.

"This is about a friend of mine. He's dead", announces Knox inanely as they thunder into an unintelligible song highlit by his screeching solo. This band have a knack of crashing into silence and picking the riff back up almost subliminally like a train going through a tunnel and into daylight.

"The slow one tonight," says Collier as they roar into "Sweet Sweet Heart" at a ludicrous pace, Knox' vocal imitating his lookalike and influence on the heavied Velvets licks shot full of speed. The guitars bubble frenziedly on the break, and even fall into a dual riff.

Collier's terrible rap — "This is what the Vibrators are all about, getting up and doing it" (could this be a mickey-take too? Unfortunately not) — introduces "She Ain't Got No Heart", featuring a Gary Glitter style chant of *"No heart no feelings, no love."*

Half a dozen kids are dancing madly upfront, but nobody's shown them how to pogo. The instrumentally excellent "I Wanna Be Your Nazi Baby" — we'll attempt to get to grips with the lyrics during the interview that's coming soon — is followed by the oft-scorned, immaculate "We Vibrate". It's another Pat Collier song — he writes the lighter fare — and Ellis duplicates his neat solo from the single before John Edwards' frantic drums push it through that exhilarating cliche, the key change.

"1969" features melodic feedback over droll, mindless vocals, and they finish very abruptly after the boring "Bad Time".

Twelve numbers in 35 minutes. Tonight they were great; back in uptight London I may well find them too repetitive to hold my attention.

If you see new wave as the music of rebels, the trumpeting of the revolution — dole queue frustration, dead end aggression, high rise rebellion and all those dreary platitudes — the Vibrators will probably be too wishy washy. And too witty.

Phil McNeill

KNOX of The Vibrators

FLASHES

RACING CARS packed the Marquee so tight on Thursday even Eddie and the Hot Rods would have been jealous. They seemed to deserve it, too — not sure that we did; friendly though the atmosphere was, it's hard to focus on what's happening onstage when all your energy's centred on trying to get your glass up to your mouth.

Prime asset for me was the Cars' superb guitarist No. 1, Ray Ennis, a continually inventive stream of lead styles rippling off his axe, notes popping slyly out in all directions. The whole band — guitarist Graham Williams, bassist David Land and drummer Robert Wilding — are similarly adept: fluid, attractive rock, heavy enough to move you, tricky enough to keep you alert . . .

I couldn't see well enough to check out the perambulations that apparently make him the usual centre of attention, but Morty, who also writes the Racing Cars' neat songs, sings well, slight shades of the likes of Paul Rodgers combined with the astute timing the songs require.

They've been widely tipped for imminent success, and certainly it would be good to see it happen, but the market for subtle rock in the UK '77 isn't enormous. Look, they're not "vicious" or "fast" or "aggressive" or "powerful" — but neither are you, are you? They *are* clever, and if you are too you'll get on the case.

Phil McNeill

ROOGALATOR are finally going to make it, it seems. They played a set at Dingwalls that could sound really great on vinyl, thus getting over the problem that they've had since their conception — but they still have about as much stage presence as a pregnant pig. Still, you can't win them all. Give the lads your support and try to listen to their truly excellent stiff EP, "All Aboard".

Chalkie Davies

THE GORILLAS have only played a couple of gigs yet they managed to pack out the Nashville on Thursday night. The audience was predominatly punk, including Eddie and The Hot Rods, The Damned, The Clash, and a Johnny Rotten lookalike with his girlfriend on a dog collar and lead.

The music was strange, to say the least; they sounded like a very bad version of the Small Faces, The Troggs and Black Sabbath (they take their trip to '66 very seriously and it makes you wonder what on earth we all looked like dressed as Mods), but there was something definitely there to get you to move about a bit.

The thing that worries me about it all, though, is that these bands are getting too much publicity far to early in their careers. Give them about twenty or thirty more gigs and I think they might find themselves coming out on top of the rest of the 'dole queue rockers'.

Chalkie Davies

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ACROSS

1 The former McCoy, he's working extensively for the Winter Bros as well as pursuing solo career (4,9)
6 Hit the U.K. and U.S. charts 1964 with "Tobacco Road"; despite their name, they came from Harlow, Essex! (9,5)
9 Doyen of Los Angeles sidemen; you'll find him in this week's issue (2,6)
11 Gregg's old lady, as she was (4,4)
13 Sell no rules (anag. 4,7)
14 See 17
15 His was the voice on the original "Gloria"; that's *"G-L-O-R-I-A"* (3,8)
16 10cc's first No. 1 (6,7)
19 Label
21 Buddy Holly's first hit (5,3)
23 Of the Union Gap (4,7)
25 James/...../Sugar
27 Written by Badfinger, a No. 1 for H. Nilsson (7,3)
28 From 1973, Sly Stone elpee
29 Peter/...../Manalishi

DOWN

1 Lecherous axeman in Spirited State (all puns intended, and watch the capital letters)! (5,10)
2 Heaved by the Heep (5,5)
3 L'il strong ones (anag. 7,6)
4 A rasta compliment *(and you try paying a rasta anthing else!)*
5 Plays guitar or lights your fags!
7 Now endeth pets (anag. 4,9)
8 Beatles elpee
10 The Jackal? Nope, nothing so exciting. Just some religious guitarist in a white suit . . .
12 From 21 years ago, Elvis A. Presley's very first No. 1 (10,5)
14 Went to Surf City with Dean
17 & 14 across Elton John single (5,3,3,4)
18 If you could only read his mind . . . maybe you'd be hot-trottin' it too!
20 20 A hit for Mud, originally by Bill Withers (4,2,2)
22 Since Fanny (whatever happened to Fanny?), rock's numero uno chick rock group
24 See 26
25 Ms St. Marie
26 & 24 Floydie

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW

ACROSS: 1 Dick Taylor; 8 John McVie; 9 Clive James; 11 Ike Turner; 12 Peter Tosh; 13 Alvin (Lee); 16 Bob (Seger); 17 Bernie Taupin; 19 Taste; 20 "Tracks Of My Tears"; 24 Roy Wood; 26 Seger; 28 "Doctor My Eyes"; 30 (Corky) Laing; 31 Sam Cooke; 32 Hall (& Oates; 34 Cannon; 35 Etta; 36 Sweet. **DOWN:** Dickie Betts; 2 Clive Davis; 3 Al Jardine; 4 Joe (South); 5 "Annie's (Song)"; 6 Scott; 7 Mike Stoller; 10 Earl Slick; 12 Paul Thompson; 15 Quintessence; 17 Betty Wright; 18 "Ummagumma"; 21 Amon Duul; 22 Angie Bowie; 23 Freddie (Cannon); 25 & 27 Ducks Deluxe; 29 Lee; 31 "(Annie's) Song"; 33 Sax.

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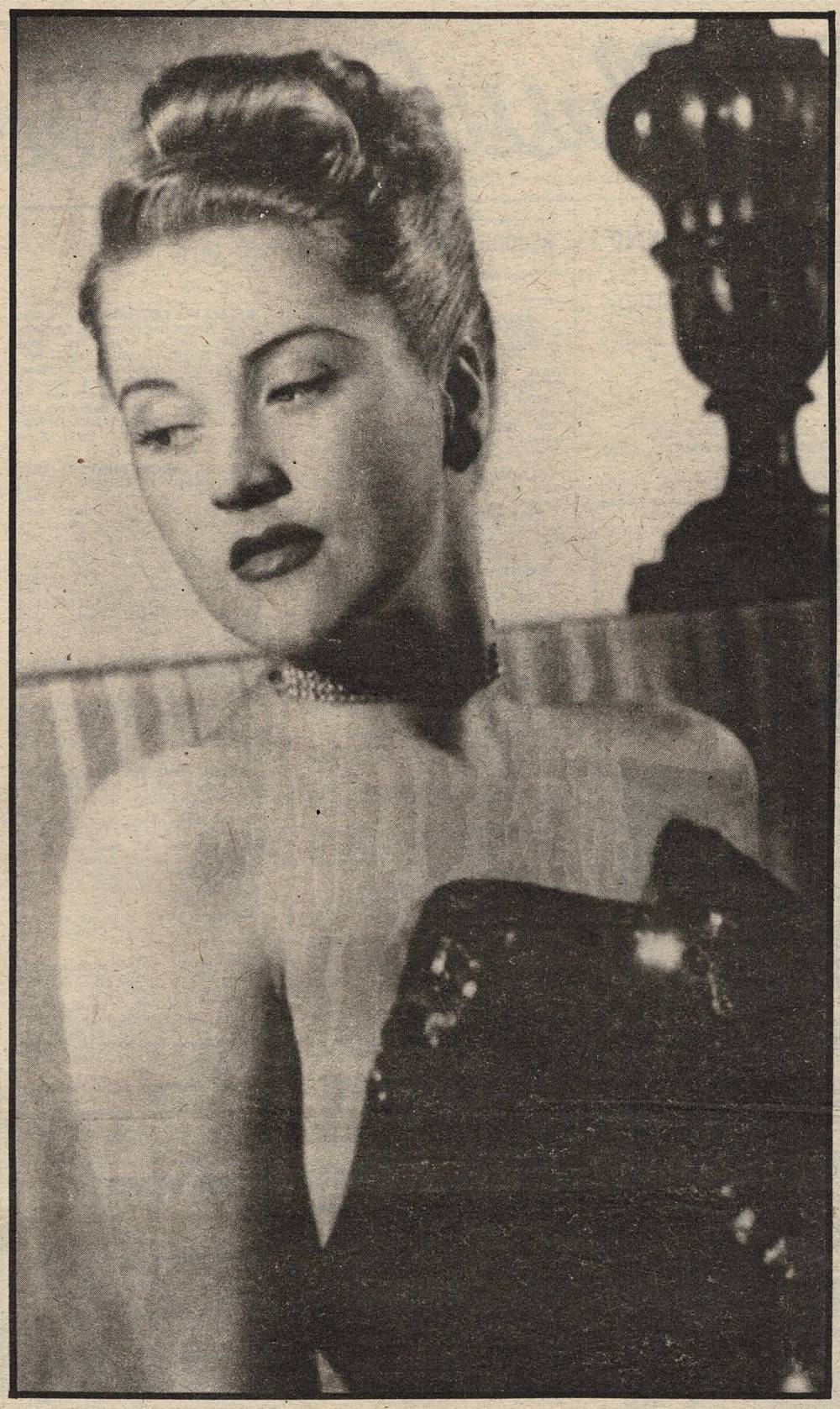
these are but a few of the wonderful things nestling in

VELDA DACQUIRI'S Hand Bag



The winner of 1977's first Velda Dacquiri Lookalike Contest

I MAY HATE "Anarchy In The UK" and I may have had a less than excellent time at a recent Pistols' gig but but when I read about the business with Bill Grundy, my logic was that any group, no matter how awful, must have some good points if they can cause this kind of stir.

In fact, I was all for the UK punk rock movement until I read even more about so-called "Anarchy", about gobbing on so called "Poseurs", all this hyper-violent crap which was made even more sickening by the condescending excuses made for it by rock critics.

Well, who's a poseur? As I skimmed over the New Year's issue of the *NME* I read a piece which justifiably took up a full page.

It was done by a man who is frequently more perceptive and less likely to be done in by hype than the other Gremlins up there in Kings Reach.

Yeah, Tony Benyon.

In the Lone Groover's sad encounter with Los Yukos he pointed out who the real Poseurs are. Not to say that a lot of the fat establishment pigs aren't poseurs either, though. The dictionary defines a poseur as someone who poses to impress others. 'Nuff said.

Also this "anarchy" business. It was pointed out before in Gasbag or Crassbag or whatever bag, that the term has been as mangled as some unfortunate attendants of punk gigs. Anarchy is not "let's-beat-him-up-for-some-action," anarchy is fighting the establishment.

By the establishment I mean the fat pigs who are exploiting youth, not someone who has long hair and likes Zeppelin. Besides, the likes of Zep and The Stones haven't entered the establishment, they've infiltrated it. Sure they check into fine hotels but they throw their colour TV sets through the window. They may have left the country but not to keep money, just to be able to make what they think they deserve. They are rebelling against the oppressive tax laws and it is the real ass lickers who are staying in the country.

They may have more money, but the fat cats still hate them and the feeling is mutual. The figures have risen but the song — rebellion — remains the same.

And when I say "rebellion", I mean without violence. It's bad enough that for years Teds or Rockers or Mods or Skinheads or whatever have been out for a bit of blood on Saturday night, but now that they've invented a new neo-political reason for busting heads: What's more, they have the support of all the music critics. Tell you what, do you want me to exercise a bit of "anarchy" on you? We'll see who's the future of rock and roll . . . if there's anybody left by that time.

If you realised that you are simply looking for some new, fresh rock and roll after the "Black And Blue", Earls Court and Charlton debacles you don't need to tag yourself to a movement that will ultimately prove itself redundant sooner or later.

The real rock and rollers have been here all the time, and even the poor critics have admitted they were great, but they dimmed in the light of poseur-rock movement.

Just stop and listen though. Graham Parker and The Rumour, Eddie And The Hot Rods and of course the best rock group in the known universe, Dr Feelgood. And coming from a Led Zeppelin fan, that's a lot.

CACOFONIX THE BARD, Galway, Ireland.

● I know *exactly* what you mean about "being intimately connected with the person next to you" — *that*, my dear, is the *true* meaning of rock and roll.

WHAT THE fnurg is Julie Burchill saying when she writes about "working class kids with the guts to say no to being office, factory and dole fodder"?

Hasn't she heard of workers' control?

Who is going to make these records you review if nobody works in a factory, not to mention technology such as hi-fi systems? A little more thoughtfulness please next time. Some analysis, too.

UNSIGNED (no address given).

● My *dear*, how do you expect to be taken *seriously* if you are too *scared* to sign your own letter. *Loved* the *pretty* pink paper it was written on, though. Anyway, if you'd read last week's *Teazers*, my *lambie-pie* you'd know that, due to *someone's* little mistake, the piece that happened under Julie's name was by Tony Parsons and *vice* versa.

WAS Dr Winston O'Boogie a prophet seeing the future, way back in Beatle days, or was he into punk rock circa 1969?

"You should see polythene Pam,
So good looking but she looks like a man,
Well you should see her in drag
Dressed in a polythene bag."

A CIVIL SERVANT, Hastings, East Sussex

● Velda has to *confess* that John Winston is her *idol* (shame about Yoko. Still, I want him to be *happy*, my sweet) therefore I *must* come to the conclusion that he was, and *still* is, a prophet. If you're reading this, John *dear*, pop over and *see* us sometime.

I WRITE with reference to Annie Errigo's article on Led Zeppelin containing a reference to Scientology. So Led Zeppelin, Scientology, Druidism and Manchester Unitedism are all religions? So what else is new? Answer this: What have Johnny Rotten, Annie Errigo, Miss World and Gasbag got in common? I don't know. Ask Annie Errigo. Seriously though, your metaphors can get a bit stretched.

PAUL SPENCER-SMITH, Church of Scientology.

● I have *never* heard of anyone known as Annie Errigo. No one of *that* name has *ever* written for this publication. Perhaps you mean Angie.

YOUR GENESIS review (*NME* January 1) was the final straw in a lot of recently hellish reviews for some excellent albums. The review Angie Errigo (a future Patti Smith — God save us — one's enough) wrote about Genesis makes me sick. To finish off, she says "But nobody could call it stimulating."

It's the most stimulating album I've heard for a while. I suppose she only listened to it once which would probably explain it. Never judge an album on one listen.

JOHN CAMPBELL, Aberdeen

IN REPLY to your derivative, undirected and fundamentally listless review concerning the newie from Genesis, we think you stink. A few points: Obsolescence? How is this possible? Today's Genesis is twice the group it was. Gabriel was not in fact God, as Collins and Co have proved.

Self-indulgent, overflowing instrumental?

Genesis portrays the bringing together and overlapping of four individually brilliant approaches to their work. Together their ultimate aim, to which they are nearing, is one of total unity, not one of self indulgence. This explains the "meandering synthesiser" which is Banks' own "solidly interesting" approach overlapping the rest of the groups'.

We suggest that when reviewing further Genesis albums — a practice which I sincerely hope in the future you leave to the more musically competent members of your team — that you go into a room where there are no pictures of Pistols, The Damned and other nonentities and listen to Genesis as it should be done — in total silence.

STEVE AND GIL, No address supplied.

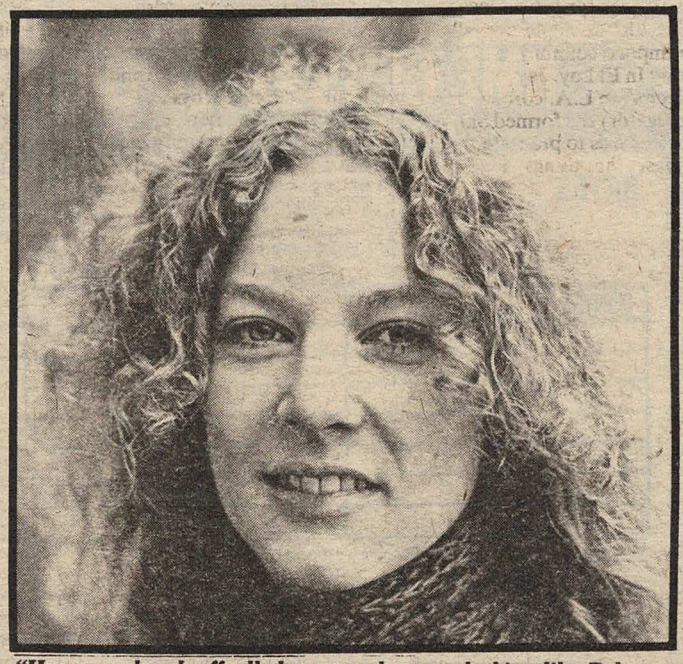
● Dear John: Anyone on *NME* who reviewed an elpee after one listen would be *fired* on the spot, my *dear*. So that puts your theory to rest. Actually even suggesting that is quite insulting.

● Dear Steve and Gil: For *my* part I certainly *don't* believe Genesis to be "twice the group it was" (have they added *that* many new members?) *That's* just point one, *dearie*. Point two: have you *never* heard of a difference of taste or opinion? And point three: cute Angie is competent musically.

GENESIS HAVE got the same electric cooker as we have.

FRENSLEY, Stourbridge.

● Ah, but can you *dance* to it, my dear?



"Hey guys, knock off all that crap about me looking like Robert Plant. I'm the real Angie Errigo and CHALKIE DAVIES took this picture. Ho-kayyyyy . . . "

BENYON

"What we want is an outrageous, shocking group, but not so shocking and outrageous that we can't make lotsa bread out of them with a clear conscience."

TEAZERS

A WEEKLY CONTEMPLATION

Here comes the new wave . . . same as the old wave! This little lot were the band on the encore of Patti Smith's "My Generation" at New York's New Year's Eve Palladium gig. L. to r. Jonathan Paley, Leigh Foxx, David Johanssen, Lenny Kaye, Dee Dee Ramone, Patti Smith, Jay Dee Dougherty, Tom Verlaine, John Cale, Ivan Kral.

WHAT DASTARDLY plot are **Leonard Cohen** and **Phil Spector** currently hatching up in the Hollywood Hills? Aside from comparing neuroses, yon lads are rumoured to be collaborating on a stack of new songs, cutting demos and booking studio time in February. Teazers delved deeper and discovered that Cohen and Spector are considering making an "Imagine"-type album together. Meanwhile, the plot thickens; even **Bob Dylan** has been a recent house-guest of Spector's . . .

The inimitable **Gladys Knight & The Pips** nothing less than superb on Top Of The Pops (not to mention their London concerts at the New Victoria) . . .

And where else but on TOTP would one expect to hear a compere **(Kid Jensen)** announce an act **(Jethro Tull)** as "completely unpredictable", then proceed to screen a *repeated* film-clip?

More Unconfirmed Rumours Dept: RAK Records the latest company to sniff at **Roogalator . . .**

Chris Spedding *did* originally produce four **Sex Pistols** tracks, but RAK neither affirm nor deny the Spedding-on-"Anarchy" single rumours. It also seems they reckon Christopher blew it by bandwagoning so naively — but their interest in **The Vibrators** continues. So where do **John Wetton** and **Paul Thompson** fit in? . . .

Toilet training for beginners: Seems that the length of **Ted Nugent's** hair is interfering with his sanitary arrangements somewhat. In a nutshell Ted's finding it difficult to keep his locks unsoiled when he uses the john and is threatening to have it gasp — "all cut off."

Some folks just ain't got no taste; seems that the **Bay City Rollers** have been asked to write the title track for **George Segal's** forthcoming movie "Rollercoaster" . . .

More scam from celluloid city would have us believe that octogenarian **Michael Philip Jagger** isn't going to appear in "Othello" adaptation but instead will star in "Moontrap" — a movie to be directed by Mick's mate **Jack Nicholson.**

Oh yeah, and four years after first mooting the project **Cheech & Chong** announce that first movie "Up In Smoke" about to go into production . . .

Good luck to A & M Records publicity director **Mike Ledgerwood** who sets sail for the new world to take on the company's East Coast Publicity Directorship in Noo Yawk . . .

Useless information: Contrary to what you may think, honkie funksters **Wild Cherry** didn't name themselves after a boiled sweet, but the most popular flavour of Candi-Pants; a brand of ladies edible bikini briefs . . .

Ayyy . . . if ITV don't bring back **The Fonz** pretty damn soon, and give him to the whole of the U.K. too . . . well, they better just bring back The Fonz pretty damn soon . . .

And now a word from our sponsors; **Donovan** on Donovan: "I was the first feminine speaker — a boy who spoke sissy things. They thought I was gay, and of course that scene's changed . The new children are very hip. I have a revolutionary feeling, but it's a soft revolution . . ."

Rumours persist that **The Who** and **Beach Boys** are contemplating a joint European junket in early Summer . . .

Let's hear it for the rich folk. On their honeymoon flight, **Grace Slick** and **Skip Johnson** made an unscheduled stop-over at the leper colony on Molokai and picked up a leper who was hitch-hiking to Hawaii. He was apparently past the infection stage. Fly Jefferson Leper-Ship!

Capricorn Records bass, **Phil** "I'm a J & B man" **Walden** has been appointed to the 39-member Presidential Inauguration Committee which means **Sea level** and **Marshall Tucker** are gonna get to play for **Jimmy Carter,** natch . . .

Apart from mulling over offers to take a band to the Land of Oz, isn't **John Lennon** also mulling over highly favourable offers from MCA, CBS, WEA, EMI and Polydor for his future services as a recording artist (or will Lennon sign with Stiff?) . . .

They were rough, but ready; overheard in gents of Nashville Rooms at **(Hammersmith) Gorillas'** semi-triumphant gig last Thursday, manager **Ted Carroll** — "Yeah, they were a bit out of tune tonight, but we should be able to get them back in tune for next week" . . . it's the way he tells 'em . . .

One up for the Bomber; on insert sleeve of new **Emmylou Harris** album "Luxury Liner" (see review page 28), **Hot Band** bassist **Emory Gordy** pictured sporting an OGWT badge . . .

Bernie on **Elton;** "On 'Madman Across The Water', the song 'All The Nasties' was a gay song to the press, who were crucifying us; it says something about, 'if they asked, maybe I would tell them, then they would understand' " . . .

No less than seven out of eight U.S. movie magazines are convinced that **Sonny and Cher** are gonna get hitched again (to one another). A typical headline: "Sonny, you're going to be the father of my next baby".

Patti Smith: "Listen, I'm over 30, nobody tells me if I can spit on stage or not" . . .

Queen's new album a dollar dearer ($7.98) in the US than any other album released by Asylum, and that includes "Hotel California" . . .

New Mercury album from **The Runaways:** "Queens Of Noise" . . . **ZZ Top's** fifth album on London entitled "Tejas" (a Caddo Indian term meaning friendly) . . . **Millie Jackson** goes-for-broke once again with "Lovingly Yours" (see Imports column) . . .

Only In El Lay. **Jay Andrews** (an L.A. coroner's investigator) has formed Ski High Records to promote, amongst other things, Yiddish and Japanese soul music . . .

On Monday and Tuesday evening this week, Radio Luxembourg transmitted **"Led Zeppelin** — The Way They Were" a two-part programme presented by 208's **Tony Prince** and NME's very own **Roy Carr.** Simultaneously on Tuesday, Roy was being featured with **The Bomber** on OGWT discussing his **Rolling Stones** book . . .

Speaking of the Royal Ruler, Tony Prince's 1972 Lamborghini up for grabs at six grand . . .

Stop The Presses — Hold The Front Page: "Time Loves A Hero" — a new album from **Little Feat** released by Warners on Feb 4th. Also released same day **Neil Young's** "Chrome Dreams" and the yet-untitled new one from **The Beach Boys . . .**

Despite that, new unconfirmed rumour suggests **Little Feat** have broken up (see news pages). And it seems that **Chaka Khan** has parted company from **Rufus.**

Average White Bander **Hamish Stuart** extending his stay in the UK '77 so as to catch F.A. Cup Replay between Fulham and Swindon. Seemingly Hamish is going to cheer Best-mate George (hopefully to victory) . . . Oh yeah, AWB are contemplating U.K. tour in April . . .

Kris Kristofferson grabbed lead in next **Sam Peckinpah** movie "Rubber Duck", which is based on **C. W. McCall's** 1,000 strong vehicle convoy. EMI records putting up the six million dollar budget.

For the person who has everything: "The Sounds & Sights Of Pearl Harbour" — a documentary album from Honolulu . . .

Van McCoy to supply score for upcoming **Mae West** movie "Sextette" . . .

Joey Holland has quit **Natural Gas** determined to reform **Badfinger.** Motivated, perhaps, by success of **Liverpool Express . . .**

Mick Green & The Pirates the first signing to **Larry Yaskiel's** new "77" record production company . . .

We did decree that all songs with the words rock 'n' roll in the title would be instantly disqualified this year, but somehow, the wimpish **Starland Vocal Band** have just managed to stagger into the lower half of the US Hot 100 with "Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll". Don't let it happen again . . .

Meanwhile **Isaac Hayes** (and his wife) have filed identical personal bankcruptcy petitions which could account for up to six million dollar debts . . .

Love Unlimited Orchestra quick off the mark with "Theme From King Kong" . . .

Until such time as the **Springsteen-Appel** litigation is resolved, will CBS continue to service radio stations with "in concert" promotion tapes so as to keep the lad's name in front of the public, and will the bootleggers continue to make a quick killing? . . .

According to **Rick Danko** Having delivered their last contracted album to Capitol, **The Band** are now using the tapes of their all-star farewell to public performance grand slam as a "powerful bargaining tool" 'cause it's renegotiation contract time. Take your partners please . . .

Imagine one hand clapping. Imagine an eye trying to see itself. Imagine a finger pointing at itself. See, little grasshopper, how puny are our conventional modes of thought. But even these problems are as nothing to imagining The Sensational Alex Harvey Band Without Alex. Or to be concise, the . . .

SAHBWA

Besides penetrating the mystery of these arcane initials, next week's NME will also reveal the hidden meaning of the apparently simple names . . .

HALL & OATES

Enlightenment for 15p. How can you refuse?

SHIRLEY BASSEY

"Can't Take My Eyes Off You"

United Artists UP 36200

LOVE APPLES

"Yours"

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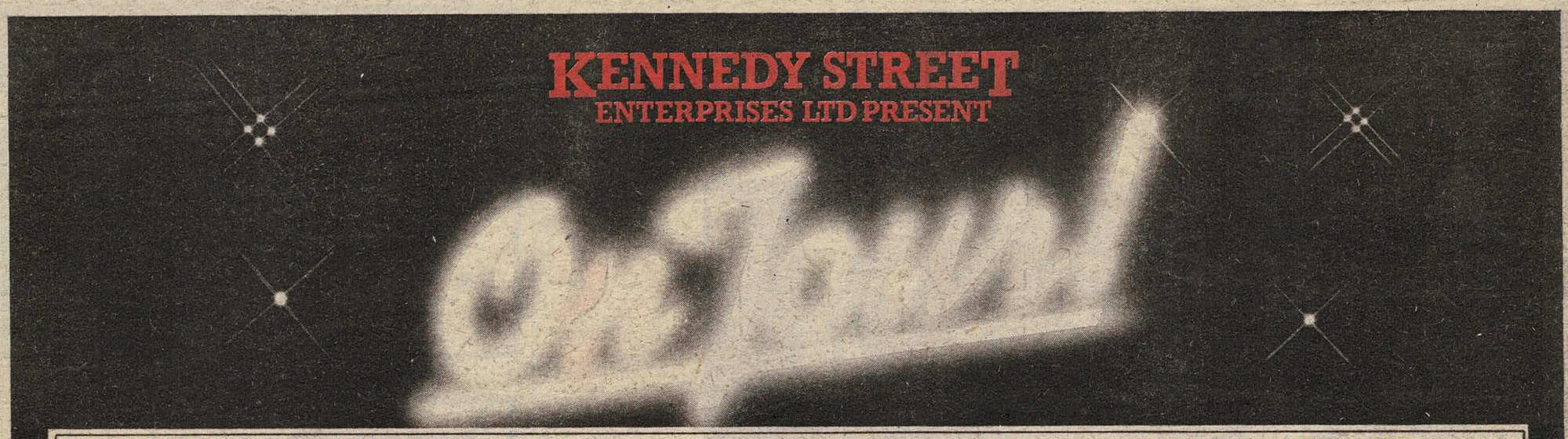

Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes starring with The Manhattans

Sat.	29th Jan.	**MANCHESTER, ABC Ardwick.**	6.30 & 9p.m.	£3.50, £2.75, £2.00, £1.25
Sun.	30th Jan.	**LIVERPOOL, Empire.**	6 & 8.30p.m.	£3.50, £2.75, £2.25, £1.50, £1.00
Mon.	31st Jan.	**WOLVERHAMPTON, Civic Hall.**	6.30 & 9.15p.m.	£3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50
Wed.	2nd Feb.	**PORTSMOUTH, Guild Hall.**	6.15 & 8.45p.m.	£3.50, £.300, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50
Thur.	3rd Feb.	**HAMMERSMITH, Odeon**	6.30 & 9p.m.	£3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00
Sat.	5th Feb.	**BLACKPOOL, Opera House.**	8p.m.	£3.50, £2.75, £2.25, £1.50
Sun.	6th Feb.	**LEICESTER, De Montfort Hall.**	5.40 & 8p.m.	£3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.25, £2.00, £1.50

The Manhattans

Fri.	4th Feb.	**BRISTOL, Colston Hall.**	7.30p.m.	£2.50, £2.00, £1.50, £1.00
Wed.	9th Feb.	**CROYDON, Fairfield Halls.**	8p.m.	£2.75, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50

Abba

Fri.	11th Feb.	**MANCHESTER, Free Trade Hall.**		SOLD OUT.

John Miles

Tues.	1st Feb.	**SWANSEA, Brangwyn Hall.**	7.30p.m.	£2.00, £1.75, £1.50, £1.25
Wed.	9th Feb.	**LIVERPOOL, Empire.**	7.30p.m.	£2.00, £1.50, £1.00
Sat.	12th Feb.	**MANCHESTER, ABC Ardwick.**	8p.m.	£2.00, £1.75, £1.50, £1.00

Gene Pitney, Bonnie Tyler plus special guests Little & Large

Sun.	13th Feb.	**COVENTRY, Coventry Theatre.**	7.30p.m.	£3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50
Mon.	14th Feb.	**OXFORD, New Theatre***	7.30p.m.	£3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50
Tues.	15th Feb.	**LEEDS, Grand Theatre.***	7.30p.m.	£3.50, £2.50, £1.50, £1.00
Wed.	16th Feb.	**SOUTHPORT, New Theatre.***	8p.m.	£2.50, £2.25, £1.50, £1.25
Thur.	17th Feb.	**BLACKPOOL, ABC.***	8p.m.	£2.80, £2.30, £1.80, £1.30
Sat.	19th Feb.	**ABERDEEN, Capitol Theatre.***	7.30p.m.	£3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50
Sun.	20th Feb.	**GLASGOW, Kings Theatre.**	7.30p.m.	£3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.00
Mon.	21st Feb.	**WOLVERHAMPTON, Civic Hall.**	8p.m.	£3.50, £.300, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50
Tues.	22nd Feb.	**PORTSMOUTH, Guild Hall.**	7.30p.m.	£3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.75, £1.50
Thur.	24th Feb.	**GLOUCESTER, Leisure Centre.**	8p.m.	£3.50, £2.75, £2.00, £1.00
Fri.	25th Feb.	**BRISTOL, Colston Hall.**	7.30p.m.	£3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50
Sat.	26th Feb.	**IPSWICH, Gaumont.**	7.30p.m.	£3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00
Sun.	27th Feb.	**LONDON, Palladium.**	7.30p.m.	£3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50

***PETER GOODWRIGHT** appears in place of Little & Large on these dates.

Graham Parker and the Rumour

Sun.	6th March	**CROYDON, Fairfield Halls.**	7.30p.m.	£2.25, £2.00, £1.75, £1.25
Mon.	7th March	**BRIGHTON, Dome.**	7.30p.m.	£2.00, £1.50, £1.00
Tues.	8th March	**BRISTOL, Colston Hall.**	7.30p.m.	£2.00, £1.50, £1.00
Wed.	9th March	**PORTSMOUTH, Guild Hall.**	7.30p.m.	£2.25, £1.75, £1.25, £1.00
Thur.	10th March	**CARDIFF, Capitol.**	7.30p.m.	£2.00, £1.50, £1.00
Fri.	11th March	**OXFORD, New Theatre.**	7.30p.m.	£2.50, £2.00, £1.50, £1.25
Sun.	13th March	**LONDON, Rainbow.**	8p.m.	£2.50, £2.00, £1.50
Wed.	16th March	**SHEFFIELD, City Hall.**	7.30p.m.	£2.00, £1.75, £1.50, £1.00
Thur.	17th March	**MANCHESTER, Palace.**	7.30p.m.	£2.00, £1.50, £1.00
Fri.	18th March	**BRADFORD, St. Georges Hall.**	7.30p.m.	£2.00, £1.50, £1.00
Sat.	19th March	**GLASGOW, Apollo.**	7.30p.m.	£1.65, £1.35, £1.00
Sun.	20th March	**ABERDEEN, Music Hall.**	To be advised	
Mon.	21st March	**EDINBURGH, Usher Hall.**	7.30p.m.	£2.00, £1.50, £1.00
Wed.	23rd March	**NEWCASTLE, City Hall.**	7.30p.m.	£2.00, £1.50, £1.10
Thur.	24th March	**BIRMINGHAM, Odeon.**	7.30p.m.	£2.00, £1.50, £1.00
Sun.	27th March	**IPSWICH, Gaumont.**	7.30p.m.	£2.00, £1.75, £1.50, £1.00
Mon.	28th March	**LEICESTER, De Montfort Hall.**	7.30p.m.	£2.00, £1.50, £1.00
Tues.	29th March	**BOURNEMOUTH, Winter Gardens.**	7.30p.m.	£2.00, £1.50, £1.00

Stylistics

Sun.	13th March	**MANCHESTER, ABC Ardwick.**	6 & 8.30p.m.	£4.50, £3.50, £2.50, £1.50
Tues.	22nd March	**LONDON, Royal Albert Hall.**	6.30 & 9p.m.	£5.00, £4.00, £3.00, £2.00, £1.00
Wed.	23rd March	**BOURNEMOUTH, Winter Gardens.**	6.15 & 8.45p.m.	£5.00, £4.30, £3.30, £2.50
Thur.	24th March	**EASTBOURNE, Congress Theatre.**	6.30 p.m.	£4.00, £3.00, £2.00
Thur.	24th March	**EASTBOURNE, Congress Theatre.**	9p.m.	£5.00, £4.00, £3.00,
Sun.	27th March	**LEICESTER, De Montfort Hall.**	5.40 & 8p.m.	£5.00, £4.50, £3.50, £2.50, £2.00,
Wed.	6th April	**BIRMINGHAM, Odeon.**	6.30 & 9.15p.m.	£5.00, £4.00, £3.00, £2.00
Thur.	7th April	**LIVERPOOL, Empire.**	6.30 & 9p.m.	£4.50, £3.50, £2.50, £1.50
Fri.	8th April	**BLACKPOOL, Opera House.**	6.30 & 9p.m.	£4.50, £3.50, £2.50, £1.50
Sun.	17th April	**CROYDON, Fairfield Halls.**	To be advised	

And also appearing at

March 14th–19th	**BATLEY, Variety Club.**	April 10th–April 16th	**LUTON, Caesars Palace.**
March 28th–April 2nd	**STOKE ON TRENT, Jollees Club.**	April 25th–May 1st	**LUTON, Caesars Palace.**

Glen Campbell

Thur.	7th April	**MANCHESTER, ABC Ardwick.**	6.30 & 9p.m.	£5.50, £4.50, £3.00, £2.00
Fri.	8th April	**LIVERPOOL, Empire.**	6 & 8.30p.m.	£5.50, £4.50, £3.50, £2.50, £1.50
Sat.	9th April	**BLACKPOOL, Opera House.**	6.30 & 9p.m.	£6.00, £4.50, £3.50, £2.50,
Sun.	10th April	**SHEFFIELD, City Hall.**	6 & 8.30p.m.	£5.00, £4.50, £3.50, £2.50,

The Stylistics and Glen Campbell concerts jointly promoted with Jeffrey S. Kruger Ember Concerts.
and on tour later in the year **10CC, DR HOOK, BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST, MAX BOYCE.**